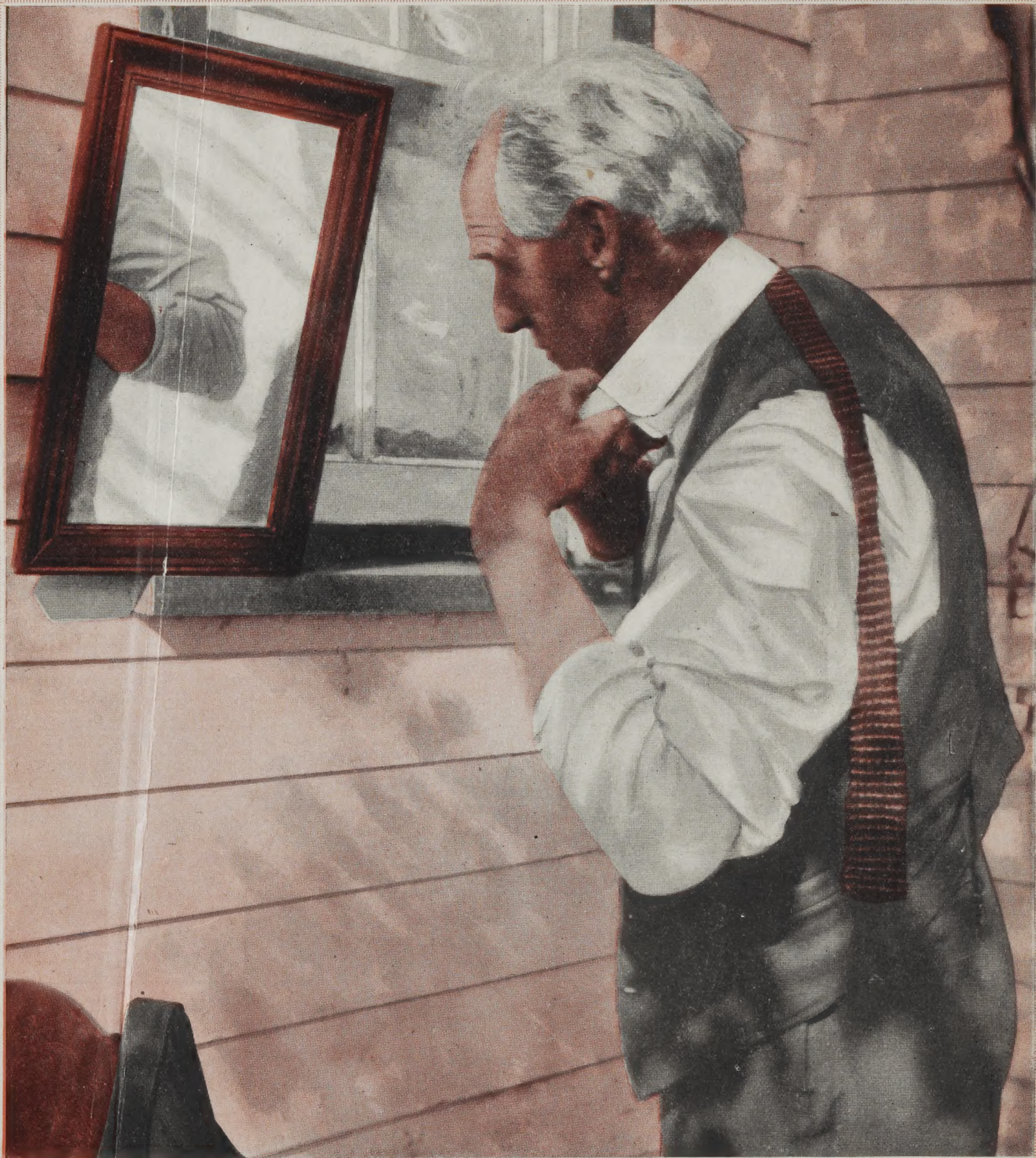


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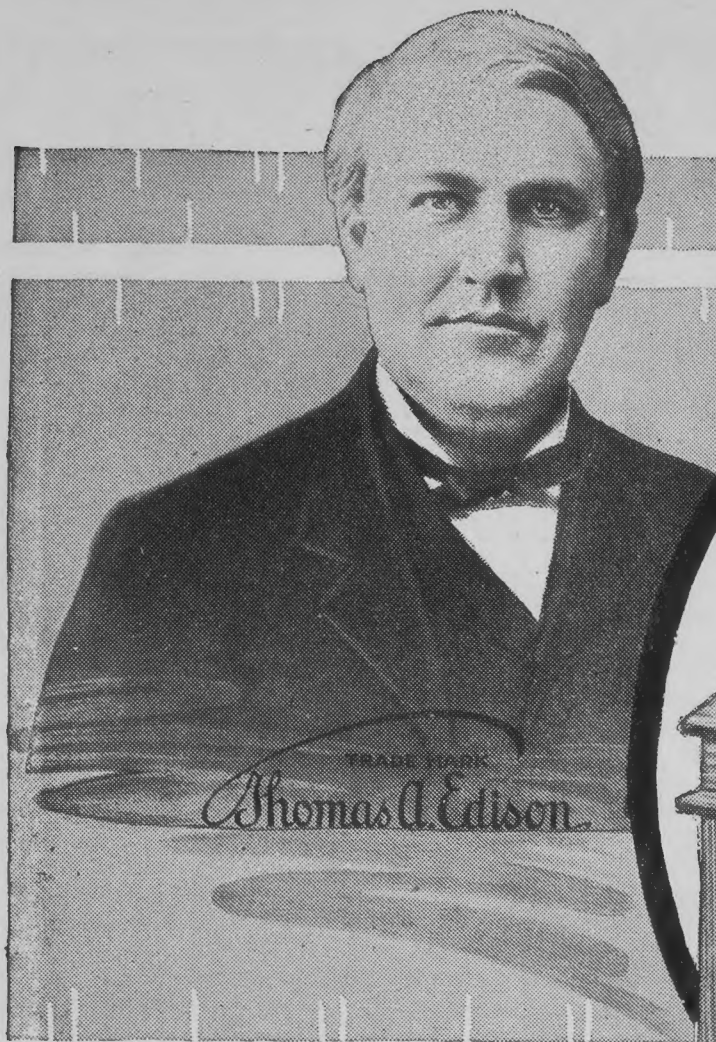


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January, 1919

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Editorial

RECONSTRUCTION

THE centre of interest these days is the peace table at Versailles. Coming events have already cast their shadows before, and the general terms of peace will not be a complete surprise. In America, in Europe, and throughout the whole world, mankind is preparing for the changes that are inevitable.

World Changes

First among the world changes will be the formation in some form of a League of Nations—not a league of the old sort, according to which a few of the powers bound themselves together to counter-balance the union of a few other powers, but an understanding and an undertaking on the part of all to live together in harmony, the first unit to break the contract to be ostracised and punished. It may be difficult to realize this ideal. In our land, as in others, there are men who can never rise to a higher conception than nationalism, and these are apt to scoff at the thought of a world league; they may even render it impossible. It will be tragic if such men prevent the war from reaching its full fruition—the end of war.

When the League of Nations is formed, and the peace articles prepared, the great world changes will include a redistribution of territory. Germany will lose her colonies if for no other reason than that people everywhere will be given the right to self-determination. Britain will have new possessions, because they will be thrust upon her by the self choice of free peoples, but she will have no additions by conquest. The same will be said of the United States. In Europe and Asia there will of necessity be a breaking down of old combinations, because the present boundary lines are violations of natural rights, and because criminals must be punished for their offences.

And when the complete terms are set forth, each nation will find full freedom to assert its individuality and develop its ideals. Just as a child is freer and happier from the fact that he is a member of the family group, so each nation in the world-league will derive courage and comfort from the fact that it belongs to the great family of nations. The individuality of Britain will, in a military sense, be expressed in "the fleet," which will be used as formerly to guarantee the freedom of the seas to all people. The individuality of America will consist in its commercial activity, for it will be, as before the war, the granary of the world. So will it be in all cases. Every nation will be strong, not according to its ambitions and its intrigues, but according as it ministers to world-peace and world-progress. It is for each to make itself what it will. This surely will be the greatest triumph of the war—to exalt true worth, and to depose pretence, laziness and illicit enterprise.

Changes in Europe

Europe will in a very special manner feel the effects of the impending changes. Not only will old boundary lines disappear, and people group themselves in new relations, but the whole manner of life will alter. With the abolition of conscription and the overthrow of democracy will there come the rise of free peoples. Poland, after centuries of burning, will, phoenix-like, spring from her ashes. The Balkan States, under their new natural groupings, will take on hope and vigor, and we may expect that they will make a magnificent contribution to civilization. The sick man of Europe will find time to recover his health in a little corner of Asia. Germany, broken again into the states from which it was formed, will in time become a self-governing republic, and it may be that its people will discard the false ideals and relinquish the false hopes they have, under will come out of the struggle purified and bettered. wrong leadership, been led to entertain. Old Europe

Belgium, France, Italy, and good old Britain—they will find their higher life in the losing of the old. Their glory never shone as it does to-day, and no one can picture the glory that awaits them if unitedly they pursue their unselfish ideals. The golden age of the world is at hand.

Changes in Canada

The nature of the changes that are about to take place throughout the world will be apparent from an examination of the tendencies that are observable in Canada.

Politically there is a state of unstable equilibrium. Speaking after the manner of a book dealing with mechanics, the balance has been replaced by a whirling. We have no longer the spectacle of two great parties, each at the end of the see-saw striving to hold its end down, but that of a great number of imperfectly-defined groups each clamoring for possession of a few seats on the merry-go-round. Perhaps the change is not so great as it seems, since the hand-organ man in the centre is still the same. They all sing to his tune. His name is "Big Interests." He cares not who uses the swing so long, as he is

ine and unselfish display of good deeds. It refuses to interest itself in the quibbling of theologians, and finds more comfort in the thought that men have a common origin, destiny, and relationship to the Divine, than that they are intended to pass their days in isolation or in little mutual admiration societies, priding themselves on their orthodoxy and glorying in the shortcomings of others. Religion of to-morrow will put deed before creed, and practical service before smug self-complacency. This is no argument for organic church union, since that may be either good or bad, but it is a plea for tolerance, brotherly-kindness, and unity of spirit. Churches which do not manifest these graces, need not and should not expect much sympathy in the years to come.

There is no form of reconstruction much more necessary than that of commerce and industry. Here, as in politics and religion, democracy must find itself. The essence of democracy is co-operation. The only way to reconcile labor and capital is to give every man who labors a share in the business with which he is connected. He can take his share in increased wage or in the form of a dividend, but he must feel that he gets full reward for the effort he has put forth. On the other hand, he must be prepared to share in losses, and to suffer when the business fails. Now, the impossibility of getting men to work together on this basis makes it necessary for another Christian principle to assert itself. Capital and labor may continue to exist as at present, but in the minds of both, there must be unqualified surrender to the great Christian principle, "Each man shall love his neighbor as himself." In the limit it is individual character that counts. This is another way of saying that in the end religion and education are the great needs of society. The demand of sound democracy is not for less of these, but more. But the religion needed must be pure and undefiled, and the education required must be shot through and through with holy motive.

One of the greatest problems for Canada is to find places for the returning men. The difficulty will be understood from an examination of one important class—the great student body, who dropped their books four years ago, and who now return eager to take up the tasks of civilians. Shall they resume their studies or shall they enter the callings they select with a very incomplete preparation? It is impossible for many young men to resume their studies. They have not the heart for it, and they would not feel at home with class-mates four years younger. Nor can they enter business handicapped by lack of education. There is only one solution—the organization of special schools for re-education. Such schools have already been instituted in parts of Canada, but they have in mind the training of men who have been wounded or incapacitated in some way. There should be, as part of the war-scheme, schools for the whole student body now serving with the colors. And what is true of this body is true of all. It is Canada's duty to see to it that no man suffers in the slightest from the fact that he gave four years to the service of his country.

The New Order

France and Belgium now are bleak and lonesome, but in a few years new cities will spring up and new industries be in full operation. The France of to-morrow will be infinitely more beautiful than the France of yesterday. So will it be in the realm of the spirit. Lower and material renewals are but symbols of the higher. The world can never return to the old mode of living. New aspirations, new practices, new sympathies and responsibilities—these will be the portion of mankind. And they who would reach the highest in achievement will be guided by the teachings of Him who went about doing good. There is no way to happiness and prosperity for the individual or for the race but the way of unselfishness and brotherly love.

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SUCCESS MAY BE THE LOT OF
EVERY READER, CONTRIBUTOR
AND ADVERTISING PATRON, DURING
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permitted to call the dance. Yet there are signs that his dethronement is at hand, and every loyal and true Canadian will work and pray for that day. And when the day comes we shall begin to hope that whether we have party government, or union government, or government by classes, there will be a government by the people for the people. And government by the people is bound to come. Let us so conduct ourselves that it will take the form of intelligent direction by trusted representatives, rather than the mad indirection of unenlightened Bolsheviks. Towards that end our men of ability must give up as their one ideal the lust for gold and power, and must find their highest joy and aspiration in the elevation of the public life. No man is to-day a worthy member of society who confines his interest to the pursuit of his own affairs and the welfare of his own family. Political well-being is possible only among a people in whom is developed a sense of brotherhood.

Religious reconstruction must be based in this same thought of mutual regard. Men cannot love God and their fellow-men if hatred fills their hearts, and God cannot endure that love, for man-made institutions shall take the place of love for Himself and the creatures He has made in His own image. The world is weary of denominational bickerings. It is yearning for warmth of feeling and for a genu-

Autumn Salmon Fishing in British Columbia

Written for The Western Home Monthly by W. R. Gilbert

BRITISH Columbia proffers big things to the angler, but its gifts are not always sought in the most scientific way. Land pines take the place of fishing rods, and crude tackle does duty for up-to-date products of the gentle art. This is no reflection on the fish or on the rivers, but rather on the uncouthness of the sportsmen, who seem to be perfectly content if they manage to land a few of the noble fish, anyway, by hook or by crook.

When I passed up one of the rivers on a lovely autumn day and saw the fish breaking water in all directions, I could find nobody among the civilized community, that had even heard of the river being fished with a rod and line. When I landed and sought for the initiated Waltonian on the banks of the beautiful stream, I was equally unsuccessful in discovering that particular product. Even in the native Indian Reserve, where the mighty hunter was supposed to be tabernacled, I met with little encouragement. If it was fish I wanted, why, there would be no difficulty in netting me a few salmon, but to catch them with a rod and line!—that device was dismissed with an expressive shrug of the shoulders

way proceeded to mount both, selecting large sizes, in keeping with the fish that I saw breaking the water.

Another thing to ascertain was the particular line the fish were taking, as they passed up the river to the far off spawning beds, which were their objective. It was soon evident that they travelled along a definite course. This, no doubt, was the main current of the river, a thing difficult to discover in a breadth of half a mile in places. It was also important to know the deep parts, so as to avoid rocks and weeds, and other menaces to successful trolling. The great thing, however, was to get the spoon well among the fish, and soon after we turned, and the Indian began to pull up stream, we reaped the advantages of these preliminary observations.

The river was closely wooded on one side with shapely rocks bedecked with shrubs and berry bushes. Behind them was a fine range of mountains, some high enough to be snow-capped, which peeped out here and there, through breaks in the forest, others so far distant as to fade off into a mystic blue.

We soon found that we were not the only anglers—we passed a dugout with three Indian squaws in it, who were busy,

Speech

Talk happiness. The world is sad enough
Without your woe. No path is wholly
rough.

Look for the places that are smooth and
clear,

And speak of them to rest the weary ear
Of earth; so hurt by one continual pain,
Of mortal discontent and grief and pain.

Talk faith. The world is better off
without
Your uttered ignorance and morbid
doubt.

If you have faith in God, or man, or self,
Say so; if not push back upon the shelf
Of silence, all your thoughts till faith
shall come;

No one will grieve because your lips are
dumb.

Talk health. The dreary, never-ending
tale
Of mortal maladies is worn and stale;

You cannot charm, or interest, or please
By harping on that minor chord—disease.
Say you are well, or all is well with you,
And God shall hear your words and make
them true.

E. W. Wilcox.

—yet this river is within a stone's throw of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and every traveller to the far West crosses it by means of the railway. A little conceit is a useful thing, and I confess to possessing a sufficient dash of that commodity to determine to go my own way about things. I was fortunate enough to obtain the attendance of an Indian, who aided and abetted me in my scheme, although a rank sceptic as to the methods I proposed.

He had a broad steady boat, eminently adapted to the river, and though a paddle would have been more in keeping with the traditions of his tribe, he handled a pair of sculls with ease and efficiency. The first essential to successful salmon fishing is to know your river, and I proposed to row down stream, with the object of picking up such information as I could on the subject, although necessarily in a superficial way. It was quite evident from what I saw, that the river was deep, and if not sluggish, at least slow moving. There were no rapids or swirling eddies that suggested the advisability of mounting a fly. My knowledge too, of the spring salmon discouraged the application of the highest form of angling, as, so far as its history goes, that particular species does not patronise it. There was nothing for it, therefore, but trolling with a spoon or minnow, and as I was well provided with most forms of these lures, I straight-

“still” fishing with hand lines for nothing larger than trout. I asked what bait they used, and was informed that it was salmon roe. I judged from the depth of the water that fifty or sixty yards of line would not be too much for trolling, and firmly fixing the rods athwart the stern of the boat, awaited not the dawn, like Ulysses, but developments. The first of these declared itself in the snarl of the reel, the line for the same cause shooting across the stream. I seized the quivering rod, but on raising it, there was not sufficient resistance, to assure me that I had got hold of anything tangible. What often happens in other countries happened on that particular occasion in British Columbia—the fish had effected its release on the first run. Ten minutes afterwards, as the big spoon was flashing its silver and gold in the bend of the river, the rod was again brought into play, and this time the hooks had got a firm hold.

The fish continued to run for about fifty yards and then stopped suddenly, and tugged at the line in the fashion known as jiggering. I gave him a little slack, which he used in diving, going straight down several feet. Although the river was very deep it is advisable to keep a salmon as high up in the water as possible. I could not effect this at a distance, and the Indian backed the boat down until I got close to the quarry. I recovered all the line possible and applied

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the butt vigorously, curving the weapon into a half circle. The fish felt the strain and began to move upstream, slowly at first, then quickened the pace at a rate that required a sharp spurt at the oars to equal. This continued for ten minutes or more, during which I never got a glimpse of the salmon, and had no means of judging his size, except by the weight on the rod, and his power of dogged resistance.

We had moved up stream about two hundred yards before any change took place in the fish's movements. Then he seemed to realize that there was something seriously the matter, and made a rush across, drawing line at a great rate. Like all fish after a vigorous dash, he came to the surface of the water, and broke it into a wide spreading circle, but without making any attempt to spring into the air as salmon salar is accustomed to do. I got a glimpse of a broad side, and a wide tail, which left no doubt in my mind that I was in a good fish destined to play long and stubbornly. The boat followed him again, and I recovered the extra line. He turned and went down stream, seeking relief from the heavy strain, which had begun to tell on his strength. A swift rapid and downward movement is one which an angler welcomes, as it is a quicker way of exhausting a salmon's power of endurance.

The action of the water on the open gills—strange as it may seem in the case of a fish—produces symptoms of drowning. This is no doubt why a fish takes upstream, or when he makes a rush downstream, takes a diagonal course. The current, however, was not rapid enough to affect my quarry seriously.

I got the boatman to row at a brisk pace with a view to quickening the salmon's movements. He felt the effect and turned, after a short run upstream, then indulged in excursions from side to side, and all this continued for a clear hour from the time I had hooked him. Another ten minutes elapsed before he gave me the first chance and I gaffed him. A very handsome fish just 25 pounds weight.

The spring salmon as the quinnat in California, the tyee and king in Alaska, and the chinook in Oregon. Its full canonicals are *Oncorhynchus tshawytscha*. It is short and thick, well-shaped, with a small head of metallic lustre. I had similar tussles with other members of the same species, all of which played long and vigorously, the largest of all taking an hour and forty-five minutes.

In Memoriam

"I presume you carry a memento of some kind in that locket you wear?" the inquisitive wife of the clergyman asked a parishioner.

"Yes. It's a lock of my husband's hair."

"But your husband is still alive!" the lady exclaimed in considerable surprise.

"Yes, that is true, but his hair is gone."

Why Did They Not Light?

In the days of Ralph Waldo Emerson, matches were not sold loose in boxes, but were made up in "cards," as they were called, of a dozen or so, connected by a common wooden base, from which they were broken off as necessity required.

Emerson, so the story goes, used to place a fresh card of matches on a table by his bedside every night, together with a candle and some writing materials, in order that he might jot down at once any valuable thought that came into his mind during the night watches.

One night he awakened with a particularly brilliant idea and bethought himself at once of his canny preparations for such emergencies. Reaching out, he grasped his card of matches, broke off the outer one and struck it sharply on the under side of the table. It failed to ignite. Swiftly he struck the next and the next, but with the same result.

Even so great a philosopher began to grow a little annoyed. Sitting up in bed, with grim determination he broke off one match after another until the card was gone. Not one gave the faintest spark.

By that time the idea was gone, too, and so his only recourse was to lay himself down again to ponder over a new problem, to wit: "Why wouldn't those matches light?"

Whatever his solution was, however, it probably had to be revised the next morning, when he was awakened by a startled outcry from his wife.

"Oh, what can have happened to my best tortoise-shell comb?" she said. "I left it on the table at the head of the bed last night, and this morning it's in fragments!"

The Inconsiderate Mice

A more kind-hearted and ingenious soul never lived than Aunt Betsey, but she was a poor housekeeper. On one occasion a neighbor who had run in for a "back-door" call was horrified to see a mouse run across Aunt Betsey's kitchen floor. "Why on earth don't you set a trap, Betsey?" she asked.

"Well," replied Aunt Betsey, "I did have a trap set. But land, it was such a fuss! Those mice kept getting into it!"

Just Boys

The trait in a mother that all boys most admire is that which prompts her to proceed with the packing of a lunch basket for a picnic, although anyone can see that the clouds are gathering for a storm.

There is one complaint that the neighbors of a family of boys never make, and that is that there is nothing going on in their neighborhood.

A boy likes best the game that involves the most hard work, and the work that requires the least exertion.

During a boy's career he encounters

almost everything in the way of ailments except insomnia.

There is not much hope for the boy who pleases his mother to the extent of keeping a pair of white stockings clean all day.

If a boy had half the pride in the baby that his mother feels, he would shut it in the barn and charge three pins for admission.

Sore Eyes Granulated Eyelids, Eyes inflamed by exposure to Sun, Dust and Wind quickly relieved by **Murine Eye Remedy**. No Smarting, just Eye Comfort. At

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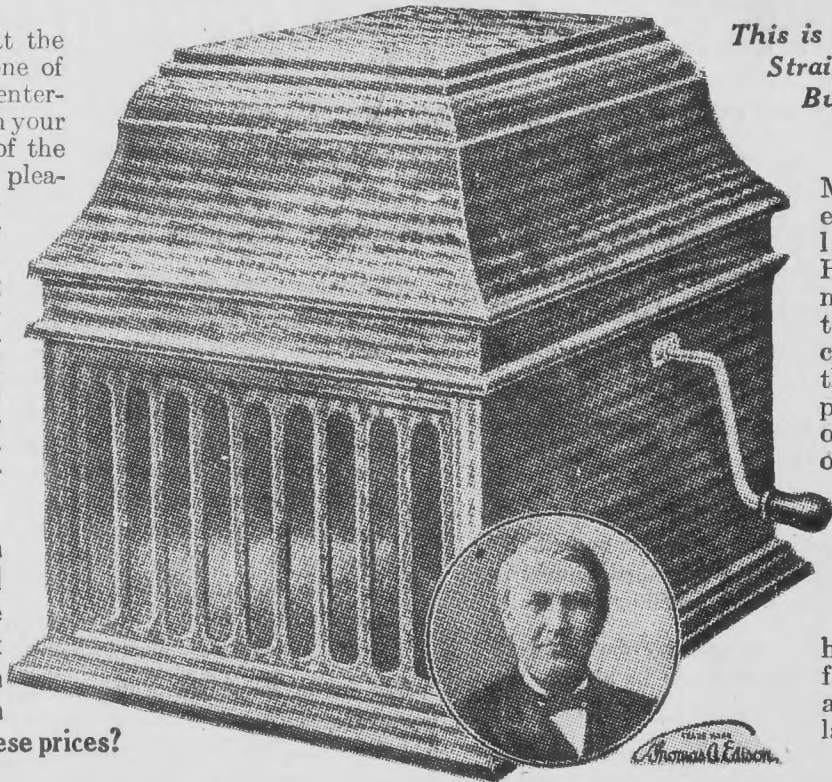
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The Magic of a fine, soft skin

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CAN YOU GAIN THIS CHARM

IT DOES not "just happen" that some girls retain the loveliness of a fine, soft complexion. Only by really caring, by finding out and faithfully using the right treatment for the skin have the famous beauties kept this charm.

It is exposure to cold winds and, most of all, to dust and dirt that makes the skin coarsen. By proper treatment you can offset these harmful influences; you can bring new life to your skin.

Your skin is changing every day. As old skin dies, new forms to take its place. You can make this new skin what you will.

Examine your skin closely. Its pores should be hardly noticeable. If they already begin to show conspicuously, it is a sign that you have not been giving your skin the proper care for its needs.

Begin tonight this treatment for reducing enlarged pores and making the skin fine in texture. Use it persistently. Remember, only by faithfully taking care of your skin can you correct a con-

dition which is the result of years of neglect.

To make your skin fine in texture

Dip your wash cloth in very warm water and hold it to your face. Now take a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip it in water and rub the cake itself over your skin. Leave the slight coating of soap on for a few minutes until the skin feels drawn and dry. Then dampen the skin and rub the soap in gently with an upward and outward motion. Rinse the face thoroughly, first in tepid water, then in cold. Whenever possible, finish by rubbing the face with a piece of ice. Always dry carefully.

You can feel the difference the very first time you use this treatment. Within ten days your skin will show a marked improvement—a promise of that greater smoothness that the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.

For a month or six weeks of any Woodbury Facial treatment, and for general cleansing use for that time, a 25c cake is sufficient. Woodbury's is on sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada.

Send for sample cake of soap [with booklet of special treatments and sample of Woodbury's Facial Powder

Send 6c for a trial-size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury treatment) together with the booklet of famous treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 12c

we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap and Facial Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 6201 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.



For pale, sallow skins

Do you lack the exquisite color that comes and goes? Write us for directions for the new steam treatment for pale, sallow skins. It will bring to your skin the fresh, glowing color for which you have longed

Conspicuous nose pores

You need not let the attractiveness of your face be marred by conspicuous nose pores. If this is your trouble, start at once the special treatment for it given in the booklet wrapped around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap

The Call of The Orchards

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Blanche Gertrude Robbins

LIKE a wonderful, soft, blinding snow storm the pink and white petals of the gravenstein drifted with the June breeze, carpeting the earth. A branch cracked ominously and the boy, leaping to the ground from the gnarled limbs of the old tree, laughed aloud and pressed his trophy of blossoming branches into the arms of the girl.

Tall and slender, the winsome, sweet face flushed with the delicate pink of the apple blossoms nestling in her arms, her brown eyes glowing with the joyousness of youth, Sylvia Marr stood motionless beneath the shade of the tree. The brown curl that had slipped from the white ribbon half hid the dimpled neck, while the drooping blossoms spread out in gay profusion over the white middie dress.

"Better not rob the old tree of any more blossoms, Neil," remonstrated Sylvia, burying her face in the honey-scented fragrance.

Neil Stratton stopped suddenly by the trunk of the tree, a baffled expression darkening his gray eyes.

"Sylvia—you—you're a dream!" he broke out impetuously, a tremulous note in the boyish voice.

"Flatterer!" laughed Sylvia, "it's the apple blossoms."

But she turned her head, the burning light in the boy's eyes blinding her. Neil Stratton noted the involuntary tremor of the girlish figure and his own pulses throbbed with the mysterious ecstasy of the moment.

"It is you, Sylvia, and I never saw you like that before. You are gloriously beautiful and you're going away. You'll be the wonder of all that social set, Aunt Lexis will drag you into. She is wise—Aunt Lexis is—and she knows that your beauty will open the doors of society quicker for her than Uncle Birk's fabulous mine. Sylvia, girl, they'll spoil you. They'll turn your head and all your sweetness will be wasted. They are bound to spoil you."

"Such nonsense, Neil! I'm just a simple farm girl," protested Sylvia, her brown eyes big with wonder at the boy's passionate declaration. "I'll be a stupid little brown mouse in all that brilliance. Aunt Lexis is quite set on dressing me up and introducing me to society when I finish school. And of course that will be fun—"

A sudden flush of anger reddened Neil Stratton's cheek and with clenched fists he leaned hard against the tree trunk.

"Yes, Aunt Lexis is sharp and she'll make a society idol of you," he declared hotly. "Sylvia, girl, listen! It isn't too late yet. Let Aunt Lexis go to the city with her fat purse and her silly ambitions. You and I will stay by the orchards. Aunt Lexis is renting them to old Ben and Marthy for a song and they'll stay just the same. I won't ask you to marry me—" the boy's voice caught and he plunged on huskily—"that's too big a thing to think about, but I want to save you. I want to keep you sweet and dear and lovely."

"Hush!" Sylvia's voice, clear as a bell, broke in. "You must not talk like that, Neil. I must go with Aunt Lexis—she counts so much on it. Ever since she got those wonderful returns from Uncle Birk's old mine, she's thought of nothing else. We owe everything to her. How can you forget the night she found us homeless and alone, running hand in hand from that awful forest fire? Don't you remember how she rolled blankets around our scorched clothing and carried us to the railway train and put us to bed in the pullman car?"

The girl paused and looked straight into the impassioned eyes of the boy, her own glowing with fire. Neil Stratton was silent, his thought traveling back to the day of that awful fire, when the little western town had been wiped out and he and his little neighbor, Sylvia Marr had fled toward the railroad. There on the outskirts of the town, where the western train puffed in sullen discontent at the delay, Aunt Lexis had caught sight of the frightened little waifs and rescued them. While the train waited, she had sent back to the ruins of the town and ascertained the truth—Sylvia and Neil were indeed orphans and friendless. And she had brought them home to the orchard farm of the far Eastern Province. She had been wonderfully kind to both of them.

She was a good manager and ambitious and though Uncle Birk, the invalid husband, had died soon after she had come home from the West, where she had gone on a fruitless investigation of the mine, she had made the orchards pay well. Then had come the news that Uncle Birk's mine had been found to contain rich veins and the sale of it had poured fabulous wealth into Aunt Lexis' pocket.

"They won't spoil me, Neil," Sylvia's protest aroused him and he looked up to catch the flash in the girl's eyes. "Why, thinking about the orchards and the apple blossoms will keep me sweet and true. If ever I'm tempted, I'll think back to these dear blossoms."

The lovely face bent bewitchingly and the scarlet lips pressed against the pink blossoms. The boy's eyes turned toward the western sky, bathed in the glory of the June sunset. Over the orchard glowed a soft light of saffron and purple, the drifting petals rosy hued as they swept the green sods. He turned his gray eyes luminous with an understanding light.

"The dear, old orchards will ever lure

posterior thing—this recognition of his shattered surgeon's hand—filled him with a horrible dread.

He was going back to Canada, crippled and denied the surgeon's skill. He had not the courage to face the city, where he had worked, rung by rung, to his success. His crippled arm would but arouse the pity of his colleagues and he abhorred pity.

He was going back to the orchards, where Aunt Lexis had given him his boyhood's home. Startlingly distinct they had loomed before him in a vision of blossoming loveliness. They called out to him to come back. They held out to his lacerated soul and tortured body a sense of peace. He had not once seen the orchards in the fifteen years that he had been working to his goal.

He tried to picture the orchards as he had last seen them, and always he caught a vision of the girl, her sweet face luminous with happiness, her arms filled with apple blossoms. But he must rid his picture of that vision. Poor Sylvia! Poor, foolish, vain little Sylvia! They had spoiled her as he had feared they would. The flames of the gaudy, dazzling social whirl had drawn her irresistibly and her butterfly wings had been singed.

For a few years letters had passed regularly between them, then gradually

her, watching her mingling with the crippled, making merry till the laughter of the sad-faced answered her. Suffering was too plainly chiseled in the delicate womanly features of her face, yet there shone from her eyes a smile of courage which illuminated the blue lines.

Major Stratton stirred himself into action and turning toward the stairway leading to the drawing saloon, he chided himself unmercifully. He had been a bear, so churlish all the voyage, nursing his bitterness; and the nursing sister so free with her joy-giving and sympathy.

At dusk, Neil Stratton glanced up from his book in alarm as a passenger boisterously burst into the saloon, speaking excitedly in low tones to a group of khaki-clad men.

"A U-boat following the Marciette abaft—a little on the port quarter—two miles away!" Neil Stratton caught the words of the message distinctly and sprang toward the group.

"We must keep cool and not alarm the women passengers," continued the man who had brought the news below. "The Captain has given orders to keep the ship off before the wind and to increase speed."

Hurriedly the group of men, Neil Stratton following, went up on deck, their eyes scanning the ocean for a glimpse of the submarine. Already there was a noticeable excitement among the passengers crowding the deck and an evidence of cool, crisp orders delivered by the officers.

"The U-boat has changed her course and is surely overtaking us!" muttered a passing official.

Neil Stratton leaned forward and scrutinized the submarine. Now he saw her distinctly—awash, her decks, the conning tower and the two guns—one forward, the other abaft.

Suddenly, without warning there fired across the Marciette's bow one shot and sounds of confusion along the decks answered. Two more shots fired from the U-boat and the Captain of the Marciette ordered the boats lowered.

Excitedly, in bewilderment the passengers crowded the deck, men and women and children searching wildly for life belts. Dully Neil Stratton noted the curious fact that none of the shells fired by the U-boat had yet exploded. The boats were being lowered rapidly, women and children forced into them.

Suddenly his cheek paled and he turned searching the crowd. Where was the nursing sister? She would be so helpless with her one arm. Ah! there she was, her face beautiful in its serenity, her right arm guiding a blind soldier.

Major Stratton struggled forward and rested his left hand on her shoulder. "You are not afraid? You have a life belt?" he questioned eagerly.

"No, we who have seen greater danger, should not fear," she answered quietly. "It only worries me that I haven't two arms to help those who are more helpless."

Major Stratton leaned forward, breathless, fire in his gray eyes, and resting his finger on the empty sleeve, blurted out the question tormenting his mind.

"How did it happen?"

"A bomb struck the hospital. I don't remember the rest. Only I know there were wounded killed and I only suffered this. At first I thought I was through with active service. Then I had a vision of a service, even a crippled nursing sister might render her country and that is why I am going home to Canada," she answered readily.

"You put me to shame. I am rebellious that I cannot go back to the front and fight to the end because of that—"

His eyes stared with a look of frenzy at the blue sleeve hanging so cruelly limp and the nursing sister turned away, her face drawn and tense.

The explosion of the shells, now so continuously fired from the U-boat, spread alarm among the passengers. By the glaring light of an exploded shell, Neil Stratton surveyed the lithe figure of the nursing sister with horror.

"You have no life belt. Take mine and I'll find another!" he exclaimed harshly, passing his life belt to the protesting girl.

The search proved fruitless and the smoke below deck was suffocating. He was gone but a few minutes, yet he sensed the danger he had run for flames were breaking out along the hull of the Marciette. He must find the nursing sister, but as he struggled back to the deck rail where he had left her, he saw that all of the women and children had been lowered to the boats. The ranks of men were rapidly thinning and he felt himself

O CANADA!

O Canada! Our home and native land,
True patriot love in all thy sons command;
With glowing hearts we see thee rise,
The true North strong and free,
And stand on guard, O Canada,
Stand aye on guard for thee.
O Canada! O Canada! O Canada!
We stand on guard for thee.
O Canada! We stand on guard for thee.

O Canada! Where pines and maples grow,
Great prairies spread and lordly rivers flow.
How dear to us thy broad domain,
From East to Western sea,
Thou land of hope for all who toil,
Thou true North, strong and free.
O Canada! O Canada! O Canada!
We stand on guard for thee.
O Canada! We stand on guard for thee.

O Canada! Beneath thy shining skies
May stalwart sons and gentle maidens rise
To keep thee steadfast through the years
From East to Western sea,
Our Father land, our Mother land!
Our true North, strong and free!
O Canada! O Canada! O Canada!
We stand on guard for thee.
O Canada! We stand on guard for thee.

us back with memories!" he exclaimed, "They will ever keep us true to the best in ourselves. I'm going out in the world and win success all on my own merits. Aunt Lexis has offered to meet all the expenses of the University course, but I want to work my own way to the top so I shall be free to think and act. But, Sylvia, some day the orchards will call us back. Come, let us go up to the farm house through the orchards and across the stream to the hill, where we can look down on the orchards."

The girl laughed joyously and clasping the branches of apple blossoms in her dimpled arms, she followed the boy's lead, the blossom laden branches of the trees sweeping the earth and brushing her brown curls.

Once the boy turned at an angle of the orchard and looking into the flushed face of the girl, his eyes dark with passion he muttered huskily: "Oh, Sylvia, Sylvia, they will spoil you."

Major Stratton paced the deck of the Marciette restlessly, his left arm flung protectingly across his right in an endeavor to hide from view the stump that ever protruded before his sight like some evil thing.

He could not forget it and as the wave of bitterness swept his being, he shivered involuntarily. He had not flinched though duty had led him through heavy fire, leading his unit of the Ambulance Corps in its heroic rescue work. Yet this pre-

they had dropped and for ten years Neil Stratton had heard only indirectly of Sylvia Marr and her brilliant social success. The littleness of the girl's existence breathing through her letters had bored him as he judged the serious note which crept into his letters, must have bored her.

His heart had ached in pity for the girl whose sweet simplicity had been destroyed. Yet, even in his pity, he had never lost the ideal of his boyhood. Remembering the Sylvia he had learned to love that sunset hour of the blossom time in the old orchards, he had not cared aught for the friendship of other women.

All through the voyage of the Marciette he had kept much to himself, his bitterness of heart repulsing the friendly overtures of other military men returning to Canada. His eyes scanned the group on deck with a curious glance.

Ah! there was the "Little Sister" her right arm linked within that of a blind soldier. Her gay laughter came clearly to Major Stratton and he started. Plucky little soul! Jolly as the Springtime! And he could see plainly that her left sleeve hung empty. Ye gods, a woman with an empty sleeve! It had become altogether too familiar a scene watching the khaki-clad men pass with armless sleeves. But a nursing sister with her blue sleeve hanging empty fired him with revenge as no story of German cruelty had done.

"Little Sister," he had learned to call

thrust forward, conscious of his crippled arm.

As he dropped to his place in the boat, he leaned forward eagerly. The "Little Sister" sat near him, a child nestling in her right arm.

The sailors bent on their oars, rowed in an easterly direction from the blazing ship, the hot flames fanning their cheeks, and by the glaring light they watched the deadly U-boat still on the port quarter and to the windward of the blazing Marciette.

Slowly the blaze dwindled in size and as the boats rowed further and further out, the passengers saw only the smoke of the Marciette. All night they rowed and at dawn they struck the trough of the angry sea. Frail women and children, exhausted, lost their grip and as the waves swept the boat, they washed helplessly into the sea.

Through the day they drifted and through the night, when the cold chilled their sluggish blood, Neil Stratton crawled forward and crouched down beside the "little sister." The child was cold and he saw that it was dead, yet she held it close to her heart. She shivered involuntarily and he struggled to throw off his coat that he might wrap it around her. But she smiled wistfully and shook her head.

"You see you are as wet as I am," she told him. Very gradually had the provisions disappeared, and now even the biscuits, washed by the salt water were non-palatable. The breakers slapping the boat had forced the bung from the water cask. And now, without food or water, they drifted on hopelessly, perilously, the night giving way to cheerless dawn.

There were no words between Neil Stratton and the nursing sister, but his chilled blue hand covered her own, numbed and blue. Gradually the child slipped from her hold and as it dropped quietly to the bottom of the boat, the man saw the girl's brown eyes fill with tears.

He leaned forward, his left arm reaching out and drawing her nearer him, his sluggish blood suddenly coursing madly through his veins. Unresisting, her head dropped wearily against his shoulder and his heart pounded tumultuously. Admiration for this courageous woman flooded his soul with passion. He bent his head and kissed the wan cheeks, but there was no response. So still she lay there, that he dared not lay a finger on her pulse. He dared not look into her face.

Confusedly, blankly he crouched in the boat, the woman leaning hard against his heart. The hours passed grimly. One by one the exhausted passengers dropped unconscious to the bottom of the boat, the more hardy sailors struggling at their oars. With senses numbed, Neil Stratton sat motionless, conscious of one thing alone—the "little sister's" head rested against his heart.

Very slowly he sensed that sailor's hands were shaking him roughly. In his stupidity, he only half understood that a British ship had sighted them and was near, ready to pick them up. Half-conscious, he relinquished his hold on the nursing sister and the sailors carried her forward. Blindly he staggered toward the bow.

"Saved—saved—saved!" he muttered hoarsely, then laughed deliriously, madly. He sensed strong arms held out to him in rescue, then down, down to the depths of blackness he dropped.

Some hours later he roused to a sense of warmth and the glamour of the ship's lights with the ship's doctor bending over him.

"The nursing sister?" he questioned, fear maddening his dull senses.

"She'll come around directly," announced the ship's doctor, "you've sure had a close call and it will take some pumping to get a good flow of red blood running through your veins again."

Four days later, as the ship sailed into Halifax harbor, Major Stratton staggered on deck. He caught a glimpse of the nursing sister standing watching the shore, her face drawn and pinched, yet a luminous light glowing in her eyes.

"Thank God, you survived!" muttered Neil Stratton, looking up into her face.

"I could not give up. It would have been hard to do so. Your courage buoyed me up," she answered simply.

The man, awkwardly silent, stood gazing at the ships anchored in the harbor, his pulses throbbing madly as he remembered the night she lay so close to his heart. Ah, that had been his hour! He, who was crippled beyond active service, had no right to ask for her love. She had found some other passionate service in

which to breathe out her beautiful, young energy, and he had no right to ask her to forfeit that service.

He turned abruptly and strode along the deck. For long hours he stood by the deck-rail, watching the city of Halifax grow more distinct, watching the passengers land in little groups until he stood among the last. Then slowly, grimly, he followed on, passing with the throng to the city wharf, but never once did his eye search the people for a glimpse of the "little sister."

There was the glory of springtime in the air and the birds of all the countryside poured forth their melody in one grand musicale. Away in the distance stretched a sea of snowy blossoms.

The orchards of the valley! Neil Stratton bounded on up the hill, lingering for one breathless, impassioned gaze over the fields, green with the spring. Then, vaulting the stone wall, he hurried down through the pasture, following the birch-shaded brook. The old farm house, worn and dilapidated, gleamed silver among the poplars. He would go up there directly and find Old Ben and Marthy, but first he must ramble through the orchards.

Alluringly beautiful, they called to him to hurry. He caught a whiff of their fragrance and the blood rushed hot to his cheek. What was that he had said to Sylvia—some day the orchards would call them back? Poor, vain, foolish Sylvia!

Suddenly he stopped and stared dully at the snake fence running between the fields. What of the old ideal? He

He cried out her dear name and there flashed over his numbed brain a strange sense of reality. Sylvia—of course—it was the dear winsomeness of her that had drawn him so irresistibly; that had kept him close to her all through that awful night in the open boat. And the orchard had called her back. This was her service—the service that had called him also.

He stumbled forward, his arms outstretched. He could no longer wait. He crushed her against his heart, the apple blossoms breaking and falling unheeded. His hot lips kissed her cheeks and he sensed her answering caress. "Dear heart—dear heart! It is beyond my understanding that I was so blind that I did not know you. Yet you knew me—"

Sylvia raised her face, the radiance of her eyes sending the blood leaping through his veins. She smiled wisely, answering softly: "I did not know until that night in the boat, when you put your arm around me and then I saw in your eyes the old flash of fire. You didn't believe Sylvia Marr capable of anything worth while or heroic. You were right—they did spoil me in Aunt Lexie's social set. Oh, they made me pitifully selfish and foolishly vain. Then one day the bitter throbbing of the warring world woke me up and I offered to serve. Oftentimes there was hardness to endure and I thought back to the orchards—"

"Thank God for the blessed, old orchards," breathed the man passionately, "they called us home."

"To serve together," added Sylvia joyously.



The first general of the Allied armies seen by these peasants since the beginning of the war in 1914. A Canadian field commander enters a Belgian town and receives an enthusiastic greeting. He happily takes notice of a Canadian badge one of the women is wearing.

stretched out his left arm gropingly. Yet he could not understand. The "little sister" had usurped the place of his boyhood's ideal.

Slowly he clambered over the snake fence, his mind confused and bewildered. Then leaning forward, he looked deep into the heart of the orchard, where spread the beautiful pink and white blossomed canopy of shade.

Ah, the orchard should prove his salvation! The world was calling for fruit. He would make a bargain with Old Ben and take possession of these orchards. Here he would work out his energy perfecting the orchards and still serve his country.

He walked stealthily through the avenues, carpeted with drifting petals, stopping to break an alluring twig of blossoms. Straight ahead was the old gravenstein. A rustling of the branches startled him and leaning forward, he discerned a girlish figure breaking branches from the old tree. He caught a glimpse of a blue skirt, then a sweet, laughing face peering through the blossoms. Stunned, he stood there motionless, dimly conscious of his pounding pulses.

"Little sister!" He could say no more for the wonder of it all numbed his brain. What had brought the little nursing sister to the orchards? There were depths in the brown eyes that haunted him. The blossoms covered the cruelly empty sleeve and gave her wan cheeks a delicate flush. The lips quivered, but she looked straight into Major Stratton's eyes.

"Neil, you remember you said that some day the orchards would call us back—"

Mr. Peaslee's Retort

The pretty little waitress in the hotel in Dilmouth was very prompt and efficient—as if to atone for the cuisine of the hotel, which was frankly bad. She was perhaps inclined to be a little pert at times, but that may have been merely her means of defense against the complaints of the patrons about the quality of the food and drink.

So when Mr. Peaslee asked for his fourth cup of coffee, she brought it speedily. As he thoughtfully stirred the weak, yellowish solution, the waitress remarked:

"You seem to be fond of coffee."

Mr. Peaslee, nothing abashed, smiled upon her benignly.

"I be fond of coffee," he admitted placidly. "My! Ain't you quick to notice things! I'm dretful fond of it. If I wa'n't," he concluded, slowly, while his pleasant old face lighted whimsically, "I don't believe I'd drink so much water for the sake of getting a little coffee."

The Necessity of Works

The Saturday Journal tells us that Rev. Father O'Leary was off to catch the Dublin express, and that on the way to the station he ran into his bishop.

"Well, what's the hurry, O'Leary?" said he.

"Sure, it's the Dublin express I'm after, your lordship."

The bishop pulled out his gold watch.

"Well, there are seven minutes yet. Let us walk together and both catch it."

They arrived at the station just in time to see the train steaming out.

"Do you know, I had the greatest faith in that watch, O'Leary," said the bishop.

"Ah, my lord, what is faith without good works?" replied the angry O'Leary.

A Natural Mistake

Little Eunice was very fond of her mother's friend, Mrs. Clayton, who had stopped in for a few moments on her way to an afternoon party. She was wearing a beautiful new gown.

Little Eunice gazed at her for several seconds, speechless with admiration, and then burst out delightedly, "O Mrs. Clayton, you look just like a fashion dish!"

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Grape-Nuts

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A Message

What can I hope for thee?

A little less of care than weighs me
A little less of woe than makes my crown,
And fewer pains than 'round about me frown,

Are what I hope for thee.

Yea, these I wish for thee!

A sweeter peace than I have ever known,
And sturdier good than I have ever sown,
And that thou be to manliest manhood grown,

These do I wish for thee!

For, lo, I find in thee

The chance to be all that I wished to be,
The chance to see all that I wished to see,
The chance of joys that could not come to me,

These do I find in thee.

And I petition thee:

Be brave whatever sullen cares assail,
Be good, whatever tempter would prevail,
And smile serene, however, men may rail.

This I petition thee.

And let me counsel thee:

Nourish no dream that springs within thy heart
To draw thee from the work-world's busy mart,
For, at the last, thou and thy dream must part:

And so I counsel thee.

This is from me to thee:

And one day when my work falls from my hand,
So much to-day thou canst not understand,
The reason of the things that I have planned
Will be made plain to thee.

When writing advertisers, please mention
The Western Home Monthly

A Western Romance

Written for The Western Home Monthly By Miss A. McElreoy

COME on, Helen dear, and have something to eat," said tender-hearted Mrs. Greenway to her niece, who sat at the window looking out at the drizzling afternoon, with a face so sad and pained it made her aunt's heart ache.

"Don't think about it any more tonight; it will not seem so bad tomorrow."

"Oh, Auntie, I feel too blue for anything. It was bad enough to lose poor old dad; but that he should use me in this way at the last has just crushed me."

"It is hard; but don't try to understand it now, dear: the day is too gloomy for dwelling on such things."

"Why should he stipulate that I marry Mr. Thompson? When he was living he never said anything to me about him. He did speak several times a year or more ago about inviting him here, but for some reason he never came."

"Come on and have a cup of tea anyway; things will look brighter then. And besides," she added, "you have never seen Mr. Thompson. Wait till you have seen him."

"Oh, Auntie, don't talk so. You know I will never marry a man as a business proposition, never! What hurts me so is to think that my father should expect me to do so."

Helen Walter's father had just died, and the day our story opens, after the funeral was over, his will had been read, when, to the astonishment of all, it was found he had left the comfortable home in which he and his daughter had lived together for so many years, and all his estate, amounting to some thirty thousand dollars, to his daughter, but only on condition she marry a Mr. Thompson, of Detroit, a son of a very dear friend of his, within a year. If she did not marry this unknown Mr. Thompson she received three thousand dollars only, and the remainder of the estate went to a cousin in Toronto.

The contents of the will added to the sorrow over the loss of her father completely overwhelmed the poor girl; she could not understand why her father should have made such a condition; it was not at all like him. Mrs. Greenway, an aunt who had come to stay with her in her time of sorrow, having failed in every other attempt to cheer her, had decided to try a cup of tea.

The tea was a failure, and shortly after Helen slipped away to her room, where she sat long into the night puzzling to understand her father's strange action.

The next morning she was awakened by the cheery song of a robin perched on the tree just outside her window, and opened her eyes to find her room flooded with glorious sunshine. Rising, she looked out to find the whole scene pulsating with the inexpressible gladness of a bright spring morning. The raindrops, left on the branches and pavement since last night's showers, gleamed like so many diamonds.

The effect was magical. Immediately the dark, painful load that, in the drizzling gloom of yesterday, seemed crushing her beneath it, was lightened. In some intuitive way she saw that just as the darkness of yesterday was followed by the brightness of this morning, so too, in her own life, bright days should yet follow the dark ones, and with a mind freshened by the night's rest, she turned from the painful past to look forward and grasp the future.

"I've got my message," she thought, leaning out of the window to inhale the glorious morning air, her eyes brightening with a deep and noble purpose; "I'm going to be a woman and 'play the game,' as they say."

When she came down to the breakfast table her aunt was amazed and delighted to find her so cheerful. The sorrow was still there, but it was tempered by a living purpose. Mrs. Greenway did not yet understand.

"Isn't this an inspiring morning?" greeted Helen. "It must have been sent just for my benefit. At any rate it has made me see things differently to what I did yesterday. Do you know, I have just been thinking, why should I sit down in despair because I have not my father's money? I have a university education, youth and good health, with only the handicap of being a woman, and that is not a big handicap now, thanks to the brave women who have blazed the trail.

I'm going to get out and do for myself. Listening to that bright robin this morning, I determined to live bravely."

"I am so glad," answered her aunt, "but don't be in a hurry. I should be glad to have you come and stay with me as long as you wish."

In a very few days Helen Walters still further surprised her aunt by announcing her decision to go out to Alberta to teach. "Why should I not go?" she went on. "They say that is the young man's country; why should it not be the young woman's country, too? I read in our university paper that they are short of teachers, and am convinced that is my place."

Inside of two weeks Miss Walters was in Edmonton and called on the Department of Education.

"We are very glad to have you," said the Deputy Minister, "for we are short of teachers, and not many of those we have are as well qualified as you are, but," here he hesitated, "it is our practice to give Alberta trained teachers the first choice of close-in schools. Would you be willing to go back fifteen or twenty miles from a railway?"

"I have no reason to object; I am a perfect stranger here, so that all places are alike to me."

"There's a nice school twenty miles north of S—, in the Peace River country; would that be too far away?"

"That is north of here, in the new country we have been hearing so much about?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I think I should like to go there. We hear so much in Ontario about the world being in the making out here; I would like to get where that is being done," replied Helen, laughing.

The Deputy laughed also. "We can easily gratify that wish for you. The school I mention is right there. And it is a very good school, too. It is a new place; settlers have just gone in. Most of them are from the States, but some of them are from Ontario. The salary is seventy dollars a month, and the boarding place is one half mile from the school."

"When does it open?"

"Just as soon as we can send a teacher. How soon could you go?"

"Tomorrow."

"There is no train tomorrow, but there is one the next day—Thursday. I'll wire the Secretary, Mr. Johnston, to meet you at S—."

"Well, that's settled," thought Miss Walters, as she left the parliament buildings, "and I am going to this famous Peace River country. I am to begin where things are new."

The morning sun gleamed on the waters of the Saskatchewan river, glorified the university buildings in the distance, and made resplendent the huge pillar of smoke that climbed up from the engine of a long passenger train pulling cautiously over the High Level bridge with its load of landseekers for the north country.

"All the signs point north," mused Helen as she walked back to the Selkirk hotel.

At mid-forenoon on the following Friday the E.D. & B.C. passenger train pulled into a small station in the Peace River country. Miss Walters and a commercial traveller, with two big trunks, got off, and the train glided on. Although a number of the idly curious were lined up on the station platform to watch the train come in, there was no one there who appeared to expect anyone. The train vanished, the traveller hurried off to a store, a short distance away, facing the track and bearing a huge sign advising all to use Robin Hood flour, and the idlers scattered. The teacher was alone—a dainty, trim little figure rather out of keeping with the crude surroundings. Two large brown eyes gazed fearfully from under the brim of a smart little hat. The place was so small it did not seem to have even stopping accommodation. The store advocating Robin Hood flour, and a long, low building in front of which two men were busy with a tractor, and one or two smaller buildings, all of brand new lumber, made the town. Of course, up the track a distance, towered a huge elevator, but an elevator had no appeal to a lonely teacher from Hamilton.

After waiting some minutes she walked up to the station agent, who was dragging a bundle into the station house.

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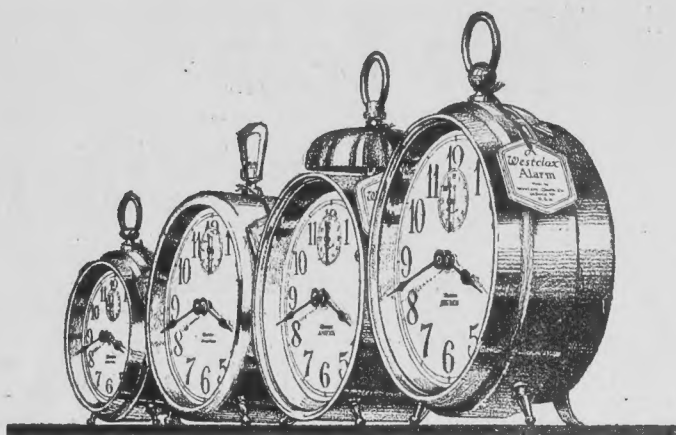
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Excuse me, but did you get a telegram for a Mr. Johnston, of Lone Lake, yesterday?" The agent dropped his bundle and answered sympathetically.

"No, madam, I did not."

"What am I to do? I engaged with the Department at Edmonton to come out and teach at Lone Lake. The man in the office said he would telegraph out so that there would be some one here to meet me."

"The message never came here. There may be some one in to-day, though. It's twenty miles out, but this is the breaking season, and there is some one in nearly every day getting outfitted for that. "Bob," he called, to a slow-going young man in overalls, who was struggling with one of the traveller's trunks, "go over to Hall's stables, and the blacksmith shop and find out if there is anyone in from Lone Lake." Then turning to Miss Walters: "You had better go over to the boarding house at present; I'll let you know if there is anyone in."

"The boarding house? Where's that?" she asked, gazing incredulously around.

"That new building facing the track, just beyond the store."

The trim little lady with the brown eyes set off toward the building indicated, which she now noticed had "Albion House" in big letters on its gable. The Albion House gave evidence of recent completion. Pieces of new boards lay scattered around, and a mortar board, in all its ugliness stood beside the remnant of a sand pile. Inside the air was redolent of plaster and paint.

When she entered, a young woman came timidly from somewhere at the back; a white-haired child, more timid still, clung to her skirts behind, and peeked out shyly inquisitive at the stranger. On Helen explaining just why she was there, this woman invited her to "just take a seat in the parlor," and then left her.

Miss Walters seated herself by the window to wait. Something of the loneliness and sorrow of the day of the funeral came over her: so far from her friends and alone. A big farm wagon lumbered by and tied up at the store; a motor car whirled along a road farther back, leaving a cloud of dust behind it. She pulled herself up. "I must not give way; I'm here and I must make the best of it. At any rate I'm not beyond the pale of the motor car."

After watching for some time, she saw a man coming across from the building with the tractor, and with a swinging step approached the Albion House. She had time to notice his erect carriage and easy walk, and that his face was firm and handsome, though much tanned; also that his clothes, though neat, bore testimony to much out-of-door service. Soon she heard him entering the hall, where he paused as if waiting for the timid lady to appear. She did not appear and he started to go back to where she was. Passing the sitting room door and noticing the room was occupied, he hesitated. "Pardon me," he said, taking a step into the room, "but are you the lady who wished to get out to Lone Lake?"

"Yes, I am. Are you Mr. Johnston?" she replied, rising.

"No I am not. My name is Bulwer. I met Bob at the Massey-Harris shop, who told me a lady had come off the train and wanted to get out to Lone Lake. I live out there, and will be going out in the afternoon."

"And can you take me along?" she asked, eagerly. "I have a grip and a trunk," she advanced as if doubtful if all could be accommodated; "can you take all?" Her fresh young face, with its touch of eager sadness, presented a most pleasing picture to the sunburnt man before her.

"Sure!" he replied, with a friendly smile. "I have a democrat, if you know what that is." He laughed again. "I'll be ready to start out about three o'clock, and shall call around for you then." Something in his frank, courteous manner conveyed to the lonely girl a spirit of good comradeship that put her at her ease.

"Thank you so much," she replied.

He was off, and she was alone again, but the worried look was gone. "I hope that old secretary doesn't come along before that time," she said to herself, with a mischievous twinkle in her brown eyes, as she thought of the handsome stranger.

A few minutes after three o'clock a team of bronchos came plunging over the rough ground from back of the Albion House. Miss Walters, watching at the window, immediately recognized her re-

cent acquaintance, and seizing her grip, went to the door. When she appeared on the step the nearer driver sprang over against his mate, plunging frightfully, but the driver quite coolly pulled him back into place and up to the step.

"You didn't forget me," she greeted, cheerily; "I was beginning to be afraid you had."

"I am a little late; the blacksmith kept me waiting for some work I have to take out," he explained as he sprang down and assisted her into the seat, and placed her grip at the back with the blacksmithing and various grocery parcels.

"Perhaps you had better leave the trunk," she suggested, as the bronchos sprang away in such a way as showed they had no intention of stopping anywhere so near as the railway station. "I can get on without it for a while."

"Oh, no, there's lots of room," he replied, glancing back at the heterogeneous parcels.

For the first mile or two little was said, the driver giving all his attention to his bronchos, who, determined to get home in the least possible time, tried to bolt every time the wheels lurched into a rut and rattled the blacksmithing. However, after many abortive attempts, owing to the steady, strong hand of the driver, they came to a mutual recognition of the wisdom of submitting to the higher command and going in conformity with it, so that when the next rutty place was reached, instead of plunging as before, they dropped to a walk.

The driver turned to his companion.

"Are you acquainted in this part of the country?"

On her assuring him she was not, he resumed: "You'll find everything quite different from the East, and rather rough, but you'll learn to like the West. It's no place for weaklings, but the strong learn to love it."

"Thank you for the compliment," returned the teacher, with a saucy smile that filled him with elation. "Then you think that I am one of the strong ones?"

"Yes, I do. You may be discouraged at first; everything is so primitive, so different from Hamilton, but when you become acquainted with the people you will find many of them cultured and well read."

"I do hope I shall like it. At any rate I am here to the end of the year."

Mr. Bulwer's mind was so centered on the last of that sentence, he failed to notice the bronchos had left the trail and were travelling off to some destination of their own. One of the wheels going over

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a rough hillock, so as to almost upset the democrat, brought him quickly back to the present. Pulling himself together and the team back to the trail, he said: "You'll find it hard and strenuous, but you will also find there is more in life here than is in the sheltered life of the East."

"I hope you are right—I know you are. But I confess it is only lately that I have come to look on life this way. I have been one of the sheltered ones. I determined to come West only after I was pushed out of my home," she said.

"I can say much the same," he replied. "I was not pushed out, but it was not pleasant for me to stay, so I came away to where everything is new, and I have never regretted it."

The bronchos, now quite tractable, had dropped into that easy long distance trot acquired only by horses that travel long distances, and glided along the winding trail, past clumps of white stemmed poplars, through patches of silver willow, the air heavy with its fragrance, and over open prairie all beautiful in the fresh greenness of spring time. Miss Walters thought she had never seen anything so beautiful, and shut out for the time being any dread she might have of her new position, to enjoy the open free beauty of it all.

After two hours' driving, farmsteads appeared, and the winding trail merged into a straight road with a wire fence on each side.

"There's Lone Lake school," said Mr. Bulwer indicating a lonely little white building a distance away on the left.

Miss Walters looked, and her courage forsook her. What she saw was a demure little building, with regulation porch and three windows like eyes that gazed appealingly over the intervening willow bushes. A meadow-lark sang from a post near it and a friendly robin did its best by its "Cheer-up, Cheer-up" to advance a welcome from the lonely spot.

There was not another building in sight. "Where do the children come from?" enquired the new teacher, blankly gazing around, hopelessly and instinctively drawing closer to the big strong man besides her, who was quick to sense the inarticulate call for sympathy.

Without being mentally aware of it, his life became fuller.

"Oh, all around. You cannot see the houses for the bushes, but there are quite a few in school distance. Mr. Johnston, the Secretary, with who I presume you will stay, lives a half mile straight ahead on this road. He has two children of school age." Then, as they drove on past the lonesome school, Mr. Bulwer, encouraged by that silent appeal, ventured further: "It is very quiet here compared with Hamilton, and you will, no doubt, have attacks of homesickness. If you will allow me, I shall be glad to take you for a drive any time. Bill and Bob are as good a potion for homesickness as anything I know," pointing to his spirited team from which now came wafts of perspiration. "I don't work them; just keep them for running around, and they do not always get enough of that," he added further, to make it easier for the teacher to accept.

"Thank you. That's good of you, and if Bill and Bob are a cure for homesickness I am sure I will have to call on them quite often." This last with a peculiar catch in her voice, as just then they passed a clump of poplars and willow bushes and came in full view of the boarding place to be—a whitewashed log building with a lean-to at the back for a kitchen, a small frame stable of new lumber, and farther back a row of log buildings with straw roofs.

They drove into the yard in spite of the protests of a big collie dog that contested every step. Two children came running out and stood with wide open eyes watching, while Mrs. Johnston in gingham house-dress and long white apron that floated out in the breeze, came questioningly to the democrat.

"How do you do, Mrs. Johnston; I've brought you a teacher—Miss Walters."

"Teacher? I'm glad to see you," shaking hands, "but we never heard there was one coming. I had begun to think we were not going to get one at all. Come right in, though. We are glad to have you. Tie up your team, Mr. Bulwer, and stay for supper."

"Oh, no, thank you, I must get home. I want to drive over and see how the men got on with the tractor over on the Scott quarter."

"It was lucky Mr. Bulwer was in

town," vouched Mrs. Johnston, after she had heard Miss Walters' story of how she had come. "He has the best drivers of any around here. He is better off than the most of us; they say he has lots of money, but he is not one of those stuck-up sort. He has two sections of land, and is running everything as they say in books, and makes a success of it, too. The rest of us are all just beginning; no one has very much, but we are all quite comfortable. A young student preaches every second Sunday in the school house, and now that we have a teacher we will be all right."

"Are there many young folks?" queried the teacher.

"Oh, yes, there are the two Miss McLeans, nice girls, and Sadie Jones over this way, and any amount of nice young men baching it on their homesteads. But I must not tell you about them; I must keep them away," she added, laughingly, "or they'll be stealing our teacher."

"They won't want me," laughed Miss Walters, "they need wives of better stuff than I'm made of."

"No fear of that; they'll be dropping in, you'll see. You needn't think of Mr. Bulwer, though; he is not married, but he is a regular old bachelor, who never looks at a girl. All he thinks of is better improvements on his farm; better cattle and horses. He has a fine herd of Hereford cattle; you must see his place some day."

The first Sunday Miss Walters spent in her new surroundings threatened to be a very lonesome one. There was no service that day. Mr. and Mrs. Johnston slept the most of the forenoon, and the children out in the yard were as quiet as mice. She was glad when the dinner hour came, when Mr. Johnston, well rested from his morning nap, talked glibly of Lone Lake matters.

"That Mr. Bulwer who drove you in, is a fine chap. Some think he is stuck-up, but I don't. Of course, he is different from the most of us; he is a well-educated, cultured man, but he takes to country life like a duck to water. He has a fine farm, and he is making it pay, too. The rest of us are just every-day hard-working people, who came here with just enough money to make a start, no more, and we've got to work pretty hard to get the start. It's hard on the women folks, the houses are so far apart, and not many can afford extra horses for driving; but just wait, we'll soon have our motor cars like the rest."

Dinner over, Helen lingered to help clear away the dishes. The children were at the window discussing a calf in the yard, when one of them exclaimed:

"Oh, here comes Mr. Bulwer. My! can't his team trot!"

"Is he coming in?" enquired Mr. Johnston.

"Yes, he's opening the gate now."

Mr. Johnston reached for an old straw hat, and went out through the kitchen.

"We won't likely see Dad for the rest of the afternoon," commented his wife; "he'll be off with Mr. Bulwer some place."

Miss Walters was disappointed. She had hoped Mr. Bulwer would come in; she had liked his frank good-fellowship on the way in; he had proved a real friend on first acquaintance. Going into the living room, she picked up a book at random from the book-shelf and sat down.

Presently Billy came in.

"Has your father gone off with Mr. Bulwer?" asked his mother.

"No-ep; they're coming in. Mr. Bulwer put his horses in the stable."

They came in by the kitchen. "Just hang up your hat and go right in," cordially invited Mr. Johnston, proceeding to do the same himself. "How is that field of wheat you disced in doing?"

"It has come up fine and has the ground well covered."

Miss Walters frankly gave her hand in greeting, and a three-cornered conversation was carried on for some time on matters pertaining to the school, the number of children and their past opportunities.

Presently the little girl came bounding breathlessly in. "Oh, papa, the pigs have got out and are in the garden!"

"Oh, my," came from Mrs. Johnston, somewhere in the kitchen. Confound them!" imprecated Mr. Johnston, jumping up and hurrying out.

Mr. Bulwer sat still; so did Miss Walters.

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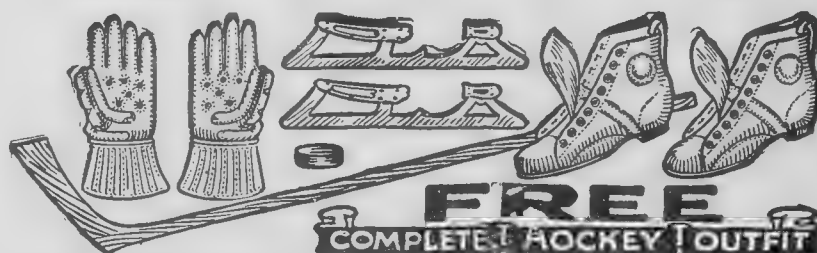
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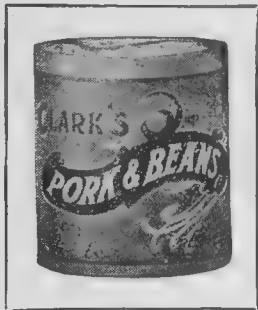
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like your school?" he enquired after some time.

"It is too soon to say yet, but I can see there is much that I can do, and I came out here to do something. I think I have as fine and as intelligent pupils as are to be found anywhere. Already they have deluged me with questions. I must write down to the Department for some further help. The boys are asking me bothersome questions on agriculture. I did not know I had to be a farmer to teach," she added, laughingly.

"I have some very good authorities on agriculture I should be pleased to lend you," vouchsafed her friend.

"Thank you, I should be glad to get them. By the way, couldn't you come and give us a talk some Friday afternoon?" she asked, her eyes lighting up with the idea. "I am sure the boys would be delighted; I hear them mention your place so often; in fact, I'm sure that is where the inspiration for the bothersome questions comes from."

"I had never thought of giving talks, but perhaps I could. I should be only too glad to do anything I can to help you."

"Oh, that will be fine," said Helen, delightedly. "I'll have good news for my boys tomorrow."

The conversation drifted on to the parents, and from the parents to the surrounding district. "I would like to show you the settlement," at last ventured Mr. Bulwer. "Would you care to go for a drive?"

"I should like that very much."

"I'll go out and hook up while you put on your things."

Helen hurried upstairs for her coat and hat, but when she came down Bill and Bob were at the door, and, knowing their impatience, she did not keep them waiting. As they wheeled and drove out of the yard, they could see Mr. and Mrs. Johnston, who apparently had the pigs again into their proper place, in the garden appraising the damages.

When Mr. Bulwer brought Helen back from a long drive, he was delighted to note the happy sparkle in the big brown eyes, and the animation of her whole figure. She had forgotten the loneliness of the morning and had grasped the life of Lone Lake as hers.

"You have given me such a pleasant afternoon, Mr. Bulwer, and I was dreading the first Sunday so," she said, extending her hand frankly. "I don't know how to thank you."

"By letting me be your friend: may I come again?"

"I will be glad to have you come," and then lightly, "Bill and Bob are so attractive." So saying she stepped up to pat their faces; but they threw up their heads and shrank back into the harness, glaring with frightened eyes past the blinkers. They were not yet ready for female blandishments.

After this Bill and Bob came often to the home of the school secretary; they even learned to appreciate patting.

Helen found her school work very interesting. Everything that goes to make intelligent and effective citizenship she taught her pupils, but agriculture received most attention. Mr. Bulwer, true to his promise, gave a talk on soils and cultivation that proved so satisfactory he followed with others on various phases of grain growing and cattle raising.

So the summer passed, and the first frosts gave warning of approaching winter. The threshing engine whistles shrilled out clearly in the chill morning air.

Another Sunday came—a glorious autumn Sunday, and, just after the noon-day meal, Mr. Bulwer called for Helen.

"I would like to take you down to the river," he said. "I have been waiting for just such a day as this to show it to you. There is a beautiful drive down the valley, but it is not so pleasant when the flies are bad; that is why I waited."

When they reached the bank overlooking the valley, Mr. Bulwer reined in his team to allow his companion to admire the scene. She sat entranced. The valley stretched beneath them like some beautiful garden, with the trail, like a tiny thread, winding through it to the wooded part along the stream. At a bend in the river the waters could be seen gleaming like silver in the autumn sunshine, while the trees along the edge formed a magnificent panorama of color, grading from green to bright golden, with here and there splashes of scarlet.

"Oh, Mr. Bulwer, isn't that a most

glorious picture? How beautiful our world is after all! You do give me the most delightful times; whatever should I do without you?" said Helen disinterestedly, so carried away with the beauty of the scene before her as to be unaware of the full significance of her words.

"You don't know how glad I am to hear you say that. The world looks much brighter to me when you are with me. Can't we go through life together," he said, taking her hand in his.

Helen turned puzzled brown eyes to his, then she understood. "Oh, dear, what have I been saying," she stammered, confusedly, turning away her face, crimson with blushes.

"In effect, that when we are together life is fuller, and I ask if it may not be so always. Everything is richer and better to me since I have been with you. You are my life in a very true sense." Emboldened by her silence, he put his arm around her and drew her to him; she turned her face to his and their lips met.

Down through the valley, along the winding trail they drove, past beds of golden-rod and blue asters, on toward the river and the trees of flaming gold, their hearts in full unison with the beauty and the benediction of it all.

Arriving at the shady lane leading through the high trees along the river, the team came to a walk. Mr. Bulwer and Helen talked of many things. The former began by telling something about his people. "I believe I have a photo of my mother with me," he said, and reaching into his pocket he drew out a bunch of papers. Helen looked. On the top was an envelope addressed to John Bulwer Thompson, Lone Lake, Alberta. "Thompson?" she questioned. "Isn't your name Bulwer?"

"Well, people here all call me Bulwer, and I just let them, but my real name is Bulwer Thompson. Bulwer was my mother's name, and so I like it best."

"And your home was in Detroit?"

"Yes."

"You surely can't be the Mr. Thompson my father wished me to marry."

"I don't know. By the way, Walters was the name of my father's friend, and I believe he had a marriageable daughter. But won't you tell me your story?"

"Well, there is not much to tell. I had heard my father speak several times of a chum of his called Thompson. They had pledged themselves to stand by each other should misfortune come to either. About two years ago my father said something about inviting Mr. Thompson's son to visit us, but for some reason he never came. My father died just before I came out here, and in his will he left everything to me, but only on condition that I marry this Mr. Thompson within a year. I was so shocked by such a stipulation I left everything and came out here to teach."

"And I," said Mr. Bulwer, "was so pestered by my father to go and court his friend's daughter to save him from some financial trouble, that I came west with money my mother left me, and that is why I never objected to people calling me by my mother's name."

Helen sat in silence a moment, then leaned closer to her lover as she said: "Well I'm glad my poor old father's wish will be gratified after all," and as an afterthought, "and I'll get the money—but you'll not get it, sir!" she defied; "I'll buy that half section next to yours and start a purebred stock farm in opposition to you," she teased.

"What do I care as long as I have the owner of the stock farm," he replied, as he drew her to him in a warm embrace.

A Mistake Somewhere

The following appalling incident in the musical world is taken from Judge:

Trombone of Village Band—"What do we play next, Si?"

Si—"Sousa's Grand March."

Trombone—"Gos all hemlock! I jest played that!"

No Quarter for Him

Mrs. Jones was standing in the doorway talking with old Mr. Ham, a neighbor. They were speaking in uncomplimentary terms about an impostor who had lately passed through the village, swindling right and left.

"He'd better not come round here again!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones indignantly. "If he does, I'll give him no quarter."

"Quarter!" shouted the enraged old man, "quarter! Well I guess not! I wouldn't give him ten cents!"

A British Fleet Sets Sail

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Patrick Vau.

NOTHING is more symbolical of the British Navy, that has kept the Home Isles from invasion, pent up the German navy inside its most amply mined home-waters, and safely conveyed many millions of troops to the various seats of the war, than sight of a squadron of its vessels setting sail. It demonstrates gigantic might handled with an ease and exactness that are mathematical in their certainty.

The Squadron that put into port yesterday to fill bunkers and ship stores, is about to weigh anchor and rejoin the Grand Fleet somewhere up in the North Sea. On board our battleship a small group of officers stand on the upper bridge that looks down sixty feet and more on the tide as it gurgles and splashes against her thick steel sides. The captain talks with his navigating lieutenant, and the commander close by, eyeing all things, his telescope, shuttered against the damp, swinging to and fro. Out on the very edge of the upper bridge is a small signal-midshipman, his cap jammed down on his head, for the breeze is gusty, and his telescope laid on the Flagship that lies over two miles away.

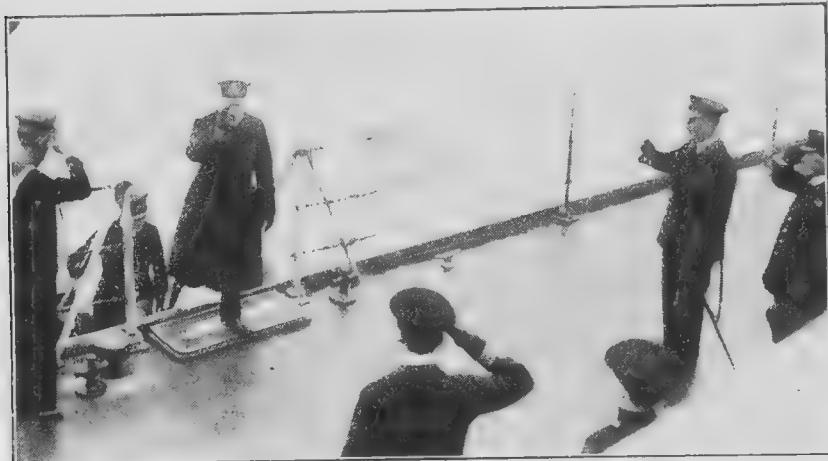
The Squadron itself is lying in lines of column ahead, forming a square, the Senior and Junior Flag Officers in their respective battleships in the van of the columns in-shore.

On the lower bridge of our battleship the officer of the watch is speaking with the first lieutenant for a moment or two

long "at the dip," whose signal-men falter ever so little in clipping the flying flags together, or whose wheel does not go over just exactly with the rest at his order "down," at which the vessels all turn, on its coming to him in a motion of the C.I.C.'s own hand. What the signal-boatswain in the Flagship does not record, the Admiral does not see; but, when he does take note, then the entire world of that fleet must see, for the "eyes" of each unit are glued to his distant bridge.

Already, however, the C.I.C.'s signal has fluttered down, but the next second another string of two-coloured flags goes up from her signal bridge. Again our signal-midshipman springs across the bridge to the captain, who has been glancing up at the bright pennant broken at his high yard arm to signify the cable has now been shortened in. "Weigh anchor, sir," he reports, and the commander takes his part, and a sharp order is jerked out by him. There is a shrilling of boatswain's pipes, and hoarse voices repeat the order from deck to deck below. As the last answering pennant in the fleet reaches its place, the Flagship's hoist spins down. "Weigh, sir," says the signal-midshipman to his C.O. And before very long all the anchors in the Fleet are up, and secured, each on its sloping bill-board, and the same pennant is flying, in acknowledgment of the accomplished order, at every lower yard-arm.

Again the Flagship's fore is covered with sudden bunting, and signal-logs are fiercely busy on each bridge. The answer-



The above British Naval Official picture is the first to arrive in this country of the German Admiral and his officers boarding H.M.S. Queen Elizabeth, Admiral Beatty's Flagship, to arrange the terms of surrender of the German High Seas Fleet. Admiral Meurer, of the German Navy is here seen stepping upon the deck of the battleship, after coming up the ship's ladder. He was accompanied by a submarine and a Zeppelin commander who are following close behind, to arrange the terms of the surrender.

before the latter goes forward to the bows. On the small wooden grating at the wheel stands the helmsman, and, by the compass three feet away, the quarter-master, close to the bell-mouth of one of the large speaking tubes from the upper bridge. On either side are the bluejackets at the telegraphs, which transmit the orders to the engine-room deep below. Signalmen are busy. Some are rolling back the canvas covers in front of the flag lockers, and some are casting loose the innumerable halliards leading down from the single mast and yardarms above. The chief yeoman, with peaked cap and brass-buttoned coat that bears crossed signal flags on the collar, is intently gazing, telescope at his eye, where, clean to windward, across the ordered lines, there streams the Cross of St. George, red on white, betokening the Admiral.

Suddenly, just above the Flagship's bridge, three small dots break into colour, and the first-lieutenant scurries away, being responsible for weighing anchor. The flags stand on the wind stiff as boards, of which only the ends are visible. But already hawk eyes have read the bunting.

The signal-midshipman leaps across the upper bridge, "Shorten into two shackles, sir," he said, and the commanding officer nods. The chief yeoman has thrown a glance at the answering pennant already spinning up its halliard. The signal-midshipman, and he, and all his men, know full well there is an eagle vision on board the Flagship—that of the signal-boatswain, who is the very eye of the Admiral—and woe betides that vessel whole answering pennant remains too

ing pennants rise and fall on the wind almost as one. "To repeat the signal, sir," reports the signal-midshipman, taking the telescope from his eye as he reads the next far-away hoist, then going to the bridge-rail watches the signal staff below swift-handed and decisive clip together the flags of the "repeat" to whip them aloft. "Signal's down, sir," he cries as the hoist flutters down in a curve against the breeze.

"Half-ahead, starboard. Half-astern, port. Helm hard a-starboard. The C.O. voices the signalled order for units to turn together N.E. speaking into the lower bridge voice-tube. Each bluejacket as the case may be at the engineroom telegraphs, one on each side of the wheel, drives the levers over, repeating the order as he marks the tell-tale his side of the funnel casings begin its even grinding as its main engines get under way. The wheel is put over, and as the screws commence to revolve the huge vessel turns on her heel.

"Form divisions in line ahead to port, columns ten cables apart, sir," the signal-midshipman rattles off, telescope to his straining eye as the Flagship drapes herself afresh in bunting, "speed fifteen knots. Cruisers to take station six cables starboard beam of Flagship, sir." And already as the last great hoist comes down the inshore battleships are moving, the Flagship heading the columns for the open sea. In ten minutes the Fleet is steaming out toward the North Sea in exact formation—part of the world's mightiest phalanx of steam, steel, guns, and personnel.

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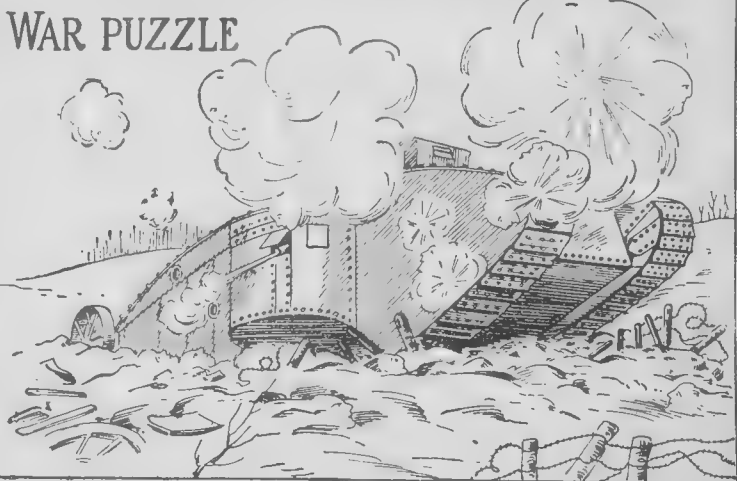
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WAR PUZZLE



Above will be found the picture of a modern Tank of the kind that is being used with such success in the present war. At a glance the Tank appears to be all there is in the picture, but by careful scrutiny the faces of several soldiers will be found. There are 11 of them in all. Can you find them? It is no easy task but by patience and endurance can be accomplished.

You may win a cash prize by doing so. Many have done this as will be shown by the names and addresses which we will send you. If you find the faces mark each one with an X, cut out the picture and send it to us, together with a slip of paper on which you have written the words "I have found all the faces and marked them." Write these nine words plainly and neatly, as in case of ties, both writing and neatness are considered factors in this contest.

This may take up a little of your time but as TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS in cash and many merchandise prizes are given away, it is worth your time to take a little trouble over this matter. Remember all you have to do is to mark the faces, cut out the picture and write on a separate piece of paper the words, "I have found all the faces and marked them."

WE DO NOT ASK YOU TO SPEND ONE CENT OF YOUR MONEY IN ORDER TO ENTER THIS CONTEST

Send your answer at once; we will reply by Return Mail telling you whether your answer is correct or not, and we will send you a complete Prize List, together with the names and addresses of persons who have recently received over Four Thousand One Hundred Dollars in Cash Prizes from us, and full particulars of a simple condition that must be fulfilled. (This condition does not involve the spending of any of your money.)

Winners of cash prizes in our late competitions will not be allowed to enter this Contest.

This Competition will be judged by two well known business men of undoubted integrity, who have no connection with this Company, whose de-

cisions must be accepted as final.

Upon receipt of your reply we will send a complete list of the names and addresses of persons who have won \$4,100.00 in Cash Prizes in recent contests held by the publishers of this advertisement. Although these persons are entirely unknown to us, they are our references. An enquiry from any one of them will bring the information that our contests are carried out with the utmost fairness and integrity. Your opportunity to win a good round sum is equally as good as that of anyone else, as all previous winners of cash prizes are debarred from entering this contest.

Send Your Reply Direct to

GOOD HOPE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
46 ST. ALEXANDER STREET, MONTREAL, CAN.

As it proceeds in exact and mathematical order the C.I.C.'s Flagship hoists a blue-and-striped flag at her yard arm, indicating she is about to send a long message or order, and then two of her semaphore begin whirling their great arms in a rapid and seemingly chaotic manner. Yet on board our battleship and consorts the communication is infallibly interpreted word for word, spelled out, and written down on a signal-pad. So the message goes on, the black and white arms flailing it across the green waters. Suddenly the waving arms cease, and close. "Finish. Down answer," rings out on our lower bridge of our battleship, where, obedient to the order, the long tail of bunting in acknowledgment is hauled down hand over hand.

Just after dark, when sleet is storming down the rising gale, the electric at the Flagship's masthead suddenly begins blinking and gleaming. On board our vessel the signal-midshipman, in dripping oil skins, a muffler round his neck, reads the dots and dashes as smartly and as instantly as any of the alert yeomen of the signals below. And before the Flagship has been stuttering for five seconds all the units of her command have also begun a dizzying, bewildering series of longs and shorts. Day and night, summer or winter, peace or war, the eyes of the signal staff never rest.

"What is it, eh?" grunts the officer of the watch, as the midshipman passes him toward the steep ladder, to send aft the news to the "skipper" who is in his cabin.

"Squadron of the Deutschers issuing from the Skager Rak, another coming through the Kattegat at full speed," is his news.

Keen eyes on the deck below have read the message, as well as the signal-men, and already a "buzz" of gladness is going round.

The Thankful Spirit

By John Clair Minot

One morning in November,
When skies were drear and gray,
A happy little stranger
Threw sunshine on my way.
He waved his hand in greeting
As he came down the road,
And smiled a smile so winning
That I forgot my load.

"I am the Thankful Spirit,"
He said, and smiled again;
"I travel far in autumn,
And sing amid the grain.
When harvest-time is over,
I fill the world with cheer,
Till all men join in praising
The bounties of the year."

Then to the Thankful Spirit
I spake what filled my heart:
"When harvest praise is given,
Why do you then depart?
Why not sit down and tarry
While seasons come and go,
And make each day Thanksgiving?
It would be better so."

And straightway came the answer:
"I fain would tarry here;
I would not be a stranger
Who comes but once a year.
If you will make me welcome
Beside you at your hearth,
Our daily feast, I promise,
Shall be the best on earth."

The Garden of Dreams

Over the hilltop departs the bright day;
Slowly the afterglow fadeth away.
Twilight descending hath spread her dark wings;
Softly and sweetly the nightingale sings.

Under the willows the weird shadows creep
Softly the wind lulls the garden to sleep.
Fragrant, the poppy's breath, laden with dreams,
Steals from the glade where the silver pool gleams.

Paint is the fountain's melodious splash,
Veiled in the darkness its sparkle and flash,
Black is the hemlock tree, stately and tall,
'Gainst the gray stones of the ivy-grown wall.

High in the heavens the moon is afloat;
Low from the wood comes the whip-poor-will's note.
Silvery stars and a shimmering stream,
Soft in the moonlight, weave into my dream.



The Royal Bank of Canada

GENERAL STATEMENT

30th November, 1918

LIABILITIES

TO THE PUBLIC:	
Deposits not bearing interest.....	\$135,243,278.72
Deposits bearing interest, including interest accrued to date of statement	197,348,439.20
	\$332,591,717.92
Notes of the Bank in Circulation.....	39,380,975.74
Balance due to Dominion Government.....	9,000,000.00
Balances due to other Banks in Canada.....	\$ 26,794.90
Balances due to Banks and Banking Correspondents in the United Kingdom and foreign countries	6,068,926.22
	6,095,721.12
Bills Payable	316,058.43
Acceptances under Letters of Credit.....	10,162,629.56
	\$397,547,102.77
TO THE SHAREHOLDERS:	
Capital Stock Paid in.....	14,000,000.00
Reserve Fund	\$ 15,000,000.00
Balance of Profits carried forward.....	535,737.19
	15,535,757.19
Dividend No. 125 (at 12 per cent per annum), payable December 2nd, 1918.....	420,000.00
Dividends Unclaimed	10,122.95
	430,122.95
	\$427,512,982.91

ASSETS

Current Coin	\$ 17,488,314.07
Dominion Notes	24,636,344.75
	\$ 42,124,658.82
Deposit in the Central Gold Reserves	26,000,000.00
Notes of other Banks	10,678,020.86
Cheques on other Banks	20,034,899.30
Balances due by other Banks in Canada	6,042.80
Balances due by Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada	10,391,516.44
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities, not exceeding market value	36,599,976.37
Canadian Municipal Securities and British, Foreign and Colonial Public Securities other than Canadian, not exceeding market value	29,620,885.90
Railway and other Bonds, Debentures and Stocks, not exceeding market value	15,084,414.64
Call Loans in Canada, on Bonds, Debentures and Stocks.....	10,067,481.94
Call and Short (not exceeding thirty days) Loans elsewhere than in Canada.....	24,374,191.40
	\$224,982,088.47
Other Current Loans and Discounts in Canada (less rebate of interest).....	\$119,184,715.26
Other Current Loans and Discounts elsewhere than in Canada (less rebate of interest).....	64,175,163.85
Overdue Debts (estimated loss provided for).....	388,513.29
	183,748,392.40
Real Estate other than Bank Premises.....	1,171,131.69
Bank Premises, at not more than cost, less amounts written off.....	6,492,011.85
Liabilities of Customers under Letters of Credit, as per contra	10,162,629.56
Deposit with the Minister for the purposes of the Circulation Fund	742,818.75
Other Assets not included in the foregoing.....	213,910.19
	\$427,512,982.91

H. S. HOLT,
President.

EDSON L. PEASE,
Managing Director.

C. E. NEILL,
General Manager.

AUDITORS' CERTIFICATE

We Report to the Shareholders of The Royal Bank of Canada:

That in our opinion the transactions of the Bank which have come under our notice have been within the powers of the Bank.

That we have checked the cash and verified the securities of the Bank at the Chief Office at 30th November, 1918, as well as at another time, as required by Section 56 of the Bank Act, and that we found they agreed with the entries in the books in regard thereto. We also during the year checked the cash and verified the securities at the principal branches.

That the above Balance Sheet has been compared by us with the books at the Chief Office and with the certified returns from the Branches, and in our opinion is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Bank's affairs according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us and as shown by the books of the Bank.

That we have obtained all the information and explanations required by us.

JAMES MARWICK, C.A.,
S. ROGER MITCHELL, C.A.,
of Marwick, Mitchell, Peat & Co.
J. W. ROSS, C.A., of P. S. Ross & Sons. } Auditors.

Montreal, Canada, 18th December, 1918.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

Balance of Profit and Loss Account, 30th November, 1917.....	\$ 564,264.53
Profits for the year, after deducting charges of management and all other expenses, accrued interest on deposits, full provision for all bad and doubtful debts and rebate of interest on unmatured bills	2,809,846.24
	\$ 3,374,110.77
APPROPRIATED AS FOLLOWS:	
Dividends Nos. 122, 123, 124 and 125, at 12 per cent per annum.....	\$ 1,614,702.00
Transferred to Officers' Pension Fund	100,000.00
Written off Bank Premises Account	400,000.00
War Tax on Bank Note Circulation.....	133,651.58
Contribution to Patriotic Funds.....	40,000.00
Contribution to Halifax Relief Fund.....	50,000.00
Transferred to Reserve Fund.....	500,000.00
Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward.....	535,757.19
	\$ 3,374,110.77

(Continued on page 13)

(Continued from page 12)

RESERVE FUND

Balance at Credit 30th November, 1917.....	\$ 14,000,000.00
Premium on New Capital Stock issued to Northern Crown Bank Shareholders	500,000.00
Transferred from Profit and Loss Account.....	500,000.00
Balance at Credit 30th November, 1918.....	\$ 15,000,000.00

H. S. HOLT,
President.EDSON L. PEASE,
Managing Director.C. E. NEILL,
General Manager.

Montreal, 18th December, 1918

In the Muskeg

A Story of Homestead Days in Northern Alberta

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Floyd T. Wood

JIM," said Mr. Austin, "I want you to run over to LeRoy's and tell his boys we will be all ready to start at the haying in the morning."

Tim looked up in surprise. He was helping his mother prepare the vegetables for the noon-day meal.

"But, dad," he protested, "Joe Main and I were going fishing this afternoon. You remember you told me we could go once more before haying started, and this afternoon will be our last chance. Joe said he would be over right after dinner. Can't Jerry go, dad?"

Mr. Austin pulled out his big silver watch and consulted it.

"No, Jerry can't go," he said. "Jerry and I will have plenty of work getting the racks in shape for to-morrow. It's only ten-thirty now; you can take Billy and the light saddle and be back here by one o'clock. If you hurry your dinner a little you and Joe can get away in plenty of time to catch all the fish you'll want."

"But, dad," Tim began, "I don't want

"Tim," his father interrupted him rather sharply, "I have told you what I want done. Run along now and do as you're told. The sooner you start the quicker you can get back. But mind you, no abusing old Billy; he's too old for any wild west foolishness."

Tim saw that his father meant exactly what he said, and he knew it would be quite useless to argue further with him. He picked up his cap and hurried toward the little pasture where the saddle horses were kept. Ordinarily Tim would have been glad of the chance to saunter over to LeRoy's and deliver his father's message. But to-day was different, of course. At the best fishing trips were none too plentiful, and Joe and Tim had planned on this one for weeks.

The LeRoys' buildings were in plain sight from the Austin farm, as the crow flies not more than three miles away. By trail it was six miles or more. This seeming waste of distance was made necessary by the peculiar conditions surrounding the LeRoys' home. Their farm, in fact, was very much like an island. In shape it resembled strongly a huge frying pan. All around the large portion—the bowl of the pan, as it were—was a wide and treacherous swamp—a real muskeg. The narrow portion—the handle—was bounded by two narrow arms. These outlets or arms led eventually into the Yellow River. In the melting days of spring they were rivers themselves, swift and deep. Although only a few feet wide they were treacherous, never really safe only in the dead of winter. Down near the little settlement at Yellow River ferry, a rude, home-made bridge spanned these arms. It was this bridge that one had to use to make a safe journey to LeRoy's.

Tim caught up old Billy with a handful of oats, threw on the saddle and trotted off down the road. To tell the plain truth, Tim's state of mind was anything but pleasant. He considered his father very unreasonable, and himself a much abused boy. Tim was not yet old enough to realize that even his small help was needed in helping his people to wring a living from this raw, new, prairie land.

It was a beautiful day in early July. The sun was shining, clear and warm and bright—a regular "Sunny Alberta" day. The air was sweet with the fragrance of wild peas and roses. Tiger-lilies nodded in conscious magnificence. Hundreds of wild ducks, old and young, scattered away as he passed the ponds. The prairie was alive with groups of grouse and

prairie hens. Fat, prosperous looking gophers chirped and whistled from mounds of their own building.

About a mile from the house Tim started up an old coyote. She did not seem at all inclined to run either very fast or very far. Tim was wise enough to know that these actions meant but one thing— young ones somewhere near. He turned off from the trail. Fifteen minutes' search up and down through the tangle of grass and scrub, and he plumped right into the little family. There were four of the baby wolves, none of them much larger than a good sized cat. With little frightened barks they scurried away for the next cover with Tim in wild pursuit. For the moment his grievance and his errand were both forgotten. He followed them here and there, through clumps of scrubby willow and tangled, fragrant rose trees, up the hills and down through the gullies.

At first the frightened pups kept close together, as though gaining comfort from each others' company. But as they began to tire and the chase became hotter, it was everyone for himself. A little in the background the mother circled about barking sharp protest at the boy intruder. Before long Tim lost sight of all but one of his quarry. This one he kept doggedly in sight, and with heels and voice he urged old Billy to the best speed he could muster. A young coyote has only a small portion of the staying powers of a full-grown one. This little fellow was tiring rapidly. His sides were heaving with the pound of the tired baby lungs, and his long red tongue was hanging almost on the ground. Tim gained now; he was only a few feet behind. And then, the tired cub plumped straight on an open burrow, dived down it and was lost to view. Tim reined in his panting horse. Nothing but willing men and spades could get that coyote now; he knew that quite well.

For the first time Tim noticed that his horse was streaked with sweat. He re-

membered his father's words about using old Billy carefully. He remembered his errand—and the fishing trip. He realized that he had wasted much valuable time in this fruitless chase of the wolves. More, he had tired his horse so much that anything but a very slow jog trot the rest of the way was out of the question. He stood still for some minutes to give Billy a chance to rest. But he was thinking hard, and his thoughts ran about like this:

"If I go straight across country I can go slow enough so Billy will get all dried off, and I can easily get home in time to go fishing. If I go all the way around I'll have to travel so slow I can't possibly get home in time to do anything. I'm going straight." Now Tim knew perfectly well that his father would have instantly forbidden him to take any chances on those muskeg arms. But as many another has figured, Tim decided that what a person didn't know wouldn't hurt them. Thus it was that the boy reconciled himself to wrong, for deep down in his heart he knew that he had done wrong, and that he was going still further along the wrong way to square the first misstep.

Straight across the prairie he jogged. Before many minutes he reached the edge of the danger spot. The creek looked quite dry and harmless. Only for the uneven floor and the peculiar grasses a person might easily have thought it was in truth but the dry bed of a harmless little stream. Old Billy paused of his own motion and stood pawing the ground and snorting in vigorous protest. Billy had been born and raised in the country, and he was far wiser than his young master. But Tim refused to accept his horse's warning. He kicked him soundly in the ribs, and urged him on.

"Giddap, Billy," he ordered sharply. "It's all right. Go on!" Billy stepped forward gingerly, nostrils wide and ears turned forward. The whole bottom of the creek quivered as a great mass of green jelly. Little undulations ran along its surface like the ripples when a stone is thrown into a smooth lake. Billy stopped again and snorted even more earnestly. And again the boy refused to listen. He knotted the reins and struck

At a Disadvantage

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Margaret Minaker.

What makes a fellow long to swear
In stronger words than he should dare,
With wife waiting on the stair?

A collar button.

For first it rushed beneath the bed.
I chased it there, but cracked my head.
Real peevish were the words I said

To collar button.

Then wife sweetly called 'to hurry',
That always gets me in a flurry.
Doesn't she know one should not worry

A collar button.

For then it hid behind the dresser
(I hope my rage did not distress her),
Wife cannot know vexations, bless her.

Of collar buttons.

Though Woman votes in our fair land,
She cannot really understand
Trials that irk Man on every hand

(Like collar buttons).

By gosh! I think it's only fair,
To keep the suffrage on the square,
Let men demand, she also wear

A collar button!

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INTERNATIONAL FUR EXCHANGE

Peace Hath Her Victories

and responsibilities. The duty of every man now is to provide a living for himself and his family, and help in the reconstruction of the world. The great call is still for food. Other industries may collapse, but agriculture must go on.

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the horse sharply over the rump. "Giddap," he said again, almost angrily.

Billy left the safety of the solid bank and lunged forward. The first move and he sank clear to the fetlocks. Again he lunged, and this time he went through even further. Gamely he fought on, but in the middle his whole legs were hidden in the bottomless mass and he was quite helpless. For a few minutes Billy struggled but when he found that he was down for good he lay entirely quiet. Only in the big, brave eyes was a message—the mute appeal of a dumb brute imprisoned. Under the circumstances Billy was wiser than most beasts and some men might have been. He seemed to sense that only a few inches of turf bound together by the roots of the swamp grasses was holding him up. Any lengthy struggling would have been sure to have broken and torn these saving roots and opened the way for an awful death.

Tim was almost distracted. He cut the cinches of the saddle and carried it to the bank. He pulled, lashed, threatened, begged, cried—all to no avail. Billy knew he was down and he stubbornly refused to move, or even to try to move. In the end Tim was obliged to give it up. His face and hands and clothes were a solid mass of greasy mud. With hot tears streaming down his face he started on the run for home. It was much nearer to LeRoy's, but when in

Jerry came driving slowly into the yard. And tied behind—and a very welcome sight he was—was old Billy. Mrs. Austin and Tim were waiting at the gate for them. Billy's dappled grey coat was hidden under a thick coating of slimy mud and his mane and tail were a caked mass of the same. But after all, it was Billy, and but for his mother's restraining hands Tim would have flung himself bodily onto his four-legged friend. If ever a small boy was glad to see an animal it was Tim Austin to see old, grey Billy.

Mr. Austin saw his son's great relief and happiness, and his eyes sought his wife's with a quite smile.

"LeRoy's saw someone coming over the winter short-cut," he explained to Mrs. Austin, "and when nobody showed up they went down to investigate. They got their teams out, and some ropes, and before we got there Billy was safe and sound on the bank. I don't really believe the horse is injured at all; he travels all right, anyhow. I think when Tim gets the mud all cleaned off him he'll be just as good as new."

He turned to Tim and put his hand on the boy's shoulder.

"Look here, son," he said, not unkindly, "it seems to me that you've had about enough lesson for one day. You're too old to whip, and you're old enough to know right from wrong, so you shouldn't need whipping. You've lost your fishing

The Sword of Arthur

By John Clair Minot

A castle stands in Yorkshire
(Oh, the hill is fair and green!),
And far beneath it lies a cave
No living man has seen.

It is the cave enchanted
(Oh, seek it ere ye die!),
And there King Arthur and his knights
In dreamless slumber lie.

One time a peasant found it
(Oh, the years have hurried well!):
It was the day of fate for him,
And this is what befell:

Upon a couch of crystal
(O heart, be pure and strong!)
He saw the King, and, close beside,
The armored knights athrong.

And all of them were sleeping
(Praise God, who sendeth rest!)
The sleep that comes when strife is done,
And ended every quest.

Beside the good King Arthur
(How high is your desire?)
His sword within its scabbard lay,
The sword with blade of fire.

Now, had the peasant known it
(Oh, if we all could know!),
Heshould have drawn that wondrous blade
Before he turned to go

If but his hand had touched it
(The sword is waiting still!),
He would have felt in every vein
A lofty purpose thrill

If but his hand had drawn it,
(The sword still lieth there!),
A kingly way he would have walked
Wherever he might fare.

But, no; he fled affrighted
(Oh, pitiful the cost!);
And then he knew; but lo! the way
Into the cave was lost.

He searched forever after
(All this was long ago),
But nevermore that crystal cave
His eager eyes could know.

Pray God ye have the vision
(Oh, search in every land!)
To seize the sword that Arthur bore
When it lies at your hand.

trouble it is so natural for a boy to think of home first. It was so with Tim. When he had breath to run, he ran; his supply of tears seemed limitless. Always he could see old Billy lying there in that bog hole of death.

The Austins were finishing dinner when a very tired and dirty boy ran sobbing into the room.

"Oh, dad," he cried, "I tried to go the short way to LeRoy's, and Billy got down in the mud and I couldn't get him out, and I've run all the way home, and Billy will be dead, and I feel just awful, and, and—"

The words came tumbling out in one breath and ran off into an incoherent jumble. Mr. Austin jumped up from the table.

"Quick, Jerry," he said sharply. "Harness the ponies to the buckboard. I'll dig out some long ropes; there may be a chance to save the horse yet. I'll be out to the stable in five minutes."

"Can I go, dad?" Tim asked. "It's my fault; I'd like to help too."

Mr. Austin silenced him with a glance.

"No, you can't go," he said sharply "You stay home and clean some of that mud off yourself. I saw you from the haymow galloping old Billy all over the prairie, chasing wolves or something. I'll attend to your case when I get back."

About two hours later Mr. Austin and

holiday, anyway, that's certain; for by the time you get all that mud cleaned off of old Billy here, I'm thinking it will be nearly bedtime. I'm not going to punish you any more; I only hope that you won't forget this day very soon."

Tim looked his father squarely in the eye. "Thank you, dad," he said earnestly. "I don't intend to forget it—ever."

And to tell the plain truth, I don't think he ever did.

The Natural Comment

London children certainly get some quaint views of life, says the Bellman. An instance of this recently occurred in an East-End Sunday school, where the teacher was talking to her class about Solomon and his wisdom.

"When the Queen of Sheba came and laid gold and jewels and costly spices before Solomon, what did he say?" she asked, presently.

One small girl, who had evidently had experience in such matters, promptly replied:

"'Ow much d'yer want for the lot?"

Corns cannot exist when Holloway's Corn cure is applied to them, because it goes to the root and kills the growth.

Laddie Jr., Learning Ojibway Legends

Written for The Western Home Monthly By Bonnycastle Dale

NOW that we have leisure to resume our Natural History work I find it difficult to impress the lad with the true meaning in these wild tales and simple folk lore of these tribes—what are you going to do when, after much research, you tell the youngster, "under those 'serpent and turtle mounds' the Ojibways buried all the slain in the great battle for these fishing grounds of Rice Lake,"—and he looks at you with big, unbelieving eyes and says: "They must have worked harder with a shovel in those days than they do now. It would have taken a hundred men a week to dig all those trenches, perhaps the women of the tribe did it; but I'll bet it wasn't in

camp on an island in mid-lake, seven miles off, and the first time I walked down to the point to photograph the red-breasted Mergansers, off flapped the injured gull we had liberated at the other camp. So it was just as well we did not kill it in mercy, as it seemed to be improved as regards its short, flapping flights.

During our two weeks' work at the lower camp among the loons and ducks and muskrats and the spring migration I found it impossible to go on with the boys, regular lessons, especially as we had not brought his school books, so I undertook to try and teach him from some anthropological works that were there,

as well as from my note books on the same subject—the birds and animals and fishes in the Ojibway legends.

"There was a time when the native tribes of the Ojibway nation used to paddle all the way down from the great Clear Water (Superior) to this wild rice grown lake for their summer fishing and their fall shooting."

"How do you know?" questioned my young critic. I had not expected so direct a shot, as I was teaching him, you see, but I managed to explain that by letters written by the early French explorers, and by the Jesuit missionaries, and by word of mouth handed down in the tribes from father to son, a history of the native tribes of this part of North America is fairly well edited.

"But, however do they know just which way they came and went?" he insisted.

Now this was an easy one, and I answered it by digging zealously in the sand of the island's bank on which we were sunning. After a while I turned up a broken, pointed, greenish stone, a bit of rock not native to this part of the Province—a greenish jade. It had been pointed by great labour, using the chipping method—evidently it was the lower half of a stone axe or knife.

"Wherever the Mississaugas camped for any length of time we find stone relics—all the way down the chain of lakes we now call the Kewartha Lakes."

"Say! I'll bet you believe in the Thunder Bird!" he exclaimed.

"Now, don't get excited, Laddie. I've met the Thunder Bird in all the tribes' stories."

"Ah, yes, in the stories; you never found the nest of one," he laughed.

"No, dear boy, nor did anyone else,



The gull nips Laddie Jr.'s mitt.

maskinonge or wild duck season. Looksee!" and off he ran to catch an age, tired Blue-bill that fluttered along in the shallow shore water.

He brought the big, handsome drake to me, truly our hearts are sad at the economy of Nature. These beautiful wild ducks dying of old age all about us, with all the shining beauty of their spring plumage upon them, with their clear yellow eyes as bright as in time of full vigour. We admired it a while and paddled off down the Reservation. "Looksee!" he cried again. "Catch me that big glaucous winged gull till we see what is the matter with it." I turned the sixteen foot Rice Lake canoe (I have no retainer by the R. L. Canoe Co., but if you want a sure bottom under you, get a craft like ours; of double thickness of cedar boards, copper fastened and it will last more years than you or I are going to live). The bird flapped into a tiny sandy cove and we gently lifted it into the canoe—and it gently nipped Master Laddie's fat fingers. Some brute had shot the poor thing and had broken the small wing bone, enough to prevent it taking wing, but once in the air it could flutter some distance. We devoutly cursed the fool who made this bird suffer a whole winter long, as there is no spring shooting, not a shot is fired on



In flight, releasing the blue bill duck and the gull.

this lake. These imitation sportsmen come uninvited on our islands, use our points to decoy on, with never a "thank you," and deliberately break our good game laws. We decided amputation would not improve this case—we do cut off a lot of broken legs, trap broken in the spring trapping season, but if there is a chance for the wing we never amputate it. I snapped the boy with his poor pets and both flew off a short distance from his liberating hands. A very odd thing happened: after two week's work in the marshes and drowned lands of the Indian Reservation we moved out to our main



CHICAGO OPERA STARS HEAR CICCOLINI TEST EDISON'S \$3,000,000.00 PHONOGRAPH

GUIDO CICCOLINI scored a great triumph as Alfredo in "Traviata" at the opening performance of the Chicago Opera season. Scarcely less happy than he, over his success, were Carolina Lazzari, leading contralto, and Virgilio Lazzari, the brilliant basso, of the world famed Chicago Opera Association. To them, on the following day, Ciccolini said: "Last night two thousand people heard me on the stage of the Auditorium. Every day two hundred thousand hear me on the New Edison. It is the same voice—listen and tell me if you observe even the slightest difference."

As shown in the photograph, Ciccolini stood beside the

New Edison and sang for his friends in comparison with its RE-CREATION of his voice. Their critical ears could discover no quality in Ciccolini's wonderful voice that was not also present in the RE-CREATION.

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but that same Thunder Bird is deeply set in the tales of nearly all the higher tribes of the continent. I heard it best in the Kwakiutl of the Coast—here it is for you: "Hear me!" (the young Coast Indian who loudly called this had just slid down the centre square pillar of the rude Pacific Coast Potlach House) "Hear me!" he howled as he ran about the great fire burning on the earth floor in the centre of the excited throng of old men and chiefs. "Hear me! I come from the nest of the Thunder Bird." (Here to add to the impressiveness of the scene he tugged at the sea lion sinews that bound on his high, carved headdress and out puffed clouds of eiderdown.) "Hear me! I was in the woods three days rubbing myself with hemlock. I was hungry and tired. I fell asleep—when I woke up I was in the nest of the Thunder Bird and it was going to feed me to its young birds when I seized it and jumped off the nest and it bore me to the top of this house, and now I sing my song!" and he howled off a collection of harsh consonants that told how he had chosen the Thunder Bird for his crest or token. On, on he ran—then suddenly he leaped right through the fire—a burst of eiderdown issued from his headdress and burst into flame and he vanished in the darkness of the great Potlach House. Now, Laddie, that scene is three thousand miles away from the quiet village of Hiawatha, yet the old men tell tales as weird as the same Thunder Bird story. True they do not carve it on huge cedar poles and set it aloft in front of their house as did the young Kwakiutl chief—listen! How would you like to be as great a duck hunter as Nenebojo? This character is used by many tribes. Some writers say the Indians got it from the Jesuit tales of the Christ. One all-powerful, an old chief of the Mississaugas tells this:



The black pet and the white one. Blue bill and gull.

"One day Nenebojo saw away out in Rice Lake a big flock of ducks. Now he wanted some of them; so he made a sack and swam out to where they were. 'Come on and dive,' he called. Down he dived and down followed the ducks. After they came up he swam beneath them and tied their legs with basswood strips and up the ducks leaped, but Nenebojo had the ends of the basswood strips, so they carried him up in the air. They soon got so tired they had to come down to the ground and they fell on the south shore of the lake, then Nenebojo let them all go. He just wanted to get across the lake."

"That's some hunting," laughed Laddie. "See! There's the first turtle," as he picked a young mud-turtle and its lately discarded shell up out of the sand. "Have you a yarn about a turtle? No, I beg your pardon, you call them legends."

"If you will take off your unbelieving cap I'll tell you one that has the Thunder Bird in it and the Turtle too—also from the Mississaugas."

"There was a Turtle that lived all alone on the lake shore. Every time he went out he was hit on the back by small stones, but he never could see who hit him. So he ran into the woods and called out for someone to come and help him. The big black Bear came and told him he would fight for him but he ran so very slow and clumsily that the Turtle would not have him. Then he called again and out jumped a young male deer, but its horns were weak and broke as it struck a branch so the Turtle called again. All the water foamed around him and a band of young turtles came out to fight for him, but just then down dropped a big stone and killed them all, and the Turtle saw it was the great Thunder Bird that threw it, so he dived down and never comes up when there is thunder."

"Some shot, that Thunder Bird," said Laddie, as he rolled and laughed in the hot sand. "Sure you're not making these stories up? Have you got a nice one about fish—that's what I would like?"

"Yes, here is one told by the same Rice Lake Indian Chief: 'Once Nenebojo and another man caught a lot of fish. Each one stored his fish away, but they agreed to eat Nenebojo's first. When these were all done the other man would not share his fish as he had promised, so Nenebojo and his family were without food. He walked in the woods and met a strange man who told him he would help him. "Go to the swamp and cut a cake of ice and take it home on your back. Do not look around, whoever calls you, and tomorrow you will have food." Nenebojo did, and next morning found a lot of fish where the ice had lain. But the other man when he was out of fish did the same thing, only he looked back when someone called 'thief' and his fish were only small ones like minnows.'"

"Gosh, I'd like to meet that man and go to that swamp," said Laddie.

"Gosh!" I mocked, "you had better go to camp and get that dinner."

After an hour's photography, I, too, sought the camp.

"I fried you a fish and roasted you a duck," hailed the boy.

I entered the camp to find a table bare of all save bread and butter. "Where's the dinner you cooked for me?" I exclaimed.

"Oh! that's just a legend," he laughed. "But where's that big chunk of cake?" I asked.

"Oh! that's just another legend by now," and off he scampered, yelling: "Once on a time, etc., etc."

A Toast to Canada

(A Marching Song)

Here's to the wheat lands,
The oat lands, the rich lands;
Here's to the grass lands,
Where lusty cattle low.

Here's to the ploughed lands,
The brown lands,
The quick lands,
The rich lands of Canada,
Where foodstuffs grow.

Here's to the deep mines,
The rare mines, the rich mines;
Here's to the black mine,
Its miner's lamp aglow.

Here's to the wild wood,
The strong woods,
The great woods,
The wooden walls of Britain,
Where the wild winds blow.

Here's to the great hearts,
The strong hearts, the true hearts,
The hearts in the breasts
Of Canadian men we know.

Here's to their purpose,
Their high, loyal purpose:
To give even life itself
That freedom shall not go.

Joanna E. Wood—Toronto Globe.

Not Granted

One night, says Harper's Magazine, when her grandmother was putting her in bed, three-year-old Olive said, "Grandma, every night when I go to bed, I ask God to make brother Fred a good boy."

"That is right," said her grandmother. "But He hasn't done it yet," replied Olive, soberly.

The Pathway to Faith

The Right Reverend Doctor Knox, Bishop of Manchester, is one of those rare men who teach without preaching. On an occasion mentioned in the Manchester Guardian, a freethinker opened an argument with the bishop on the mystery of pain.

"I am reminded," reflected the bishop, when there was a lull in the talk, "of a story a Lancashire miner told me of another miner who loudly called himself an infidel. He was working in the mine when some coal began to fall.

"Lord save me!" he cried, earnestly. "Then," said the bishop, "my friend, the other miner, catching the weak point, turned round with a grin.

"Aye," said he, "there's nowt like cobs o' coal to knock the infidelity oot o' a chap!"

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How Beet Sugar is Made

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Max McD.

SUGAR belongs to the force producing foods and is of great importance as an article of diet. It is estimated that in America about eighty pounds of sugar is consumed a year per capita of population. This sugar is obtained in three ways— from the stems of plants, as cane sugar; from sap of trees, as maple sugar; and from tubers, as beet sugar.

Cane sugar was probably known in very early times, but it was not till the fourteenth or fifteenth centuries that it became a common article of food even among the higher classes. Maple sugar is used chiefly as a luxury. It is made from the sap of the maple tree, the bark being tapped in the early spring, when the sap is flowing upward.

More than half the world's sugar is made from beet root. To the chemist this is identical with cane sugar, and the consumer is unable to detect any difference, but beet sugar is slightly less sweet than the best grades of cane sugar. The object of this article is to tell how this grade of sugar is made. In its manufacture the raw sugar beet enters the factory at one end, passes through process after process, and comes out at the other end the perfected sugar of commerce. The entire operation is completed in less than 36 hours.

Thorough Washing is the First Operation

From the storage bins the beets are allowed to fall into a flume of water which floats them into the factory where they enter an elevator or beet wheel and are carried to a cleaner. Here they are subjected by means of propeller arms to a thorough washing, and are automatically ejected into another elevator which carries them to the third floor, where they fall into a slicer. The slicer consists of a driving pulley that operates a shaft carrying a circular frame holding a set of knives. In the slicer they are cut into long V-shaped strips about five and a half inches wide by one-eighth inch thick and of various lengths. The slices of beets are called cossettes.

From the slicer the cossettes are transported by gravity through a hopper and chute to a diffusion battery. The vessels for diffusion are mostly up-right iron cylinders with flat or arched bottoms, having a large opening capable of being tightly closed for receiving the cossettes. A number of such diffusers connected together is called a battery. In order to keep the contents at the required temperature, there is connected with each diffuser, a heater, which reheats the juice before it is admitted to the next diffuser in line. These vessels are connected by means of pipes in such a manner that the same portion of liquor can be driven through the entire battery. The driving power is hydrostatic pressure and is obtained from a tank or cistern in the upper story of the sugar house, giving a pressure of from fifteen to twenty-five pounds per square inch. Here the sugar is extracted by a series of bleedings with hot water and is held in solution in the cells of the beets.

Lime Used in Clarification

The object of the diffusion process is to obtain the sugar with as few impurities as possible. When sufficiently concentrated the juice is drawn off and measured into tanks, enough being taken to extract the sugar without too great dilution. This is accurately measured and a record kept of the time, number of cells, and density. The juice is then pumped into a calorator where it is heated. It is necessary to coagulate all albuminoids before the pressure of lime, and this operation is very important.

From the heater the juice flows to carbonators which are covered tanks heated by closed steam, where, to the heated juice, is admitted milk of lime. This lime combines with the greater part of the impurities and forms an insoluble precipitate. The lime also combines with the sugar forming calcium sucate, which if not decomposed would be lost during filtration. Decomposition is accomplished by injecting gas made by burning the lime used in clarification thus forming an insoluble precipitate of calcium carbonate. Just enough gas is admitted to break up this combination of lime sugar. Care is

taken not to carry the operation too far, as after the calcium sucate is destroyed the carbonic acid attacks the compounds of calcium and in time will liberate all impurities again.

This process is closely watched and samples are taken every few seconds. The proper point at which to stop the flow of gas is indicated by the formation of a granular precipitate showing clear liquor between the particles. The gas is instantly shut off, a test sample is sent to a table near by, where a chemist's assistant is stationed, and the percentage of lime in the juice determined by filtration with standard acid.

Juice Must Pass Through Filters

After clarification (or carbonation as it is called in a beet sugar house) the whole contents of carbonate juice and precipitate are drawn off and forced through filter presses by means of a pump. The presses are composed of alternating solid and hollow openings in either side, to allow the juice to pass from one to another. These are hung on two side beams, which, with the head and tail pieces form a rack,

supporting the frames. The solid frames are covered with two thicknesses of cloth manufactured especially for this purpose and when these alternating solid and hollow frames are clamped by means of a screw, and the carbonator juice pumped through a valve, it is readily seen that a cake will accumulate on the cloth in filling the hollow frames and clear juice run through the cocks into the troughs. When the press is full of cake, hot water is forced through the cake, thus washing out any remaining juice. The press is opened by releasing the pressure of the screw, the apron is removed and the cake dropped through a hopper underneath and conveyed outside the building. This refuse can be used as a fertilizer.

The physical condition of the precipitate is important. If the operation has been carried on properly the juice will filter rapidly through the presses leaving a hard porous lime cake that is easily cleared away. The juice from these filter presses is received into another set of carbonators where milk of lime is again added. This time there is not so much danger of over carbonation, the gas passing through the juice until there is no trace of lime remaining. This is determined by actual test each time. The juice is then boiled to precipitate the double carbonate that may be in the solution, and again forced through another set of filter presses.

Sulphur Fumes Clean Juice

The clear strained juice which is now a light straw color is pumped to sulphitators. The operation here is performed in tanks of precisely the same construction as the carbonation tanks, sulphur fumes instead of gas being forced by air pumps through the perforated pipes into the juice, as in decolorizing it, and precipitating the remainder of the lime.

The juice, which is now water white, is allowed to flow through mechanical filters, which eliminate whatever mechanical impurities remain in the juice. At this stage, the juice while comparatively pure, is diluted, containing only a small amount of sugar depending on the quality of the beets worked. It is desirable to concentrate it and this is done in a multiple effect evaporator. This consists of four bibies, each of which is arranged with steam chambers and tubes, with room for this vapor to disengage. The upper part of the vapor chamber is connected with the steam chamber of the next body, so that the vapor from the boiling liquor may pass into the steam chamber of the next. The juice going in at a density of about 100 and flowing through the effects becomes more condensed as it passes along. This not only concentrates the sugar but also the impurities.



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Winnipeg

Canada Food
Board License
No. 15-365

Confidence Inspired By Bank of Montreal Statement

Bank in Strongest Position Reports Total Assets in Excess of Five Hundred and Fifty Millions—Prepared For After War Period of Readjustment.

The Bank of Montreal comes out with its Annual Statement at a time when the strength shown must lend considerable confidence regarding the manner in which the Dominion will be able to pass through the period of readjustment.

It is especially fortunate that the Bank of Montreal, at a time of general uncertainty like the present, should be in a position to disclose such strength and solidity. This is the best guarantee of the assistance the Bank stands prepared to give the country and Governments.

With its total assets in excess of Five Hundred and Fifty Millions and Liquid assets in excess of Three Hundred and Seventy Million Dollars, the Bank of Montreal in reality becomes a National Institution that enables the manufacturers and commercial interests of the country to realize the resources back of Canada in a period during which must occur such a marked industrial evolution.

Throughout the uncertainty of the war period the Bank of Montreal, while lending fullest assistance to Canadian industry, has steadfastly followed and counselled a policy of keeping strong. As a result the reversal to peace conditions finds the Bank in exactly the position it desired to occupy when the change came to this country as well as to the rest of the world.

A study of the Bank's position at the close of its fiscal year will immediately enable every Canadian to become more confident regarding the outlook. Such an exhibit could hardly come at a time when it could be calculated to benefit Canada to a greater extent in the money centres of the world.

The very unusual strides made during the year are due in part to the absorption of the Bank of British North America, but at the same time, month by month the Bank has forged ahead, and with its large resources has been able to lend fullest assistance to both the Imperial and Canadian Governments, as well as looking after the growing requirements of a considerable portion of Canadian municipalities and industries.

Just how great has been the progress made during the past few years can be appreciated from the fact that in 1914, the first year of the war, the total assets stood at \$289,562,678, while to-day they have increased to \$558,413,546. Liquid assets alone now stand at \$370,351,000, being \$80,000,000 above what the total assets were four years ago.

Expansion of Year

The past twelve months have witnessed steady expansion, even allowing for the absorption of the B. N. A., and now the total assets stand at \$558,413,546, com-

pared with \$403,980,236 at the end of the previous year. Liquid assets total \$370,351,651, and are equal to 71.28% of the total liabilities to the public and compare with \$276,298,397 last year.

The measure of assistance lent the Dominion and British Governments is reflected by Dominion and Provincial Government securities of a value of \$46,870,586, as compared with \$28,573,322 a year ago and Canadian Municipal Securities and British, Foreign and Colonial Public Securities, other than Canadian of \$52,085,835 up from \$33,455,254. The expansion of the general commercial business is indicated by Current Loans and Discounts of \$146,028,861, as compared with \$97,607,404, while at the same time Loans to Cities, Towns and Municipalities have gained to \$15,598,069 from \$11,415,383, and Current Loans and Discounts elsewhere than in Canada \$14,649,836 up from \$10,045,811.

Deposits at Record Levels

That the policy of thrift so strongly advocated by the Bank has been followed in a large measure by the people of Canada is shown by the increase in interest bearing deposits to the record level of \$345,552,764, as compared with \$246,041,786, a gain of almost One Hundred Million Dollars, while Deposits not bearing interest stand at \$124,175,047 up from \$71,114,641. As there is no increase in the Bank's capital stock in connection with the purchase of the Bank of B. N. A. it is assumed the amount required to redeem the shares of that institution has been set aside and included in the total of non-interest bearing deposits.

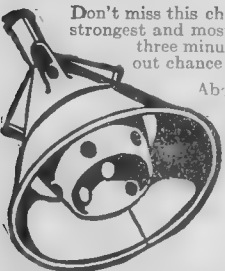
Profit and Loss Account

The more favorable conditions under which the Bank has operated during the year have resulted in a slight increase in the Profits, as compared with the previous year. The profits amount to \$2,562,720, equal to 16.01% on the capital and compare with \$2,477,969 in the previous year. These profits added to the Balance of Profit and Loss brought forward made the total amount available for distribution \$4,227,613. Of this amount dividends and bonuses required \$1,920,000, War Tax on Bank note circulation \$160,000, Subscriptions to Patriotic Funds \$46,000 and Reservation for Bank Premises \$200,000, leaving the balance to be carried forward to Balance of Profit and Loss of \$1,901,613 as compared with \$1,664,893 at the end of the previous year.

The chief items in the statement of the Bank as of Oct. 31st with comparisons with those of the previous year are as follows:

	1918.	1917.
Total Assets.....	\$558,413,546	\$403,980,236
Deposits bearing interest.....	345,552,764	246,041,786
Deposits not bearing interest.....	124,175,047	71,114,641
Current Loans and Discounts.....	146,028,861	97,607,404
Dominion and Provincial Government Securities.....	46,870,586	28,573,322
Railway and other Bonds.....	11,375,199	12,571,625
Canadian Municipal Government Securities and British, Foreign and Colonial Public Securities.....	52,085,835	33,455,254
Gold and Silver Coin.....	25,492,841	20,592,891
Dominion Notes.....	68,531,256	30,760,233
Deposit in Central Gold Reserves.....	27,700,000	14,500,000
Profits for year.....	2,562,720	2,477,969
Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward.....	1,901,613	1,664,893

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Don't miss this chance to get our wonderful Compress and Vacuum Clothes Washer—best, strongest and most complete Vacuum Washer. Will wash a tub of white or colored clothes in three minutes—will wash anything from the finest laces to the heaviest blankets without chance of injury. Used for rinsing, blueing or dry cleaning with gasoline.

Abolishes labor of wash days—saves rubbing and wearing out of the clothes, saves tired backs. A child can use it. Women discard \$20.00 machines or it. Get the best. Don't buy a cheap washer. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

To prove to every woman that this is the best Vacuum Washer, we will send it complete with long handle and exhaust protectors, postpaid, for only \$2.00. Order one to-day. Don't wait.

Agents wanted to sell these washers and other high class articles.

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Thick Liquor is Crystallized

The product which is now technically called thick liquor is again submitted to sulphur fumes which neutralize it and destroy the waste material. The thick liquor is again passed through mechanical filters which remove any foreign solid matter, after which it is boiled in the vacuum strike pan where the sugar is crystallized. This pan is a closed cast iron vessel about eleven feet in diameter and fourteen feet high, holding from thirty to forty-five tons of sugar molasses when full. In the lower portion are situated a number of copper coils through which steam passes to the condenser and the pump draws off the non-condensable vapor. During the operation a vacuum is maintained in the apparatus, the mass boiling at a low temperature, which prevents burning. When the operation is completed the whole mass, known as melada, is concentrated until it contains in composition about seventy-five per cent of sugar and twenty-five per cent of molasses. The melada is then removed into a large iron tank with propeller arms constantly revolving and termed a mixer.

Attached to and directly underneath the mixer are a number of centrifugals. These consist of revolving baskets surrounded by safety curbs. The baskets are lined with a finely perforated brass screen. About five hundred pounds of

melada at a time is taken into the centrifugals from the mixer above. The machine is caused to revolve by means of a suitable belt and pulley or water pressure until it attains a velocity of from one thousand to one thousand five hundred revolutions a minute. The centrifugal force which is about forty pounds per square inch, throws the melada to the sides, a screen holding the sugar back. The molasses is thrown off through this screen until it strikes the sides of the safety curbs, flowing off in a pipe or trough, and is collected in tanks for further manipulation.

After the melada has been in the revolving centrifugals a few minutes it is entirely freed from syrup. A jet of water is then sprayed on it to remove the last trace of molasses, the machine is stopped and the sugar falls through an opening in the bottom into a conveyor which carries it to an elevator connected with a drier. This drier consists of a hollow cylinder about six feet in diameter and thirty feet long which revolves slowly. The sugar is carried upwards and dropped continually on warm pipes where it remains in constant motion until every particle of moisture is removed from it. It then passes from the drier over a screen which removes any lumps that may have formed and falls into a hopper from which it is sacked and ready for the market.

Heroines from Home

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Margaret Minaker

JUST as surely as she has produced a stamp of young manhood, which was tested and found true at Ypres, and many a time since, Canada is developing a distinct type of young womanhood. The Canadian girl is not unlike her brother in that staunch determination, which carries both along, a legacy from pioneer grandparents who wrested their Canada from a giant forest. And there is, as Eve insists, a great deal of clear-eyed charm; a dash of warm spirit; and usually that cool reserve so often misunderstood, which lies like a sifting of fine white ash over the glowing fires within.

Of this type, so essentially Canadian, was Nursing Sister Agnes MacPherson. Youth, beauty and love were all hers, when she carried her graduation roses at Hospital St. Boniface. Yet she chose that path which leads along the places of pain, and counted her youth and strength but aids in God's great work of ministering to the sick.

About this time, we came to that great epoch in our national history, when the clarion call sounded to every nation to stand for honor and liberty. At once, Canada stood up! And with her stood many of her young men—and not a few of her maidens.

In the great camp of preparation in Manitoba, there were nurses needed at the hospital tents. Agnes MacPherson responded to that need. When battalion upon battalion of Western men, trained upon these wide rolling plains, sailed overseas to their great and terrible task, do you think for a moment, the loyal young Sister stayed behind, choosing the easier part? Hers was a duty not to be half done, but to be carried with high head to the battle front if need be. No one dreamed then how that sweet firm spirit would be called to the test!

For busy, trying years she ministered among the wounded, weary lads brought into the Canadian clearing stations. I wonder how many boys of the Maple Leaf remember her lovely face and strong young hands? I think they must be numbered in thousands.

O Germany! Germany! What crimes are committed in thy name. In that bright future we are all working toward, will the light of peace ever fade those grisly blots upon that name? Men writhed and sickened when they heard of the dastardly attacks upon hospitals, those hospices of Christ's pity, and upon hospital ships, which even the insatiable deep has spared. I think the hearts of the world will always burn when they remember.

A large Canadian clearing station was made the objective of one of these pitiless air-raids. What a night of horror and heroism! Sister Agnes was on night duty. She and her companions were at their posts, helping to save some poor

lads whom they would not abandon. They who had saved so many, "themselves they could not save." Death rode with that cruel raider, who scorned the sign of the Cross, but history can show us no end more beautiful in its white flame of high sacrifice.

In a British cemetery in France, where there lies so much that is Canada's, they laid her slim body, "like a warrior taking his rest," dressed as they had known her, in her nurse's uniform. Flowers, they heaped upon the Union Jack, in that strange way we see-so often of late—patriotism made beautiful. Every honor the army could pay was shown in those last rites, but was as nothing to the tears and love with which they buried their soldier-nurse.

Hers was a glorious work and a sad though splendid end, which must stir every Canadian soul with pride. As England honors Edith Cavell, so Canada must remember Agnes MacPherson and those other brave Canadians like her, whose annals are told elsewhere; nurses, whose heroic, compassionate spirits the Hun could never break nor terrorize.

Surely amid all the exquisite natural monuments in our Dominion, there is some chain of lovely limpid lakes; or a sisterhood of sublime mountain peaks, in their snowy caps, which could bear with honor the names of Canada's martyred nurses. Then in that better Canada to be, new generations shall not forget them but often speak their names, saying, "They died in our cause, somewhere in France."

The Canadian Sister

Too bright the sunlight seemed to lie
On June's young greening fields, the day
The dreadful message came.
Somewhere in France, with courage high,
True to her trust, she chose to stay.

Through tears we read her name;
"She died of wounds."

God grant her aureole may flow
In shimmering light above her brow.
And o'er her shoulders' grace,
In that sweet fashion nurses know,
So lads in Wards of Heaven now,
May know her gentle face.
They died of wounds.

How they shall leap to greet her there,
Who tended them in war-wrecked days;
Each boyish face will shine,
When God, upon her bosom fair,
Shall set the Cross she served always,
For those, a royal sign,
Who died of wounds.

Where Mary sits 'mid women fair
They shall await her lovingly,
Cavell may take her hand;
But Christ, I think, will touch her hair,
And whisper reassuringly,
For He will understand,
He died of wounds.

How the Eyes Figure in Social Popularity

By Dr. Leonard Keene Hirshberg, A.B., M.A., M.D. (Johns Hopkins University)

PERHAPS you are a tourist engaged in sight-seeing, or may be you are just indulging in a leisurely walk either for pleasure or for your health. What you observe in your path may sufficiently attract your interest, and you stand and gaze. Sometimes you even stare. Too long a gaze in one direction is strenuous on the eyes, and staring is a distinctly abnormal condition of the visual machine.

When you scrutinize a thing too closely, the muscles of your eyes undergo a strain. In a short time, perhaps before you are conscious of it, black splotches appear before your vision, and you are in the act of squinting. This signifies that you have exerted too much strain upon a single set of muscles, and your eyes need rest.

If you are out on a pleasure trip, or even if you are at home, and you find that you squint, or press your eyes, take some measure for relief at once. These acts become habits if you continue to practise them, and the habit is not only injurious to the muscles of the eyes, uncomfortable for you, but also unbecoming, and irritating to the individual or more persons in your company.

When you are engaged in a pleasant conversation with someone, and that person begins to constantly remind you of some one of his physical frailties or defects, your pleasure is spoiled, you become "fidgety", or "nervous," your mind is drawn from the subject of discussion to "feeling sorry for you, poor thing," and you are quite pleased to be released from that individual's society. What is true of that person, is equally true of you, when you begin to remind your associates of your eye-defect.

No person, and you are no exception, has the right to spoil the genuine pleasure of a person or a group who has sought your society for a few pleasant hours. When you squint, you mar the general pleasure by making yourself unattractive. You have often said to yourself in the secret of your unspoken mind, "she would be pretty, but her squinting spoils her." It not only "spoils her," but it also "makes you nervous." Physical defects are never admired, and the sooner a remedy is sought, the better it is for the eyes and for your social popularity.

You squint because your eyes hurt you; and then they are in need of rest. In your walks, and when you rest, never look too hard. If you look before you, into the horizon, and try to distinguish houses, trees, or things in the air, you subject the muscles of your delicate eye-machinery to undue hardships. When you find yourself looking hard—and then you are in the act of staring—close your eyes for a minute or two and put your hand over them. A little respite in the dark will do them good.

Do not open your eyes to the light too suddenly, because you thus make the pupils of the eyes—the little black round cavities in the center—contract too rapidly and cause the contracting muscles to work too hard. Open them gradually.

If you must read for pleasure, pastime, or because of necessity, have your reading matter at about the distance of one foot from your eyes. Do not try to boast that you can read from a great distance, for most any person who has normal visual powers can do that feat, but just as you, with quite a great deal of expense to the general well-being of the most delicately constructed complete piece of machinery in the human animal. Once a tiny screw is out of place, the whole machinery gradually becomes defected, and the breakdown is apt to come any time at all. One foot from the eyes brings the reading matter sufficiently close to the eyes not to involve undue strain on the muscles.

When you are reading, or when you are engaged in embroidering, or knitting, or in any occupation which taxes the eyes as much as the hands, seek a spot sufficiently shady, not to affect the comfort of the eyes. In a shady spot, during the day, the rays of light are uniformly diffused, and run parallel with the eyes. If this is not the situation, and there are oblique or perpendicular rays, the eyes bear the brunt of the uncomfortable spot. You can, as a rule, always tell whether the rays of light are suited to your eyes when they feel comfortable.

If you are engaged in handwork of some kind, in the afternoon, and you are at the same time in the company of your friends, do not appear so industrious as to make your work seem more important than they are. Your associates will be polite, to be sure, but they will be justly irritated to a degree by your anti-social industry.

Look up every once in a while from your work, and lay it down a minute or two now and then, and let your interest seem to be focused on your guest, and your eyes centered on him or her, showing a deep interest or concern, not in yourself, or your work, but in her or him. You will thus not only make your guest or neighbor feel more comfortable; but you will give your eyes a little rest by focusing in another position.

If you do handwork at night, be sure that you work under a good light. It has become quite the fashion to do this in good company and often you are asked to perform a double piece of work, to do with your hands, and at the same time not become a bore with your silence. If your light is poor, you not only become a social bore, but a social menace, for in addition to your seeming lack of interest you display tendencies of physical discomfort.

Arc lights are vulgar because of their glaring rays, and exceedingly injurious. A shaded or mantled light is the best duplicate at night of diffused daylight. The electric bulbs should either have a dome or a dark paper shade. A gas light composed of mantle and bulb, produces a good diffused light, and when placed high enough near the ceiling, does not injure the eyes.

If, on account of careless strain or other abuses, you find that your eyes squint, or you press them with your fingers, or if they seem to suggest redness or inflammation, consult an oculist at once. You may need glasses, or you may need another form of treatment. Do not delay, for you cannot replace a pair of eyes when they break down, as you can, for example, in poor fashion, a set of teeth.

An oculist is an expert in eye treatment, and is the best person to consult regarding the discovery of eye ailment. He will not prescribe glasses if they are not needed, for glasses under these conditions may cause irreparable injury. He will not drop atropine into the eyes unless absolutely necessary, and so will not cause you needless discomfort and social hermitage for several days.

Glasses may not be very comfortable at the beginning, and they may not appeal to the sense of beauty of the social pet, but they are far more beautiful, far more esthetic, than a pair of unsheltered squinting, or blood-shot eyes. Not only are they more beautiful than these, but they are more comfortable, and will thus render social popularity an easier accomplishment.

Nature Was Improving

James A. McNeill Whistler astounded many people by the egotism he frequently displayed in his conversation; but those who knew the artist best realized that many of his conceited remarks were inspired by a love of mischief rather than by vanity. Here is an example:

At a house-party, an effusive lady approached the artist.

"O Mr. Whistler," she said, "I have just been up the river, and it reminded me so much of your pictures!"

"Indeed!" Whistler replied, calmly. "Then nature is looking up."

A Safe Hiding-Place

A parson who paid more attention to the pleasures of life than to his sermons, was taken to task for his worldliness by a Quaker friend. The rebuke, says the New York Tribune, was none the less effective for being tactful.

"Friend," said the Quaker, "I understand thee's clever at fox-catching."

"I have few equals and no superiors at that sport," the parson replied, complacently.

"Nevertheless, friend," said the Quaker, "if I were a fox, I would hide where thee would never find me."

"Where would you hide?" asked the parson, with a frown.

"Friend," said the Quaker, "I would hide in thy study."

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AT 9 O'CLOCK

At which time the entire \$300,000.00 stock, consisting of Ladies' Furs and Fur Coats, Men's Fur and Fur-lined Coats, Caps and Gloves, and Ladies' Suits, Coats and Dresses will go on sale without reserve or limit at the most astounding low prices of our career.

LADIES' MARMOT COATS, Taupe shade, 45 inches long. Full loose back; large square collar and cuffs of Hudson Seal. Slash pockets and fancy buttons.
Regular \$150.00, now..... **\$117.50**

LADIES' MINK MARMOT COATS, 50 inches long, with full box back; large storm collar and deep cuffs of self fur. Lined fine Venetian. \$90.00 value, now..... **\$ 73.50**

DARK CANADIAN MUSKRAT LADIES' COATS, of full furred pliable skins, 50 inches long with full box back and square collar and revers. Lined Skinner's satin.
Regular \$150.00 for..... **\$113.50**

LADY'S HUDSON SEAL COAT, 45 inches long, full ripple box back with Alaska Sable large square collar and deep cuffs. Slash pockets and fancy silk brocade lining.
Regular \$400.00 for..... **\$298.50**

TAUPE MONGOLIAN WOLF SET, large animal stole, trimmed with heads, tail and paws; lined with soft silk crepe. Large Melon muff trimmed with tails and paws to match.
Regular \$65.00, for..... **\$ 37.50**

MEN'S GREY GOAT COATS, very heavily furred, 48 inches long. Has extra large deep shawl collar; lined with heavily quilted Farmer's satin. All sizes.
Regular \$50.00 for..... **\$ 38.50**

MEN'S FINE WOMBAT COATS. These coats are made from selected natural skins; well furred and very strongly finished with leather stays at all loops and vents at opening in back. Strongly lined with quilted Farmer's satin.
Regular \$100.00, now..... **\$ 78.50**

MEN'S BLACK DOG COATS. Has good appearance for town or country wear; a splendid driving coat; the skins are large, well tanned, and very soft and pliable. Has extra large shawl collar and well lined with quilted Farmer's satin.
Regular \$50.00, now..... **\$ 38.50**

MEN'S COON COATS, of superior quality, from heavily furred well matched Canadian skins; extra soft and pliable. Has full roomy skirt, and very comfortable for walking or driving. Has large storm shawl collar; lined with heavy superior quality satin.
Regular \$300.00, now..... **\$198.50**

MEN'S HEAVY BLACK BEAVER CLOTH OVERCOATS, chamois lined throughout, with good quality Otter shawl collar and strong Venetian lining. All sizes.
Regular \$55.00, now..... **\$ 37.50**

MEN'S DRESSY BLACK BEAVER CLOTH OVERCOAT, lined throughout with Mink Marmot and has real Canadian Otter shawl collar lining, is reinforced with leather arm shields and fastens with mohair buttons and loops.
Regular \$100.00, now..... **\$ 67.50**

MEN'S FINE BLACK BEAVER CLOTH OVERCOATS, lined with heavy Sealette, made very strong and warm, with large Persian Lamb collar and lapels. All sizes.
Regular \$40.00, for..... **\$ 31.50**

All mail orders filled same day received.

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Fairweather & Co. Limited

WINNIPEG

The Philosopher

A Turning Point in History

Never before since the beginning of recorded time has history leaped from one epoch into another so abruptly as now. Never before in this world has an old order of things passed away in such a terrible convulsion of civilization as that through which humanity has been passing since the August of 1914. Never before has a new year brought with its dawning such hopes of a new era. Indeed, there are many who do not realize in anything like full measure the significance of the great change that has already been wrought in the spirit of mankind. The first half of great world drama is ended. It has been made up of war and blood and destruction and terror and griefs and sorrows beyond all possibility of telling. At its ending a great hope shone through the darkness, and voices of many watchers upon towers announced the coming of the new era. Civilization has been for more than four years like the bewildered mariners who sailed with Columbus across the uncharted deep. It has been swept by dark tidal waves and by terrible tempests out of all its bearings. But all the time it has been headed towards a great consummation—"Time's burst of dawn." Truly this is a most wonderful time in which to be living.

The Coming of the New Era

The new era on whose threshold we stand is one which brings solemn thought to every man and woman in the world who is capable of serious thinking and of realizing the responsibilities of life, which has been made so sacred a thing by the sacrifices of the Great War. We survivors from the terrible years of that titanic struggle for liberty and human rights can never, if we are to prove ourselves worthy to be left alive, take life lightly any more. It has been sanctified by the deaths of too many. It is a gift to us, something to be accepted gravely and reverently from dead hands. We must use it with a constant sense of the supreme duty we owe to the dead who gave up their lives for the welfare of the future of humanity. Shall nothing spiritual be born for the world out of all that sacrifice and grief? Every one of us has a share of responsibility in answering this question. Even the humblest of us can help towards the realization of the best possible in the new era by faithfulness to the least and simplest duties of our everyday life. Even the greatest and most highly placed in the world will not be living worthy lives, however well they may strive to discharge rightly the duties of their public stations, if they fail in discharging rightly also those least and simplest duties which make up the main part of the texture of every human life.

Religion After the War

A degree of amazement and grief seized many souls because the forces of religion seemed helpless in the stress of the Great War. And yet it was undeniably and manifestly true that the great struggle in defence of liberty and human rights released spiritual energies which cannot but result in the strengthening of religion in the world, as a force making for increased realization of the human brotherhood. Profound religious convictions inspired the devotion of the men who fought for the right; the men themselves may not always give their motives that name, and in some cases may have been only indistinctly aware that it was truly religious conviction and emotion which keyed them and spurred them to heroic service, but none the less it was true. And it is a continuing truth in the world which must make itself felt for good. Heroic service in the cause of human brotherhood cannot be considered a thing apart from religion. The moral and spiritual energies which gave such proof of themselves at the front are bound to make themselves felt in the religious life of the world in the years to come.

Demobilization Problems

The complex and formidable problems presented by demobilization will require the very best of thought and foresight and wise organizing power and management for their solution. It is satisfactory to note that there is evidence that this is being fully realized by those in authority both in the Dominion and in the Provinces. Every possible safeguard must be provided against the conditions which would result from men being released from the army in such a way that they would not be absorbed into the working life of Canada as rapidly as they are released. Nothing could be plainer than the fact that justice demands that the soldiers who were taken from their work by the public need should have their economic claims considered in connection with their discharge from the army and their return to the civilian life of the country. The responsibilities in connection with the just solution of the problems of demobilization rest upon the Canadian nation as a whole.

Women as Lawmakers

It is now only a matter of time until in all the Provinces of this country women will have not alone the right to vote but the right also to sit in the legisla-

tures. There are already women members of the legislatures of Alberta and British Columbia. The parliament of Great Britain, which bears the proud title of "the Mother of Parliaments," has recognized this right. In the British general elections last month, women above the age of thirty had the right to vote; by curious anomaly there were several women candidates for the House of Commons who were under that age and, therefore, without votes themselves, though they could be voted for by those who had votes. At this writing, the results of the polling, delayed on account of the necessity of including the soldiers' votes, are not yet known. It is more than ten years since women were first elected to the parliament of Finland. In Norway they are also eligible for parliament. The Danish House of Commons includes four women members. In Holland women are eligible for an election but curiously they have not the franchise. In a copy of the London Times just to hand The Philosopher notes that in New South Wales an act has been introduced in the legislature entitling women to be elected to that body and to the civic council of Sydney and all the other municipalities of New South Wales, and to be admitted to practise as barristers or solicitors. The bill also provides that a woman may be elected Lady Mayoress of the city of Sydney. The bill has been introduced by the attorney-general of New South Wales, and has the support of progressive Australian women. Women should be recognized in every progressive country as citizens with full rights of citizenship.

"The Good Old Times"

The manner in which in every land in which there is ordered government the public men of all parties are giving practical proof of their realization that the good of those who used once to be designated as "the common people" must be the supreme consideration speaks for itself in regard to the change which the Great War has made in the world. The student of history who looks back to the close of the Napoleonic wars finds vivid contrasts in the century's retrospect. The Napoleonic wars left the poor in every land in Europe with a dismal outlook. Even in England the village and town workers were, as the historian has described them, "poorer in money, poorer in happiness, poorer in sympathy and infinitely poorer in horizon and hope" than they were before. A British Prime Minister a little more than a hundred years ago, the great Pitt, actually said in the House of Commons, as an excuse for his inattention to the poverty and misery of millions, that he was "inexperienced in the condition of the poor." No public man in any country would dare to say such a thing to-day. Children worked in the mines and factories at the beginning of the nineteenth century, in conditions which could not have been worse than they were. They worked from eighteen to twenty hours a day. Pitt proposed in the House of Commons that children should be put to work at five years of age. Flogging was the punishment for falling asleep at work. And yet there are sentimentalists who prattle about "the good old times."

The Pioneers of "Upper Canada"

In these days when there is renewed attention to the problems of land settlement in this country, it is interesting to look into a book published in England in 1832, entitled "The Canadas, as They At Present Command Themselves to Emigrants, Colonists and Capitalists," by Andrew Picken. The pages of greatest interest in that old book are those which contain letters written from Upper Canada (now the Province of Ontario) by settlers who had come out from England and taken up land. For example, W. Clements, who had been a day laborer in Corsley, in Wiltshire, wrote home from Port Talbot, Upper Canada, to his father, a letter dated October 10, 1830, in which he said:—"I had not a shilling left when I got here. But I met with good friends who took me in, and I went to work at 6s. per day and my board, on to this day. And now I am going to work on my own farm of 50 acres, which I bought at £55, and have five years to pay it in. And I have bought me a cow and five pigs. And I have sowed 4½ acres of wheat and I have 2 more to sow. I am going to build me a house this fall, and if I had staid at Corsley I never should have had nothing. I like the country very much. I am at liberty to shoot turkeys, quail, pigeon and all kinds of game which I have in my backwood. My wife and two sons are happy. I wish Father and Mother and all the family were as well provided as we be." Another settler, William Snelgrove, who had been likewise a day laborer of Corsley, wrote from Dundas, Upper Canada, on September 3, 1830, a letter in which these sentences occur:—"Health is a beautiful thing, and it depends upon God alone to give it. Was it in the hands of man, health would decline, as many things have in England, as labor and victualling, which, if the good God give us our health, is as plentiful with us as the scarcity is with you. We have plenty of good beef, mutton, pork, fish, fowl and butter; and I am happy to state that by one day's work a man can supply himself with all these neces-

saries for three days. You have a good many cold bellies to go to bed with, I know, or things is greatly altered from the state it was when I was with you. But if you were with us, if you liked, for three half-pence your belly would be so warm that you would not know the way to bed." The pioneers in Ontario had to clear the timber from their land, and they had many hardships and deprivations to encounter, but they were happy in their independence.

The Value of Brain Training

"Education is not a knowledge of facts; it is a process of brain training." It would be difficult, indeed, to pack a greater value of meaning into so few words than is compressed into this sentence, which is the summing up of Dr. Arthur Shipley's exposition of the true meaning and right method of education. Dr. Shipley is Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, and holds world-wide recognition as an authority in educational matters. The sentence quoted at the outset of this was not set forth by Dr. Shipley as a new discovery of his, but as a self-evident truth, which, indeed, it is. Put into other words, it is equivalent to saying that every subject of study is, from the point of view of education, of less importance in itself than the manner in which it is studied and the method which is used in dealing with it. This is true not only of colleges and universities, but of the primary classes in schools, as well. It is true of all education. The object of all education is brain training. An educated person is not a person who knows an immense number of items of information, but a person whose mind has been made an instrument capable of useful and valuable work, and who is skilled in using it.

What is Germany?

Throughout everything that has been said and written, and is still being said and written, about the war and the causes of the war and the terms of the peace settlement, there is one word constantly used, in regard to which there is not as much clearness in the general mind as might be desired. That word is "Germany." There is great timeliness in the discussion of the meaning of this word by Hilaire Belloc, in Land and Water. Does Germany, he asks, mean the German Empire, which Bismarck put together fifty years ago? Or does it mean the German race? As for the German Empire, it was not a nation but a number of states that were federated under the domination of Prussia. It did not include all the people of German race, but it included Poles and others not of the German race. Bismarck, in whose master mind were united all the Prussian qualities of brutally unscrupulous perfidy and belief that might is right and scornful disbelief in democracy and belief in militarism and repression and "the mailed fist," created the German Empire, but he entirely failed, because he never wished to create German unity. He did not include Austria. He simply used Prussian militarism to dominate the territory he needed to make the Empire he had planned. His methods have been conspicuously in use by German statesmanship and diplomacy during recent years; but among the things which the German Empire lacked during the reign of its last Emperor, was Bismarckian brains. But even if there had been a Bismarck in control at Berlin during the past decade, the German Empire would, nevertheless, failed to achieve world domination. The free peoples of the world would have fought it unyieldingly in defence of freedom and human rights, and defeated it. What the word "Germany" is to mean in the future remains to be seen.

Wrong Fear and Right Fear

Among the many things printed in the newspapers about the influenza epidemic which The Philosopher has read since the arrival of that death-dealing visitation, was a letter by a woman, who wrote that she knew of individuals who were so possessed by fear of infection that they even avoided passing a house where a person lay sick of the influenza. "Such fear," she added, "is really a shameful lack of faith in God's promise of protection to His people." There is, of course, a great truth in the familiar old parable of the two gaunt figures that met outside the gates of an Eastern city. "I am Pestilence," said the one. "I have slain my thousands in that city." And the other made answer: "I am Fear. In that city I have slain my tens of thousands." Unquestionably pusillanimous fear is a disintegrating force, physically, mentally and morally. But sensible caution is not fear. One of the most important lessons enforced upon our men in khaki was against foolhardiness in taking unnecessary risks. The fear which means not lack of courage but simply a cool, clear-sighted recognition of danger is not denial of God's providence. It is foolish to neglect precautions against conditions which we know to be perilous. It is wise to have a right fear of dangerous and wrong conditions, whether they are physical, mental or moral, and to resist them and work intelligently to overcome them.

Union Bank Extends

Confidence in the stability of Western Canada's financial position is evidenced by the great efforts being made by the banks to enlarge their western business connections. For the week ended December 19, no less than 49 new branches of chartered banks were opened in the three prairie provinces.

In this expansion the Union Bank of Canada, which has its head offices in Winnipeg, is taking an active part and in the week mentioned opened nine new branch offices in Manitoba, eight in Saskatchewan and four in Alberta.

The annual general meeting of the shareholders is set for Jan. 8. The annual statement will show total assets of \$153,000,000 as against \$143,000,000 for last year.

To facilitate the handling of its growing business, the bank announces the following appointments:

F. W. Ashe to be assistant general manager, with headquarters at London, England. Mr. Ashe has been manager of the London, Eng., branch of the bank since 1911.

K. F. Gilmour, manager at Hamilton, Ont., branch. Mr. Gilmour until recently filled the position of assistant to the eastern superintendent, Toronto, and previous to that was manager of the bank's branch at Ottawa, Ont.

An Enterprising Office Boy

A foreign book contains an interesting anecdote that Baron de Reuter told to the author. "I had just made a start in London," said the founder of the famous news agency, "and had gone to eat a modest lunch, when my little office boy, who had been told where to find me, rushed in breathlessly to say that a gentleman had called to see me—a foreign-looking gentleman, he added.

"Why did you let him go?" I exclaimed. "I would have come round at once to see him."

"Please, sir, I didn't," was the reply. "He is still at the office. I've locked him in."

And so one of Reuter's earliest and most prized subscribers was secured. The resourceful office boy subsequently became secretary and later a director of the company.

A Chant of Love for England

A song of hate is a song of hell;
Some there be that sing it well.
We lift our hearts in a loftier song;
We lift our hearts to heaven above,
Singing the glory of her we love—
England!

Glory of thought and glory of deed,
Glory of Hampton and Runnymede,
Glory of ships that sought for goals,
Glory of swords and glory of souls!
Glory of songs mounting as birds,
Glory immortal of magical words;
Glory of Milton, glory of Nelson,
Tragical glory of Gordon and Scott;
Glory of Shelly, glory of Sidney,
Glory transcendent that perishes not—
Her's is the story, her's be the glory—
England!

Shatter her beauteous breasts ye may;
The spirit of England none can slay!
Dash the bomb on the dome of St. Paul's—
Deem we the fame of the admiral falls?
Pry the stones from the chancel floor—
Dream ye that Shakespeare shall live no more?
Where is the giant shot that kills
Wordsworth walking the old green hills?
Trample the red rose on the ground—
Keats is beauty while earth spins round.

Bind her, grind her, burn her with fire,
Cast her ashes into the sea—
She shall escape, she shall aspire,
She shall arise to make men free.
She shall arise in a sacred scorn,
Lighting the lives that are yet unborn;
Spirit supernal, splendor eternal,
England!

F. W. S. Crispo, assistant general manager, with headquarters at Winnipeg. Mr. Crispo is chairman of the Winnipeg sub-section of the Canadian Bankers' Association, and was formerly superintendent of branches and foreign agencies of the bank.

George Wilson, assistant general manager, with headquarters at Toronto, Ont. Mr. Wilson was until recently first agent of the bank in New York, and previous to that was manager of the bank's branch at Toronto, Ont.

J. S. Hiam, superintendent of the bank for the entire system with headquarters at Winnipeg. Mr. Hiam has been until recently superintendent of western branches.

W. M. Chandler, superintendent of western branches, with headquarters at Winnipeg. Mr. Chandler was formerly western inspector.

A. B. Jamieson, assistant to chief inspector, with headquarters at Winnipeg. Mr. Jamieson was formerly assistant inspector.

W. J. Dawson, first agent of the bank in New York. Mr. Dawson was formerly manager of the bank's branch at Hamilton, Ont.

A Pleasant Way to Help

"Mamma," lisped the cherub, while a smile of seraphic sweetness illuminated his baby face, "do you know that sometimes I help Catherine's mamma."

"That's nice," prompted the proud parent. "And what do you do to help her, dear?"

"Oh," replied the cherub, "when Catherine's naughty, I punish her."

Quite Unnecessary

At a certain college it was the custom to have the students write the following pledge at the bottom of their examination papers:

"I hereby certify on my honor that I have neither given nor received aid during this examination."

Soon after handing in a paper to a professor noted for his sarcasm, Lippincott's Magazine relates, a young fellow hurriedly entered the classroom, and said:

"Professor, I forgot to put the pledge on my paper."

"It's altogether unnecessary," replied the teacher. "I have just finished looking over your paper, and I feel sure you did not give or receive aid."

"JUST-A-MINUTE!"

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To the Young Men of Western Canada

Prof. W. F. Osborne, University of Manitoba

The Expert

Almost to my own shame I narrate the fact that a few weeks ago I watched a man climb the face and corner of the Union Bank Building. I put it in this way because I think that the exhibition was an unwholesome and grotesque thing. But aside from this main fact what I wish to remark here is that the chief impression which occupied my mind concerned the interval that stretches between the ordinary man and the expert. How powerless probably any man in that great throng, watching with nerves strained, would have been to do what the misguided performer did. How like a cat or a monkey the man seemed. What caution and judgment he showed. How everything about him seemed to be prehensile. With what deft sureness feet were planted and fingers grasped. The man seemed as if born for niches, angles, coigns of vantage. The distance that separated the man in the crowd from the man climbing separates the novice or the tyro and the expert in every field. Think of the strategic and tactical mentality that has been developed by a man like Foch. Compare the intellectual movements of an ordinary man with those of a man like Balfour. All this mighty interval, which might be indefinitely illustrated, is due mainly to labor. Some of it is no doubt due to endowment; but it is mainly the result of industry. When one sees the expert operating in any worthy field one feels like exclaiming with Shakespeare and Hamlet: "What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculty!"

Inhibitions

Everybody is familiar with the word "prohibition." Not every one is so easily acquainted with the word "inhibition." Of this latter the psychologists make large use. So, too, do specialists in nervous diseases. We say, "I seemed to be under an inhibition," or "I seemed inhibited from doing so and so." The thing that really puts an "inhibition" on one's power and energy is one form or another of selfishness. The reader of this is probably acquainted with Tennyson's poem "The Day-Dream." There a certain princess, the castle in which she lives, and everything connected with it, are under a century long spell. Among other things to suffer the palsy of the enchantment is the fountain in the court-yard. When the spell is removed by the lifting of the "ban," the waters of the fountain leap many times their normal height, as if consciously overjoyed at being free again. It is somewhat the same with our powers when cabined, cribbed, confined, when held in leash so to say, by preoccupation with ourselves. Every power we possess grows atrophied under the ban of self-absorption. Selfishness means introspection, introversion, abnormality, impotence. Stop thinking about yourself, project yourself into sane, objective, wholesome tasks, and you will be amazed how quickly you will recover poise, spring, productiveness and power

"Ban"

There is a word that has acquired a specially sinister significance lately. "Flu-ban," like "camouflage," "going over the top," "over there," and what not is one of the commonest words in the vocabulary of to-day. I myself used the word twice in the paragraph preceding this. Everyone knows the phrase "under the ban." I fancy it is virtually the same as the word "bane," though I do not positively know, and I have no etymological dictionary at hand. An etymological dictionary like Skeat's, by the way, is a very good thing for any one to have. Under what tyranny of habit and convention we leave ourselves. One does not have to be a scholar to make use of an etymological dictionary. The most completely self-read or self-trained man could easily make use of Skeat, and in a very short space of time win for himself an assurance about the use of our English speech that would more than make up say for an elementary knowledge of Latin. Well, to come back for an instant to the word "ban." That word in German is "Baun," where it means "curse." I spoke in a former issue of this page of a rereading of Schiller's "Wilhelm Tell" that I did in Altdorf, Switzerland. Behind the old monastery at Altdorf is what they call the "Baunwald," which I suppose one might render "the forest of the curse," because a curse had been pronounced against anyone who should fell a tree there, since the dense wood is needed to guard the town against the descent of the avalanche.

Women Smoking

I don't imagine I shall ever become sophisticated enough to watch with equanimity women smoking. I am writing this in the Hotel Vancouver. To-night at dinner my attention was directed to a table near me. Two of the four women seated at it were smoking cigarettes. One was elderly, the other young. I soon noticed that the older woman was smoking her cigarette with a mouthpiece, of course, to keep her fingers from

being stained. Presently I noticed her exhaling the smoke through her nose. As a matter of fact the thing is simply grotesque. Any woman who does not realize that she enormously lessens her attractiveness by this sort of exhibition, has lost the sense of proportion.

Many Men Many Minds

Everything or, at any rate, so much depends upon your point of view, we say. The war has been a thing so many-sided, so vast that all sorts of judgments may be formed about it. It would have been lost if America hadn't come in. It would have been soon over if the submarines had succeeded in starving England. The game would have all been up if France had not held on so grimly. It might have been decided early against us if Italy had adhered to the Triple Alliance. It would not have lasted so long if Russia had not collapsed. These are samples of what one might say, or if what perhaps most of us do say. So much depends upon your point of view. To-night an Italian waiter said to me: "The River Piave ended the war." He then went on to say, if Italy had been helped earlier by the Allies, the war would have been over long ago. Austria was always weak. Germany knew it. If Austria had been adequately pressed at any time, she would have collapsed; and, early or late, the collapse of Austria—no matter when it had come—would have brought in its train the prompt capitulation of Germany. "Before they all got together," my Italian friend said, referring to unified command under Foch, "the Allies were all mixed up." He said in his broken way, that the Allies could have won at any time after the first year, say, if they had been completely united. In all of which, no doubt, there is a large measure of truth.

Scarcity of Meat

A member of the Food Board of one of the provinces of Canada spoke very bitterly to me not long ago about what he called the tendency of the Food Boards to disintegrate, now that the war is at any rate supposed to be over. Speaking of meat, he said that the prospect before the world is still extremely grave. He anticipates that in this regard we shall see shortage of which we have yet had no experience. He says the bulletins issued by Hoover in this connection are very disturbing. It seems that the milk producing herds of the Central Powers are tolerably intact, or at least sufficient; but that the herds of beef cattle are all but utterly depleted. This means that when peace is consummated and the blockade removed, the now enemy powers will rush into the world markets to buy; and there simply is not enough to go around. This sounds credible, and makes bad reading or listening. What may yet lie in store for the world, as an aftermath of this war, who can tell? I fancy there are relatively few grown-up people who go to bed these nights without more or less fear for the immediate future of the world. Diminished vitality on the part of large populations may very easily be the mother of new and decimating diseases. The sanitary condition of vast territories in Europe must be very, very bad. In one way the time makes for compassion, sympathy, generosity. The need of the world is so great that in a sense it is a crime to think just of one's own. There is a sense, on the other hand, in which the times make for selfishness. It is probable there are few parents who do not say to themselves as they go to bed at night: "Well, thank God, mine are safe." I mean, if those that are dear to them have actually escaped the multiplied horrors of the last four years.

The Awarding of Honors

Now that the war seems really to be over, one feels a certain disposition to evolve the relative services of the nations and the individuals who have participated in it, and who have contributed in their several ways to its successful termination. Chronologically, and perhaps morally, I suppose one should think first of Belgium. To stay the Hun for eleven days or so, and they the critical first eleven days, was a service of the first importance. This indeed illustrates the interlocking of elements in this gigantic struggle. Without the throwing in of Britain's small, but amazingly efficient regular army, it is easily conceivable that France might have been crushed. And Belgium's plucky resistance made possible the throwing in of the British regulars. I heard, by the way, the other day a thrilling account by Major-General Headlam of the retreat from Mons. In laconic brevity, in splendid reserve, the speech was in accord with the finest English tradition. It was one of the most quietly moving addresses that I ever heard. I think the most thrilling passage in the speech was a reference to the British guns. The question constantly during this marvellous retreat from Mons was, can the guns be saved. Engaged in rear-guard actions, they always had to be snatched away at the last moment, often in the very presence of swarming masses of Huns. Then through

the villages and towns where the tired infantry would be momentarily resting, these guns would pass, on their way to take up new positions for new desperate and unequal engagements of the same sort. The Major-General said quietly that on a number of occasions he saw officers, or privates, I forget which, step up, as the guns halted for an instant, and pat them. Could you imagine anything finer than that? As much as to say, "Good old fellow!" At any rate, the Belgian resistance rendered a momentous service to the Allies; and, throughout the long course of the war, the conduct of the Belgian King has maintained itself on a level of moral grandeur.

France

But there are probably few men or women of English speech who, so far as quality of national conduct and demeanour are concerned, would not be prepared to award the palm to France. For moral quality, history will probably give her the first place, so far as this war is concerned. The repudiation of the old charge of levity, so often levelled at France, is now complete. Verdun and "Ils ne passeront pas," "they shall not pass," have ended that once for all. The French nation has comported itself with an austere and stoic grandeur, which probably surpasses anything in history. France has, of course, made other contributions than even this implies. For, at any rate considerably, beyond our own British race, the French has the capacity of arousing active affection. Britain arouses respect and admiration. I am speaking now, of course, of races other than our own. We, who are of British stock, know what love for Britain is. She commands ours beyond preadventure. But to other races, Britain appeals in terms of confidence, respect, admiration. Hers is justice, hers is power, hers is the fair deal, hers is the long view and the sagacious policy. But France has a feminine quality of grace about her that gives her a warm, magic charm. And so she arouses active affection, as in the case of the United States. It was affection for France that supplied the dynamic element that carried America into the war. When we remember that it was the intervention of America that made the beam kick the balance, we can estimate how important a contribution this was, on the part of France. And then what resourcefulness France showed. She was stripped of half her coal and of eighty per cent of her iron and steel. She was industrially ham-strung. And yet she recovered her equilibrium, she adapted herself to the terrible situation, she transferred her industries to remote parts of the country, and doubled and trebled her production. Despite her prodigious losses in man-power, she increased her numbers in the field, with the result that she probably had a million more men in the field at the end of the war than she had at the end of 1914. Then I suppose there is little doubt that the French army has been the most technically proficient army on the side of the Allies. The symbol or token of this is found in the fact that the generalissimo ultimately chosen for the unified command was Foch, a Frenchman.

Britain

But a Briton who is yet not an insular Englishman, and who, so, may look at the parent race with a certain, even if not with complete, detachment, may be pardoned if he lingers for more than a moment over the immense achievement in this war of Great Britain. The war brought to Britain the fruitage of a wise and fair foreign policy, as, for example, in the clear demonstration of the sagacity of her alliance with Japan. Japan's assistance in the Pacific was a fairly weighty contribution in the early stages of the war. The same thing is seen in the liking of Italy for Britain, which, no doubt, counted for a good deal in leading the Latin Kingdom to break with her nominal partners of the Triple Alliance. It is seen, too, in the fidelity to Britain of Portugal; and in the clear predilection for her of a man like Venizelos, who finally brought his little country out on the right side. Britain also in this war reaped the rich harvest that sprang from the wise policy of full autonomy granted through the years to her oversea Dominions. The fine results of wise policy were never more splendidly exemplified than here. To the side of their great mother these Dominions sprang, as if by an intuitive and inevitable impulse. Then think of the immense physical achievement of Britain. To the absolute and sleepless domination of the seas, she added the feat of equipping an army of seven million men. Alongside this material achievement put the sweeping social and political changes or adaptations of which she has shown herself capable, during these war years. She has nationalised industry on an unequalled scale. In the midst of war she admits eight million citizens to the franchise, and her statesmen confront the potentialities involved in these changes without the slightest air of trepidation. The American, Winston Churchill says: "Great Britain will emerge from this war by all odds the most radical of the great modern states."

The Innocents

Written for The Western Home Monthly By Edmund E. Field

How a matter of circumstantial evidence put two men in jail and caused the victim of the crime to take to her bed.

HALLO, Central! Give me the police! What's that? Who do I want? Why, I stated plainly enough—police! Police station! Central, this is a very important matter, and I must have—What do you say? Busy! Oh, dear!

Patiently waiting a few minutes, and hearing no further response from the instrument, Mrs. Weston hung up the receiver.

She began pacing up and down the room, showing evidence of fear and anxiety; then, glancing in the direction of an open door, she stealthily reached and closed it, turning the key.

"Mercy, if they should still be in the house!" she murmured.

Then the telephone bell rang. A deep, heavy voice answered her: "Hallo! This is the police station! Did you call?"

Mrs. Weston thereupon informed the officer that her house was full of burglars—that she could almost hear them packing up her silverware in the dining-room below. Yes, they had most certainly been in the house, for she had seen the evidence of their work, and, upon hasty investigation, had missed some valuables.

"We'll come immediately," responded the voice. "Try to hold them till we get there."

When the detectives finally arrived, Mrs. Weston nervously informed them that during her absence of a few hours burglars had entered the house, had been to her room, and stolen a diamond ring.

"And it is quite possible they are still here," she added, with a little shiver.

The officers quieted her fears, and she accompanied them while they searched the house.

Everything appeared to be in perfect order—at least, no attempt had been made to disturb her precious silverware. Finally they reached her bedchamber.

"My diamond ring has disappeared," she cried now.

"What was its value?" inquired the detective.

"Three hundred and fifty dollars."

"When did you miss it? Where did you leave it?"

"In my hurry to keep an appointment with the dentist," she explained, "I positively remember removing it from my finger and laying it upon the dressing-table, intending to replace it after I had washed my hands. This I neglected to do, and did not discover my carelessness until after I had left the house. But I did not wish to be late for my appointment, so I proceeded on my way."

"It was two hours before I got back. I came right up here. My ring was gone! I hunted high and low, notwithstanding I knew I had placed it there," pointing to a spot on the dressing-table.

The detective carefully questioned her concerning the house, about her family, and as to how many servants she had. Did the latter report any callers during her absence?

"My husband and myself constitute the family," was her reply. "He is a traveling salesman, and left home early this morning for a few days' trip. I have one maid."

"When you returned home, and discovered your ring missing, did you speak to your maid about it?" asked the officer.

"My maid was not here when I came in. In fact she is away for the day."

"Do you remember how long it was before you left that the maid went out?" the detective inquired.

"Well, really, I can't recall whether she left before or after I did. You see, I was in such a hurry myself that I paid little attention to her."

The detective frowned, and spoke rather sharply:

"Do I understand that you left the house without inquiring whether the maid was here or not? Are you in the habit of leaving her alone, with diamonds left lying carelessly about?"

"Sir, I am not in the habit of leaving diamonds lying carelessly about," she quickly responded. "In fact, it is the first time anything of the kind has ever occurred. Furthermore, I have every confidence in my maid. She has been

with us for some time, and has proven trustworthy."

"We have had to deal with the trustworthy kind before," remarked one detective to another, with significant emphasis.

"Madam," went on the one who had been handling the case, "our remarks are not intended as a reflection or criticism. Our duty now is to ascertain how your ring disappeared, and, if possible, to recover it. You can be of great service to us by remaining absolutely silent; especially, say nothing to your maid when she returns as to what has occurred, for—"

"It may be possible," she interrupted, "that the maid came into the room after I left and put the ring somewhere for safe-keeping."

"In that case the maid will inform you immediately. If so, notify us at once." Whereupon the detectives departed.

II

When the maid returned that night Mrs. Weston waited anxiously for some reference to her ring. The girl appeared to be in her usual happy frame of mind. She talked a few minutes, and, after a pleasant "good night," went to her room.

Mrs. Weston was now fully convinced that her ring had been stolen, not by her maid, but by a burglar who had entered during her absence.

In the meantime, the detectives were busy. Whatever opinion they had as to how the ring had disappeared, they kept to themselves. One of them suspected the maid. There was no doubt of this, from the remarks he had made about "trustworthy" people in the presence of Mrs. Weston. He decided to shadow the maid, ascertain where she went, and with whom she spent her spare time. The head of the detective bureau was easily persuaded to insist upon Mrs. Weston allowing the maid, under some pretext, to be at leisure the next afternoon.

It is the usual custom of the police, whenever a valuable piece of jewelry is stolen, to notify the pawnbrokers and jewelers, giving a minute description of the property, with instructions to report to them immediately if the missing article comes under their notice.

The next morning one of the detectives had just finished describing the lost ring to a certain jeweler, when a young man entered and handed him a diamond ring such as the detective had just described.

Betraying no uneasiness, however, he remarked pleasantly: "This is an unusually large and brilliant stone."

The young man did not seem interested in the jeweler's comment. "I would like to have the size of that ring changed," he said. "Can it be done?"

"Yes," answered the jeweler; "if you know the exact size you want. That, of course, is very important."

Fumbling in his vest pocket, the young man handed the jeweler an ordinary plain band ring, remarking: "Here is one the girl wears; you can get the size by that. Can you have it ready to-day?"

"Excuse me a minute," said the jeweler, and joined the detective at the rear of the store.

"Is that the ring in question?" he asked. "What action shall I take?"

The detective, having heard all that had been said, replied: "Tell him the

ring will be ready in an hour or two. I'll keep him under surveillance; I suspect there are others in the game. Don't let him think you suspect anything."

The young man left the store, happy in the assurance that his ring would be ready very soon, blissfully ignorant that a detective was trailing him.

"What back so soon? What became of your man? Did he get away?" excitedly inquired the jeweler, when presently the sleuth walked in on him again.

"No; I met another detective, whom I instructed to shadow him. By the way, I wish you would take your magnifying-glass and examine the inside of the ring that fellow gave you for size. See whether any marks are inside."

The jeweler did as requested, and reported: "There are three initials—'E. A. W.'"

"Thanks. I think I will go up to Mrs. Weston's and see whether she has anything new to say. I'll take the diamond ring along for positive identification."

When the detective reached her home, and showed her the ring, Mrs. Weston's surprise was out of all comparison with her joy.

"You are quite positive it is your ring?" inquired the detective.

"Quite positive? Absolutely! I would know it among ten thousand."

But when the detectives requested the return of the ring, Mrs. Weston was amazed. In fact, she hesitated about complying. It was her ring, and she could not understand what further action was necessary.

"The ring is evidence, and must be used as such—first to make an arrest,



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then to convict the party in whose possession it was found, together with any others who may be implicated in the theft," the detective explained.

"What are your initials in full?" he added.

"B. L. W.," she answered.

"Do you know the initials of your maid?"

"E. A. W.," was the reply.

"Just as I suspected," the detective told himself.

Leaving the house, satisfied that he had another link in the chain of evidence, he returned to the jewelry store.

It was planned there that he was to assume the attitude of a customer examining goods, with a view to making a purchase, in order that he could be ready for action. In due course the young man appeared.

"How about my ring?" he inquired.

"I have not done anything with it," replied the jeweler.

Before he could proceed, the detective turned suddenly toward the customer, and bluntly demanded: "How did you come into possession of that ring?"

"I don't know that it's any of your business."

"Now, don't get too flip! You might save yourself a lot of trouble by being civil."

"I don't propose to have you jump on me as if I was a crook," responded the young man.

"It remains to be seen whether you are one or not," put in the detective. "Some crooks throw a pretty stiff bluff in assuming the innocent dodge when they begin to get cornered. You know you have a stolen ring. If you didn't do the job yourself, you know who did. You certainly have a lot of nerve to try

your game so soon. Don't give me any of your talk—cut it out! I am a detective, and place you under arrest. You come to headquarters. The chief wants to see you."

With repeated exclamations that it was an outrage, the young man was fain to submit.

The chief was at his desk when they arrived, but he could get little satisfaction from the prisoner, who assumed an air of defiance. He was held for a hearing in the morning.

III

That night the papers printed a lengthy article about a stolen diamond ring having been recovered, much to the satisfaction of the jeweler, whose name figured very prominently in the account.

At the hearing next morning Mrs. Weston, her maid, the jeweler, and a few other people were to be heard.

Mrs. Weston explained to the court how she had discovered the loss of her ring, identifying the one in evidence as her property.

The jeweler testified that the ring had been offered to him for alteration by the man charged with the theft.

The prisoner, who gave his name as John Jones, told what seemed to be a straightforward story.

"A fellow, Dick Bush, friend of mine, called to see me the other day. He asked me if I wanted to buy a ring. 'It's a beaut,' he said, handing me the ring; 'and the best imitation diamond you ever saw. You can throw an elegant bluff with a big thing like that. I'll bet it's worth at least twenty-five dollars.'"

"I told him that I didn't want to buy any ring. 'Buy it and give it to your girl,' he said. 'You can have it for ten

dollars.' So I bought it, and next morning took it to the jeweler to have him change the size."

"To whom did you intend to give the ring after you had it altered?" the court inquired.

"Emma Williams, a friend of mine."

"Where did you get the flat band ring you gave the jeweler for size?"

"It belongs to Emma. She gave it to me."

"Did you ask any one the value of the diamond ring when you had it in your possession?"

"I didn't know it was a real diamond ring. I thought it was a fake stone. Dick Bush said it was."

"But you did not think ten dollars was too much to pay for a fake stone, did you?"

"I thought I was paying all it was worth."

Emma Williams was next called, and asked what her occupation was. She nervously replied: "I am the maid in the employ of Mrs. Weston."

When handed the plain ring she identified it as her own, stating that she had given it to Jones upon request, as he was a particular friend of hers.

"You say Jones is a particular friend. What do you mean by that?"

"Why," she blushing replied, "I expect to marry him some day."

"Did Jones say anything about a diamond ring at the time he requested your band ring, or intimate in any way what he wanted it for?"

"No. He only said: 'Emma, let me have your band ring.'"

"Did Jones call often to see you at the house of Mrs. Weston?"

"Once in a while; not often."

"When was he there last?"

"He met me there last Wednesday morning."

"How long did he remain in the house?"

"He waited down stairs in the kitchen about fifteen minutes, while I was upstairs putting my hat on to go out with him."

"Was that before or after Mrs. Weston went out?"

"It was after Mrs. Weston went out."

"That was the day Mrs. Weston's ring disappeared, was it not?"

"I did not know anything about Mrs. Weston's ring having disappeared. She didn't say anything to me about it."

Dick Bush was then called, and asked by the court: "What is your business?"

"I am not doing anything just now," he answered.

"Is it not a fact that you seldom do anything, if you can help it?"

"I am willing to work when I can get something to do."

"Where did you get that ring you sold to Jones?"

"I found it down near the railroad depot," was the answer.

"When did you find it?"

"Last Wednesday morning."

"Did you show it to any one before you sold it to Jones?"

"No."

"You simply found it, and ran around to Jones to sell it to him?"

"Yes."

"How did you know Jones would buy it?"

"I knew he was stuck on a girl, and might want to buy it to throw a bluff."

"What were you doing down at the depot last Wednesday morning?"

"I carried Dr. Fischer's grip down for him. He was going on the morning train."

"Was it before or after you reached



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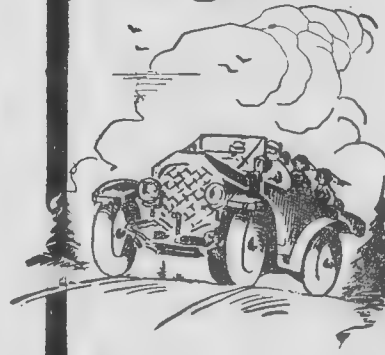
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the depot you say you found the ring?"

"On my way back—about a block. I was looking for snipes, when I saw the ring lying in the gutter."

"What do you mean by 'snipes'?"

"Cigars thrown away by men before they reach the depot."

"How did you guess the ring was worth twenty-five dollars?"

"It looked pretty good to me."

"If you thought it was worth twenty-five dollars, how did you come to sell it for ten dollars?"

"I needed the money."

"Judging from your record, I should imagine when you need money you would adopt almost any method to get it. It is a question in my mind, if you had realized the ring was worth three hundred and fifty dollars, whether you would have sold it for ten dollars. On the other hand, if you really did know you had a valuable ring, you may have wanted to get it out of your possession as soon as possible."

"The question to be determined is, did you really find it? Were you in reality near the railroad station Wednesday morning?"

Mopping the perspiration from his brow, Bush began to show signs of uneasiness. It was a case of a fellow with a shady record, and circumstantial evidence was closing in upon him.

"I can prove I was at the depot, your honor," he pleaded.

"You will have a chance; also to prove where you were before and after."

Mrs. Weston was asked if, when on her way to or from the dentist Wednesday morning, she was in the vicinity of the depot.

She replied she was not.

"The depot is half a mile from my house, in the opposite direction from the dentist," she added.

She again declared that she positively remembered laying her ring on her dressing-table, and that it could not possibly have been lost in the street.

One of the detectives, who had been following up a clue, now entered the court, accompanying a new witness, whose statement was:

"On last Wednesday morning I was at the depot, delivering freight. I drove the team back by way of the East End. When passing Henry and John Street I saw Jones and his girl coming along. I thought it was pretty early in the day for them to be out for a stroll. Jones left her standing there, while he went over and said something to Bush, who stood in a doorway near the corner. It was not more than a minute or so when he joined his girl, and they went on. The whole thing slipped my mind until this morning when the detective pumped me and said: 'I guess you had better come down to court.'"

When asked if he was positive it was last Wednesday, he saw the two, he answered:

"Sure thing. That's the day I bought my new suit of clothes, and I wore 'em that night to the Truck Drivers' Ball, and got soaking wet on my way home."

The judge then inquired: "Are you friendly toward Jones and Bush? That is, have you any grudge against either of them?" "Certainly not," was the answer.

The deeper they probed into the case the tighter it closed around Bush.

Was he simply a tool in the hands of Jones, acting the part of an innocent victim?

Jones knew that Mrs. Weston was not at home that morning. Was his meeting and hurried talk with Bush accidental or designed?

The judge, a man of long experience, was known to be a careful and thorough investigator. "If you can pass the critical examination of Judge Minns, it's as good as an acquittal," was a common expression among the undesirable citizens and their sympathizers.

Tapping his lead pencil upon his desk where he had been making notes of the case, as was his usual custom, the judge now glanced in the direction of Jones, who stood up.

"Why did you go to Mrs. Weston's house for the girl so early on that particular day?" the judge inquired.

"I knew that Wednesday was the day that Emma had to herself, and I happened to be in the neighborhood. I thought I would call for and take her to the car. She was going to her home," answered Jones.

"Did you know that Mrs. Weston was not at home before you called?" asked the judge.

"I saw Mrs. Weston going up the street from her house when I stood on the corner," Jones replied.

"Had you thought of calling for the maid before or after you saw Mrs. Weston on the street?" the judge inquired.

"It was after I saw Mrs. Weston. I knew then that she was not at home, and couldn't kick. If I called on the girl in the morning she might not like it," explained Jones.

"What were you doing walking the streets that morning, when you should have been at work?" quizzed the judge.

"The engine at the factory broke down, and we were laid off for the day," was the prompt answer.

"When you and the girl were walking down the street you left her standing a few minutes, while you spoke to Bush. What was it about?"

"I told him I would be at home all morning if he wanted to come around to play cards," explained Jones.

"You and Bush seem to be very intimate—close friends, I suppose?" the judge went on, with a searching glance.

"I know Bush gets knocked a whole lot by the boys, because he doesn't care to work very much. I feel sorry for him and try to treat him square. I bought, the ring from him, just as I told you, judge. If he touched Mrs. Weston for it, honest to God, I don't know anything about it."

Jones's voice was quivering with emotion as he spoke.

Just here quite a commotion was caused by the maid, who became hysterical and cried out: "This is terrible! Terrible! Why should John be blamed for it? Oh, why did he ever have anything to do with that loafer, Bush?"

The judge sounded his gavel, and ordered the court officers to restore order.

"Quiet that girl, or take her from the room!" he commanded.

"It's all up with Bush," remarked a fellow with a black eye to his companion, as they both grinned at the stir in the court-room.

The court attendants quickly quieted the maid, with the assistance of Mrs. Weston, who by this time was bordering on a nervous breakdown herself.

When order had been restored the judge, with a determined expression, warned the spectators that in case of any further unnecessary disturbance he would clear the room.

Dr. Fischer, whose grip Bush claimed he had carried, now appeared, and Bush was ordered to the stand.

"Doctor, do you know that man?" the judge inquired.

"I certainly do not," he answered.

"Do you remember having seen him before?" the judge asked.

"Not to my knowledge," replied the doctor.

A death-like silence filled the room. Necks were craned from all directions to get a glimpse of Bush. Here was the witness upon whose testimony he depended to establish the fact of his presence near the depot, according to his own testimony.

"In the interest of justice, doctor, I will try to refresh your memory. When you went to the depot, last Wednesday morning, the prisoner claims to have carried your grip there. Do you remember the incident, and do you recognize the man?" the judge gravely inquired.

"Your honor, I did not go to the depot last Wednesday. As a matter of fact, I have not been out of town for two months. I learned early this morning that my name was mentioned in connection with the case, and on my way to visit a patient I dropped in to correct the mistake."

"Thank you, doctor, for your thoughtfulness. You are excused from further testimony," the judge smilingly remarked.

The fellow with the black eye, on the back seat, nudged his associate and whispered: "It's twenty-three for Bush, all right."

Bush by this time was as white as a sheet, and trembling from head to foot, an object of pity rather than of condemnation. The judge, anticipating he might make a confession of his guilt, now asked: "What have you to say to Dr. Fischer's testimony?"

"I certainly carried a grip to the depot, all right. If it was not Dr. Fischer's, it was a fellow who looked a lot like him," meekly answered Bush.

"Listen to him; listen to him," said the fellow with the black eye, trying to suppress his laughter.



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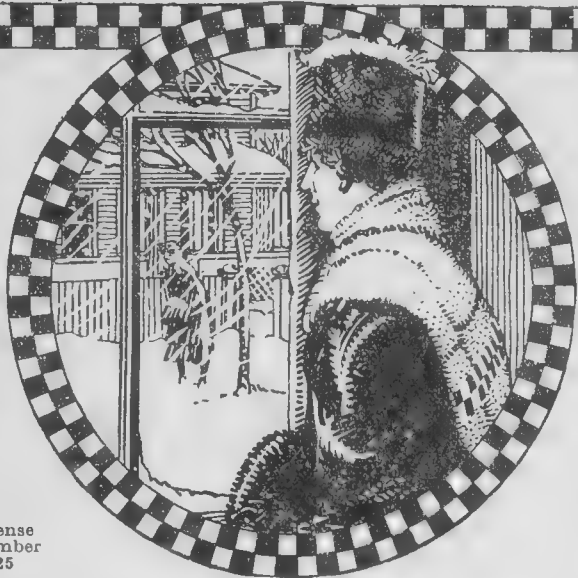
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Just then a court officer touched him on the shoulder, and commanded him to leave or be locked up.

The judge ordered Bush held under one thousand dollars' bail. Turning to Jones, he said: "I will have your record looked up. In the meantime I'll hold you under five hundred dollars' bail. The case is adjourned until Monday."

IV.

When Mr. Weston arrived home that night he was met at the door by the maid, who, with tear-stained cheeks and swollen eyes, exclaimed: "Oh, Mr. Weston! Oh, Mr. Weston!"

Fearing something terrible had happened to his wife, he dropped his grip in the hall and, without waiting for any explanation from the maid, bounded up the stairs two steps at a time.

Entering his wife's room, he found her in bed, under the care of a physician. "John, John, John!" was all she could moan, tossing her head from one side to the other.

Mr. Weston stood there dazed. A thousand thoughts flew through his brain. Recovering himself, he gasped: "What on earth is the trouble?"

"Oh, John; the court, the trial!" hysterically cried his wife.

"What does this mean?" he inquired of the doctor, who stood anxiously looking on.

"This is all I can tell you," replied the physician. "I was called here hurriedly by the maid, and found Mrs. Weston in this highly nervous state."

"My head! My head! No, judge; I did not go near the depot that day. In jail, both of them! Why should I be put to all this suffering?" were the incoherent sentences that now came from Mrs. Weston.

Her husband bent over her, and tried to draw forth some definite explanation. All efforts proving vain, the doctor suggested sending for the maid.

"Why don't they give me my ring? Why do they keep it from me?" moaned Mrs. Weston from the bed.

"Her ring? What ring?" asked Mr. Weston.

"Why, her diamond ring that was stolen?" explained the maid.

"Her diamond ring that was stolen?" excitedly cried Mr. Weston. Reaching into his vest-pocket, he drew out a piece of paper distractedly; then, after searching each of his pockets in turn, he moaned: "I've lost it. I had it, and I've lost it."

"Lost what?" inquired the doctor.

"Why, my wife's diamond ring! I understand now; it all comes to me. I left home last Wednesday morning to be gone a few days. When I reached my office, and while arranging some papers I intended to take with me on my trip, I discovered a very important one missing. Presuming I had left it on my desk at home, I hurriedly went to get it."

"When I arrived there my wife and maid were both out. Going at once to my desk I found the paper I sought. As I passed through the room I noticed my wife's diamond ring lying upon her dressing-table. She had frequently requested me to have it reset, as she feared the setting had worn thin and might let the diamond slip. So I decided to take it with me, as I knew of a jeweler where I was going who made a specialty of that class of work. I wrote her a note stating that I had taken the ring for that purpose. I intended to place the note upon her table, and really thought I had done so, until I found it in my vest pocket a few minutes ago. I can't understand how I came to make such a blunder; it would have obviated all this suffering."

"And now what did I do with the ring? I can't find it in any of my pockets. This is terrible! Why, I—why, I know I took it; fool that I was to bother with a valuable piece of jewelry like that when my mind was so full of business matters. I never gave the ring another thought from the time I left the house Wednesday until I came home to-night."

Mrs. Weston by this time was sitting up in bed anxiously listening to her husband.

"Oh, John, it couldn't have been that you took it; you must have forgotten it, and a thief broke into the house and stole it while I was out. You couldn't have taken it."

"I know I did. I positively remember putting it in my wallet for safe-keeping, but it's gone. I had that wallet out a dozen and one times since I left and

never once thought of the ring. I've lost it—I've lost it! But where did I lose it, and how?"

"I remember hurrying to get the train Wednesday morning, and when within a short distance from the depot I took out my wallet, while on a half run, and opened it to take out a bill in order to save time when buying my ticket. It never occurred to me that I had placed the ring there. Could it have dropped out then?"

The doctor was intensely interested in Mr. Weston's story, and suggested that he go at once and state the facts to the judge who had tried the case.

"Just think what an awful predicament to be placed in! I almost dread to meet the judge. But there is no other way. I must face it," sighed Mr. Weston.

When he had finished his explanation to the judge, the latter thoughtfully nodded his head and remarked:

"It is very evident that you lost the ring. Your unfortunate neglect to leave the note of explanation naturally caused your wife to think it had been stolen. She was not to blame for the actions of the detectives in suspecting the two men who are now in jail. Dr. Pierson, just returned to town, was here a while ago, and stated it was his grip Bush carried to the depot Wednesday morning."

"There is no doubt in my mind that that Bush found the ring as he testified, although a strong case of circumstantial evidence was woven about him. It certainly was a most unusual occurrence; but as Shakespeare says, 'All's well that ends well,' and the men shall be freed at once."

The Value of Humour

The serious young woman looked up from the volume she was studying and surveyed her sister with a grave countenance. "What are you giggling over?" she said. "You should not waste your time on nonsense."

The other was laughing over a jest that she had heard, and as she rose and made a courtesy to the student she hummed a foolish verse:

"I never saw a purple cow,
I never hope to see one;
And yet I think that anyhow
I'd rather see than be one."

"That," said Portia, "is an absurd jingle. How can you spend precious time over mere amusement when there is so much trouble in the world?"

Priscilla dimpled. "I am going down to make buns for tea," she said, "and I am saving all the funny things I know that I may tell them to grandfather and make him laugh. We don't help the trouble by standing and weeping over the broken pitcher. Do let me have my nonsense, Portia. It has its place in the scheme of things."

Priscilla was right. A sense of humour and a love of fun tide their possessors over some very real sorrows. Austerity has no particular claim to be considered saintly, and folly, with its cap and bells, once in a while does angelic work. Blessings on the old people who have not forgotten how to be sunny. Take it all in all, this world of ours is not so bad a place. Every season brings its gifts of love from heaven; the skies are oftener blue than grey; the birds sing in the branches; fathers and mothers bend over the cradle, and the joy of life is deeper than the woe.

Mark Twain's Hard Luck

The number of anecdotes that foreign papers print about Mark Twain show how world-wide is the famous humorist's popularity. Here is an amusing story:

In the course of one of his lecture trips, Mark Twain arrived at a small town. Before dinner he went to a barber shop to be shaved.

"You are a stranger?" asked the barber.

"Yes," Mark Twain replied. "This is the first time I've been here."

"You chose a good time to come," the barber continued. "Mark Twain is going to read and lecture to-night. You'll go, I suppose?"

"Oh, I guess so."

"Have you bought your ticket?"

"Not yet."

"But everything is sold out. You'll have to stand."

"How very annoying!" Mark Twain said, with a sigh. "I never saw such luck! I always have to stand when that fellow lectures."

Where Every Little Counts

"The parcel-post, limited as it was, saved the American people \$500,000 in the first fifteen days of its operation," says ex-Senator Bourne in the Washington Star. "That isn't much—not much to what it will do later on."

"But every little counts in parcel-post savings as in New York flats. I know a New York man who, on his return from the roominess of Washington, said, fretfully, to his servant:

"Jameson, this flat seems much smaller than when I moved into it last summer."

"Yes, sir," Jameson answered. "Quite

so, sir. But you must remember, sir, that you are wearing your winter under-clothing now, sir."

"Helpful Household Hint"

It would take more than common courage to follow a suggestion that appears in a certain English book of receipts: To make stockings wear well and keep their color—before wearing stand for ten minutes in boiling water colored with washing blue.

Personally, remarks Punch, we shall let our stockings take their chance.

A Sin of Commission

Mrs. Benton tasted the dainty she had compounded in the chafing-dish, and looked at her husband. Then, the Chicago News declares, she said:

"Somehow it doesn't taste just as Mrs. Miner's did the other night. I thought I remembered the receipt, but I think I must have left something out."

Mr. Benton tasted reflectively, and in the best Fletcherian manner:

"There's nothing you could leave out that would make it taste like that," he said, with conviction. "It's something you put in."

A Strange Pig

Five-year-old George had spent the summer in the country, where he was much interested in a neighbor's pig and cow. On his return to his city home he was asked what he liked in the country.

"I liked Mr. Johnson's pigs best."

"Ah! How many pigs has Mr. Johnson?"

"Two."

"What color are Mr. Johnson's pigs?"

"One pig is white."

"What color is the other pig?"

"The other pig's a cow."

On Skeena

**As Others See Us**

The following extracts from letters received, tell of some of the glories of the Grand Trunk Pacific route.

"The scenery on your railway route through the mountains is grand and inspiring."

"I shall never forget my trip on your excellent Steamships."

"We are indeed glad we made our trip over your system, and can cheerfully and unqualifiedly recommend it."

"The Grand Trunk Pacific has the best train service and most courteous employees."

"I have travelled extensively in Europe and America, but nowhere did I see such wonderful scenery, rail or boat, as by the Grand Trunk Pacific route."

"Magnificent scenery, matchless courtesy."

"The Grand Trunk Pacific boats, Prince Rupert and Prince George, are floating palaces."

"The grandeur of the country traversed from the wheat fields and grazing lands to the mountain scenery of British Columbia, leaves an impression never to be forgotten."

Reasons
for
patronizing
the
G.T.P.

AFTER THE HOLIDAYS! WHAT?

**THE PACIFIC COAST
VANCOUVER AND VICTORIA**

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Escape the cold and enjoy the mild climate of the Coast

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SPECIAL LIMITS. STOPOVERS.

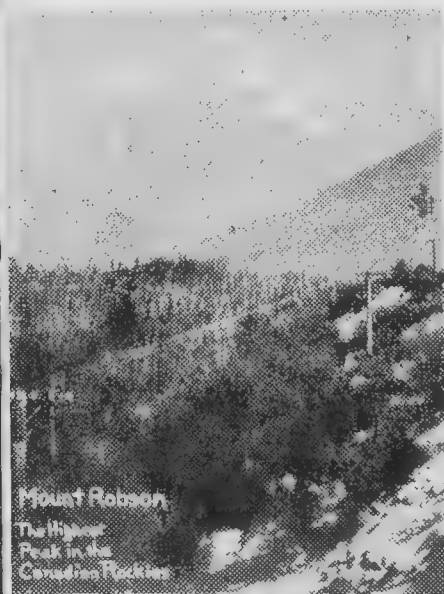
Thence on to

CALIFORNIA

Full details may be had on application to any agent of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway.

W. E. DUPEROW, Gen. Pass. Agt.,
Winnipeg

W. J. QUINLAN, Dist. Pass. Agt.,
Winnipeg



Mount Robson
Thalinger
Peak in the
Canadian Rockies



Surf Bathing



Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

To all readers "A Happy New Year" even if that year should be a few days old when this reaches you. Last year it was pretty much a case of whistling to keep our courage up. This year, in spite of 1919 many problems that loom menacingly in the way, we have every right to "thank God and take courage." We should do more than that, we should go forward into the new year with the firm resolve that the lessons of thrift and self-denial taught by the war shall not be forgotten, and that our rejoicings at the coming of peace shall not take the form of self-indulgence but instead that they shall take the form of increased service to humanity.

Opportunities for service increase and multiply on every hand and no woman in these days dare sit with folded hands and say "I have nothing to do." Women are daily receiving recognition as comrades and equals, very especially are they receiving recognitions as equals in the bearing of the burdens which are with us in consequence of the war. Power without responsibility is a very dangerous thing, and Canadian women having the power to vote are fully entitled to bear the burdens as well as share the privileges of citizenship.

Since last writing for the page Mrs. Charles Robson of Winnipeg has been asked by the government of Canada to take the chairmanship of a woman's committee to deal with questions of

repatriation and employment as they affect women, and one of her very first duties has been to visit the ports of Halifax and St. John's where the vessels are coming in with the women and children belonging to the men who have been serving overseas. It goes without saying that many of these women and children should never have been allowed to leave Canada, but the government having allowed them to leave has a duty and a responsibility in connection with their return. Until within the last month this duty and responsibility had not been fully recognized, and some of the early shiploads of these women and children were very ill provided for, both on the voyage and after the vessels arrived in dock. Mrs. Robson's first duty was to see what was needed and then to see that it was supplied. No greater compliment could have been paid to women, than that she should have been invested with such absolute power to order done what she considered needful. She has been and is like the centurion of old, she can say, to one man come and he cometh and to another go and he goeth."

Lack of comfort, of proper shelter and proper food on landing would have been bad enough, when the women coming in were Canadians returning to a land which they should never have left, but scores and hundreds of these women and the younger children are the wives and children of men who have married overseas

during the war. They know nothing of the country and military discipline does not permit of them travelling with their husbands. It is dreary enough to arrive in a strange new country in the middle of winter under such circumstances, and everything should be done that can be done to make their arrival comfortable and to speed them on their way to the place where they fain would be. Arrangements have now been made, through Mrs. Robson, to have nurses travel with these trains and for local societies to meet the trains at each point where women are disembarking. This appointment is one of the great opportunities of service conferred upon women and indicates the probabilities of the future.

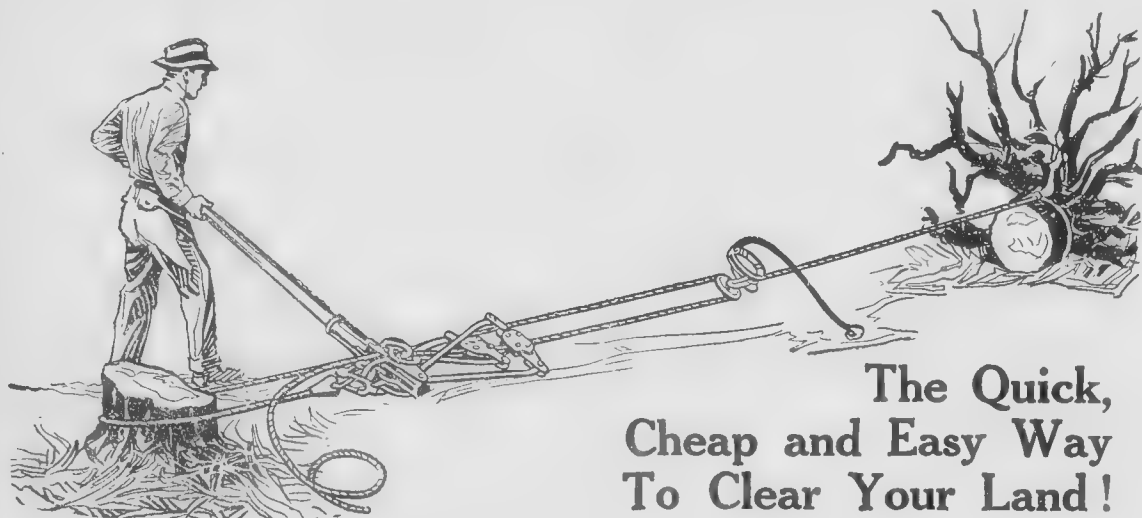
The department of extension service of the Manitoba Government has announced that at last arrangements are completed to have a meeting in Winnipeg, February from the 13 to 15 inclusive,

Federation of women delegates from every province in Canada representing any organization of women working under the Agricultural Educational Act. This takes in Home Economic Societies; Women's Institutes, Home Makers' Clubs and all similar organizations. The executive of these organizations in each province was asked to vote for a place of meeting and from seven out of the nine provinces the answer was Winnipeg and Winnipeg it is to be. This is fitting in view of its central situation. Each province will be entitled to two official delegates but other delegates may

come paying their own expenses. The object of the gathering is to form a federation which will cover the whole of Canada and will form a centre for the co-ordination and standardizing of activities and to draw the women of the whole Dominion more closely together. The idea is a splendid one and it is to be hoped that such a federation will grow out of the proposed gathering. The mere meeting together of women from all the provinces of Canada will have a good effect. A number of the delegates will remain over for the annual meeting of the Home Economic Society in Winnipeg the following week and the programme of that annual gathering will be greatly enriched thereby.

Before this issue reaches my readers the Women Grain Growers of Manitoba will have met in annual session at Brandon and in the latter part of January the U.F.A. women will meet in Edmonton; the Saskatchewan Grain Growers in February.

The new year literally bristles with conventions and at each and all of them subjects of a peculiarly contentious nature will come up. Subjects which require the best judgment of the best women. These gatherings will be peculiarly a time to lay aside all petty difference, all purely sectional claims and to strive for what will be best for the whole of the west in questions concerning the west and best for the whole of Canada where the questions are Dominion wide. It seems to me that never in the history of women's organizations was there a time when so much thought and care needed to be expended on the choice of delegates and never a time when delegates had so much responsibility resting on them as they have this year.



Now is the time to turn waste into gain by clearing your land of stumps. And scarcity of labor no longer need hinder you.

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In this book, we give you evidence of how farmers made \$300 to \$500 from a few acres of newly cleared land. Increases of 50% to 100% land valuation are not unusual. The book is filled with letters telling all about big profits.

Book also gives full particulars of Kirstin Free Land Clearing Service—worth many dollars to any farmer. Contains pictures and describes all sizes and types of Kirstin Pullers. Write for it to-day—sure.



How many of my readers have yet bought one? They are to be had now at any post office or any bank. You can buy a thrift stamp for 25c; if you buy sixteen of them before the first of February and

Thrift Stamps turn them in to any bank you will get a certificate which in five years will be good for five dollars. In other words if you will lend the government four dollars this January the government of Canada will give you five dollars for your four in January, 1924. If you do not turn in your stamps before February you will have to pay 2 cents additional for your certificate for \$5 and so on during the year. The next time you are in town ask the postmaster for the directions and one of the cards on which to paste the stamps: buy one or two and encourage the children to invest a quarter this way instead of on candy or the movies and see how quickly the 25c will grow into \$5 certificates. One of the reasons why France has been able to stand the strain of the war so long was her system of providing for her people a means whereby at any post office in the land they could invest a few francs whenever they had it and this developed a spirit of thrift that is entirely unknown in Canada but which we hope will be known to some extent at least before another year is over.

The best way to convince children how much they are spending on needless indulgences is to get them to take the money they would spend in a month for movies and the like and buy thrift stamps with it. Very few children or grown-up people either for that matter realize the dollars which are frittered away in just such things. By buying thrift stamps you will not only help yourselves but you will help the government so that there will be plenty of money for all the reconstruction work which must go on, and the debt of the war which must be paid. It is a scheme for mutual helpfulness which in the end will benefit the individual more than the government.

A Double-Barreled Retort

Many wits shone in London society a century ago, none more brightly than George Colman, the younger. Here is one of the quips that were ever on his tongue:

A young man who had declared that he could not sing was pressed to entertain the company with a song.

"But I can't sing!" declared the young man, impatiently. "You just want to make a butt of me."

"Not at all, my good sir," said Colman. "We merely want to get a stave out of you."

Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

Around the Table of the New Year

"What would you do if you were a business girl this year?" writes an interested young woman who realizes that the reconstruction period will give first place to the survival of the fittest.

What would I do? I believe the term "business girl" includes every girl who is making an honest living. First—I would plan a systematic scheme for work and recreation. Let us outline our time. Of course it is not always possible to follow the "time table" exactly, but it is possible to be guided by it. And in planning time for recreation let us allow ourselves enough evenings at home to conserve our physical strength. Hundreds of girls become physical wrecks because they spend too many evenings away from home. There is a difference between recreation and dissipation. One blessing of the recent ban has been the opportunity it has given young women to rest evenings. I know we need a change from our work, but a change of work is more restful than haphazard dissipation.

A definite line of study along a particular hobby is often the best kind of recreation. Some of my acquaintances have done this, and in the end made themselves fit for a profession that yielded them much more than their regular work. This might be outside work that would require the necessary physical exercise, or if one does much physical work, recreation could be directed along thought exercise.

"We establish relations with our desires, with whatever is dominant in our minds, with the things we long for with all our hearts, and we tend to realize these things in proportion to the persistency and intensity of our longings, and our intelligent efforts to realize them."

Often I hear girls say: "I wish I could be a nurse, or a successful teacher, or an efficient business woman." I answer by saying: "Oh, no, you do not." To their astonishment I add: "You may become what you wish if you try hard enough, but fairies do not come these days and grant our wishes by the waving of a wand." There is no use denying the fact that we must develop our thinking power, and any exercise that develops physical strength will aid us mentally. We are not fair to our employer if we begin the day's work physically tired and mentally weary. Thought is a vital force as powerful as electricity.

"She that thinketh good may do,
For God will help her thereunto;
For never was a good work wrought
Without beginning of good thought."

We hope the civic authorities in towns and cities will think seriously of fitting up golf courses and tennis courts in the summer for our working girls and women as well as for the men. Nature has given us rich recreational opportunities in our Northern winter sports.

Second—Let us plan a systematic arrangement of our working tools. The writer lost hours and days of valuable time before she purchased her filing cabinets. Let every one of us begin a filing system now, that we may be able to find any paper, clipping or letter on a moment's notice. This method will mean progress in our work. Several teachers of my acquaintance have purchased filing cabinets after having been convinced of their value in the saving of time and worry. I always feel that it is worth while to show any ambitious young woman my filing cabinet. It is just as helpful to the home-maker as a convenient kitchen.

Third—What else would I do? I would buy a little savings bank for my small change, and every month convert it into thrift stamps. It is surprising to see how quickly small change may become a savings account. I know a girl who emptied her bank last month and found she had twenty-four dollars. She purchased with it six four-dollar stamps and pasted them in the little folder given her. This twenty-four dollars will mean thirty dollars to her five years from now. There is room in the folder for four more four-dollar stamps. She says a few denials will make it possible for her to complete the folder in three months. Then she will have ten stamps that will be worth fifty dollars to her in five years. That is, her investment of forty dollars now will

yield her fifty dollars in five years. I hope every reader of this page will begin this month to buy thrift stamps. It will be a patriotic help as well as the great value it means for herself. A young woman with a savings account possesses a certain feeling of independence that adds to her efficiency. Try it. You will be surprised at the fascination of the experience.

Three or four dollars will make a good beginning and it does not take long to spend that amount in theatre tickets, silk hose or an extra touch of style on the new boots. And now at the beginning of the New Year let us not admit that outside thoughts and conditions can affect us. When we do this we give up some of our divine inheritance—our God-given inheritance of "dominion over all things."

"Contentment comes neither by culture nor by wishing; it is a reconciliation with one's lot, growing out of an inward superiority to our surroundings." Some one says: "The only reason we have not accomplished greater things is because we have lacked faith in the ability to do it; we forgot, or ignored, if we did know, our oneness with our Father. To him that believeth all things are possible. Belief in God is the keynote of all our power."

"Build on resolve, and not upon regret,
The structure of thy future. Do not grope
Among the shadows of old sins, but let
Thine own soul's light shine on the path
Of hope,
And dissipate the darkness. Waste no
tears
Upon the blotted record of lost years,
But turn the leaf and smile, oh smile,
to see
The fair white pages that remain for
thee."

Gardeners of Citizenship

Recently some of our teachers have come to my home for an hour or two to talk over their work. I am always intensely interested in their work, especially now in the reconstruction period when the education of children is our most important work. Let us bear in mind that children rise to a sense of character through their knowledge of the people around them. "To educate good citizens we must surround them with splendid men and women." The effort for a higher, nobler national life can be attained first through our homes and second through our schools.

In every child there are infinite possibilities for good. Let us learn how to develop them and thus render to our country the highest service.

"What do we do when we teach the child?
We put a thought that is sweet and mild
Into a mind that is waiting for seed,
Into a heart that has never felt greed.
The man with such thoughts is never
beguiled,
For we teach the man when we teach the
child."

"What do we do when we teach the child?
We take the treasures that may be piled
In lesson or poem or Nature's store,
And transform them all into golden ore
Of character, which cannot be reviled:
A strong man comes from a well-taught
child."

"What do we do when we teach the child?
We take the nature untamed and wild,
And mold it into a life serene,
With a heart and will and judgment
clean;
We make the man who is undefiled
When we teach, as we ought, the little
child."

"What do we do when we teach the child?
We plant the truth where the undefiled,
Our Lord and Master, said freedom
makes
Through knowledge, true freedom comes
and takes
Its place and dominates passion wild;
We have saved the man when we've
saved the child."

My Work

Are we thankful for the blessing of work? Do we make excuses when it is not done well? "Excuses are the patches with which we seek to repair the garment of failure."

I think it was Henry Wadsworth

wrote this about work. It has helped me—perhaps it will help you:

"My Work"

"Let me but do my work from day to day,
In field or fort, at the desk or loom,
In roaring market place or tranquil room;
Let me but find it in my heart to say,
When fragrant wishes beckon me astray:
'This is my work, my blessing, not my
doom;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the right
way.'
Then shall I find it not too great nor
small
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers,
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring
hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows
fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me my work is
best."

We are not all asked to do the same amount of work—but the best we can do. "She hath done what she could."

Getting Acquainted

I know a Canadian girl who is corresponding with a French Belgian girl. A Y.M.C.A. worker was responsible for the correspondence that will make both girls bigger, broader and better. It is a fine experience in the life of each girl. Last July M. Audre Tordieu, the Franco-American war commissioner, received a proposal from the educational committee of Springfield, Massachusetts, to allow forty French girls to attend the Springfield Commercial School. Scholarships were given to the girls and Springfield families volunteered to receive the girls into their homes.

These young women will have a good course in business training and an opportunity to broaden their acquaintance with the world. The girls selected were young women who could not have afforded themselves an education.

All Tangled Up

She was hopelessly confused. You see she had hidden her engagement ring in a corner of her trunk while she went to her new position. Of course a young man in the new community fell in love with her. How could he help it when she was so attractive? And then, too, she had encouraged him. Now the problem that spoiled her Christmas vacation was, how to get rid of number two without hurting his feelings? He had made himself very helpful, and she had really placed herself under obligations to him.

Now who is to blame? I fancy other girls have had the same experience. This girl writes she is "all tangled up." Will some of our readers write me how to straighten the tangle? I think I know—but I want your help.

A Question

She came to me last week—a strong girl physically—and she wanted a little financial assistance. She has come to me before to borrow a little. I told her there was a demand for girls to do housework. It would be better for her to go into housework at once until she had a little money ahead. Which would have been the greater help to her—a loan, or an opportunity to work? Will our readers give me their opinion?

Cosmetics

We may paint and powder and blacken our eyebrows and wear false braids by the yard—but these do not make an attractive young woman. Yes, and we may absorb college books by the ton and yet be unpopular. You ask, then, what does make a young woman attractive, popular, successful?

"Womanly charm" is my answer. I've seen it in a girl who had not a whiff of powder on the end of her nose—and I've noticed it in a girl who had never entered the seventh grade in school.

Every normal girl wants to develop an attractive, magnetic personality. A woman's attractive power is her greatest force. A neat dress and a clean body essentially do make for womanly charm, and so does an education—but an agreeable personality expressive of nobility of character include these necessary attractions.

Sloppy, slovely manners, careless, indifferent dress and a mean disposition are not the possessions of women with womanly charm. We cannot afford to run all to brain, nor can we afford to run all to

dress. People avoid girls of repulsive personality. A plant turns itself away from darkness to the sunlight—so do people. We shrink from complaining, cranky dispositions. We love bright, cheerful girls, because their presence is a tonic.

Can we develop a personal magnetism that will make people like us? Yes, by forgetting self and by cultivating a spirit of cheerfulness and good will towards everybody. Do we speak a kind word for anyone under discussion? I know a popular young woman who does that very thing—and she is on one of our daily newspapers. I might add that she has had many splendid offers for other positions.

Let us select carefully our friends. The artist copies from perfect models. Our thoughts chisel on our faces our habits and moods. Let us worry no more if our faces are plain, or even if we are deformed. Orison Swett Marden says:

"I am the Creator's child. I have inherited an immortal beauty, and if it does not come out of symmetrical features, an attractive face, or a comely figure, I can develop a mental beauty and loveliness and attractiveness of personality that will overshadow mere physical beauty. I can develop beauty of mind, beauty of character. I can develop such a charm of personality as to make people forget my plain face."

"I tell you the world needs the sweetness of things

Far more than it does all the rest,
And who in its service that cheers it
and sings,

Is the one who is meeting the test."



Madame

Gloves are always in order, especially if the name DENT'S is on the gloves—it conveys the appreciation of the best, and is the guarantee of dainty finish, perfect fit and wearing quality.

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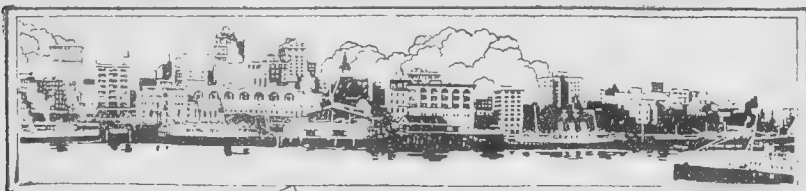


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How to Develop the Lungs

By Dr. W. C. Latson

Large, powerful lungs mean strength. Small, weak lungs mean weakness. No man or boy can ever succeed in any work requiring strength, energy or endurance, unless he be possessed of big, active lungs. This is true, no matter what kind of work it may be, in which he is interested. The man who turns up fresh and smiling after a twenty-round ring fight; the man who is as bright as a button after he comes in from a long distance run of ten miles; the fellow who can pitch for ten or eleven innings in a close baseball game, and be ready to do the same trick the next day and next—all such men and boys have, you will find, big chests and large, active lungs. In a word, I repeat that a large expanded chest and big, active lungs are always and inevitably the mark of the man or boy of exceptional strength or endurance.

Now, admitting this to be the case, what show is there for the fellow with a flat chest, round shoulders and small lungs—the fellow who can't run around the block without puffing wildly, and who, by the time he has finished his first set of tennis, is quite "tuckered out?" What chance is there for him to get big, active lungs and the power and endurance which can come only with big, active lungs?

Why, there is every chance in the world. All he has to do is to study the question as I have stated it in this and other articles of this series, and to practise carefully and perseveringly the exercises given in this article.

"And is this all?" you ask. No not quite, for he must also take care of his general health. He must eat simply, not too often; not too much. He must drink lots of water at times other than meal times. He must see that his skin is kept clean, and that his bowels act freely every day. He must avoid over-work, worry, anxiety, or great excitement. These things are, of course, bad for any boy (or any man, either, for that matter), and they cannot be but injurious to the boy who would develop his lungs.

In addition to paying careful attention to the directions just given, the boy or young man who would develop large and powerful lungs must take special exercises for that purpose. The change that can be brought about within a few months by the careful and persevering practice of these exercises is so surprising that few would believe it. I know, for instance, of one case in which a boy added within one year eight inches to the circumference of his chest. This addition was not a matter of "chest expansion," which does no good whatever, but merely strains the chest; but it was an increase in the habitual size of the body, owing to proper position in standing and walking, and to scientific lung development. I know of another case where a young woman has added eleven inches to the circumference of her chest within one year. I could mention many others equally striking. These cases prove absolutely what can be done by careful and systematic practice to expand and uplift the body and to increase the size and activity of the lungs.

Now, in developing the chest and the lungs, we have three things to bear in mind. First of all, the body must be properly carried. That is to say, the ribs must be expanded and uplifted, the back must be straight, the head must be carried erect. All these things can be gained by the careful and persevering practice of correct exercises.

The second thing is, there must be freedom from tight clothing. If the collar be too small, if the coat or vest be buttoned tightly around the chest, or if these garments be too tight around the shoulders or in the armholes, if the belt or trousers band or suspenders are so tense as to cause pressure upon the body—if any of these things be present, then it will be quite impossible to get the best results in the development of the chest, or of the lungs which are contained in the chest.

The third point to consider in the development of the lungs is the effect of proper exercise. Now, in this connection, let me say right here, that unless a boy intends to keep up these exercises regularly, there is little use in his starting them. To exercise fifteen minutes to-day, fifteen minutes day after to-morrow, fifteen minutes two or three days later than that—to do things this way, and then to expect results is unreasonable.

If any boy with small, weak lungs desires to have large, powerful lungs, he should make up his mind to give at least ten minutes twice a day to the exercises described in this article; to take care of his health as I have directed above, and, in addition to this, to spend as much time in the open air as possible. If any boy will do this, results are absolutely certain. Now for the exercises:

Exercise No. 1

Stand with heels together, toes turned slightly out, arms hanging at the sides. Now, inhale full breath slowly and gently, at the same time raising the arms straight up in front of the body until they are extended up above the head. Then, holding the breath, pass the arms in a wide circle downward and backward, palms forward, at the same time drawing the head up and back. After a few moments exhale the breath, relax the muscles and return to position. This exercise should be repeated from ten to twenty times.

Exercise No. 2

Stand easily, right foot slightly in advance. Inhale slow, full breath, swinging the arms straight out at the sides until the hands meet above the head, at the same time turning the face up toward the ceiling. Then without holding the breath, exhale gently, swinging the arms downward until they meet in front of the body, while head and body are bent forward. This exercise should be repeated from twenty to thirty times.

Exercise No. 3

Stand with heels together. Raise the hands straight up until they meet over the head. Then, holding the chest and shoulders rigid, bend forward toward the floor, at the same time inhaling the breath. After full breath has been taken, exhale at once while rising to erect position, arms still held fast on a line with the body. This exercise should be repeated from five to ten times.

Exercise No. 4

Stand with heels together, toes turned slightly outward. Place the hands at the sides of the waist, finger tips in front. Now, slowly inhale full breath, at the same time sinking the chest and bowing the head as much as you can. As you inhale, note that the waist expands causing the hands to be pushed farther away from each other. When full breath has been inhaled, let it out, at once rising to erect position. This exercise should be repeated from ten to twenty times.

It Sometimes Is

Willie, whose father was a candidate for office, ran into the house one day, according to the Farm Journal, and exclaimed: "O mama! Mr. Smith says papa's got the nomination. Is that worse than the measles?"

Blessed Friendships

Sir Philip Sydney ascribed much of his success in life to the fact that he "had a friend." Friendships are among life's most precious assets, constantly yielding dividends of inspiration and cheer. A rare friend whose affection is won in early years and retained all through life is a rich blessing. The greatest care should be taken in the forming of friendship, for while we make them they make or unmake us.

There is great choice to be had in the matter of companions, and not every chance of acquaintance, by any means, is worthy to be enrolled in the circle of one's close intimates. It is an old saying and a true that evil communications corrupt good manners. There are acquaintances who, unless we shake them off and keep them at a distance, will follow us all our days, like a malign influence, a pestilential shadow.

A good friend once made should be retained—grappled to oneself with "hooks of steel"—or, to use a pleasanter figure, with "bands of love."—Rev. C. A. S. Dwight.

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In Lighter Vein

In the Day's Work

A conversation printed in the Buffalo News, seems to indicate that in some communities the most burdensome duties of the postmaster are not always those that the government regulations prescribe.

Joe Henderson stamped into the post-office.

"Mornin', Mr. Morley!"
"Morning, Joe!"

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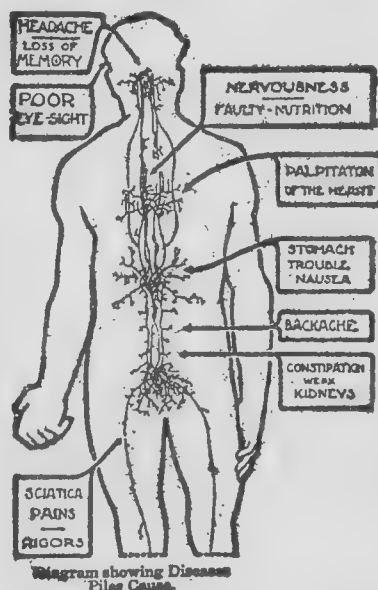
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"Has Tom Warden been in fer his mail yet?"

"No."

"Will you be here when he comes?"

"Yes."

"Well, when he comes, will you tell him that on his way from the cheese factory I wish he'd stop and get that shoat of Herman Langer's and take it down to Fred Wilkins, and tell Fred I said he could have it fer that single harness even up, if he'll fix up that bridle and throw in them russet lines 'stead of the old black ones; and if he won't swap, tell Tom to bring the shoat down to my place, and put it in the extra pen, and be sure and shut that door to the hen-house, or all the chickens'll get out. Sure there ain't no mail? Mornin', Mr. Morely!"

"Morning, Joe!"

A Serious Shortage

Sandy, a Scotsman that the Windsor Magazine tells about, had returned to his native village after a visit to London. When some one asked him what he thought of the great city, he said:

"It is a grand place, but the folks there are not honest."

"How is that?" asked his friend.

"Well, I bought a box of pins labeled 'a thousand for a penny,' and coming home in the train I counted them, and I found they were seventeen short."

When Brevity Won

A traveling salesman tells the following story in the Sunday Magazine: After a discouraging fortnight, I reached a large mill town in my territory early one Monday afternoon. I made a few calls on some of the shopkeepers, and learned that Peter Campbell, owner of one of the most unpretentious stores in town, sold more soap than all the others put together.

"He supplies about all the mills in the place with soap," I was told; "but he's a quaint old codger, a Scotsman, who'd as soon waste a dollar as a word. His only objection to the Imperial's man, with whom he does all his soap business, is that he talks too much."

I found Campbell a man seventy odd years old. He was doing a nice little business with the sole aid of a chap of sixteen, who acted as driver, errand boy, and assistant salesman. I waited until Campbell had finished tying up a bundle for a customer, then slowly approached him. He took me in at a glance, from the top of my derby to the tip of my shoe, and the following conversation ensued:

Campbell—Buy?

Myself—No; sell.

"What?"

"Soap," handing him my card.

"Satisfied—Imperial."

"Beat 'em, deliveries prompt, terms right."

"Imperial'll do."

"Ship trial order, guarantee satisfaction, money back."

"See your stuff."

At his last words, I opened my grip and showed him my attractive line without a word. He carefully handled every sample in the case, smelled of it, ran it over his face, almost bit it, observed the price with an occasional shrug of his shoulders and a grunt. Then he abruptly left me and went into his office, a mere hole in the wall, with a desk and chair in it. I nervously packed up my case, wondering if by chance he would give me a good order.

After a wait of ten minutes, he returned with a paper in his hand. Giving my back a resounding whack, he handed me the paper, and said:

"Order—rush—come again."

With a hasty handshake I was off, and when, at the corner of the street, out of sight, I finally opened my order, I was staggered. It was a whopper, my first big one, and the beginning of my success as a soap salesman.

The First Symptom

The church of a small town in the malaria country had a hot-air plant installed as a provision for cold weather, says a contemporary. On the Sunday when the new appliance was first used, a widow and her yellow-skinned, ague-stricken son came from their home, several miles away, to attend the service. As luck would have it, the usher escorted

the pair to a pew that was directly over a register. Presently, as the janitor fed the furnace in the basement below, the boy began to wriggle and twist.

"Ma," he whispered, "I got to go! I ain't feelin' well."

"What's the matter?" inquired his mother. "Air you fixin' to have another spell?"

"Yessum; must be," said the sufferer. "I kin feel the fever comin' up my laigs."

Vision

By Grace G. Bostwick

Had I the power

To stir mankind for but a single hour

In Christly-wise;

Why, I should dare,

With heart and soul aflame with ardent prayer,

To clear its eyes!

And I would raise

My voice to God in one glad cry of praise,

Just to have seen

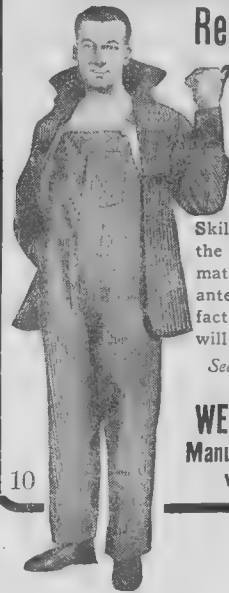
The radiant light—

The brotherhood of freedom, born of sight—

That this would mean!

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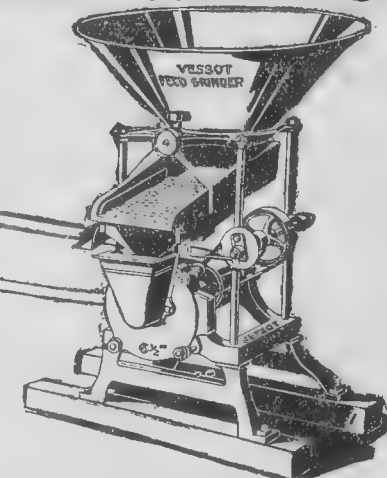
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Poultry

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STAMPS—Free package to collectors for 3 cents postage. Offer hundred different foreign stamps, including war issues, hinges, catalogue, 10 cents. We buy stamps. Marks Stamp Company, Toronto. T.F.

We cannot all have electric light in our homes in the country, let alone in our hen houses, but we can endeavor to get the fowls working in a deep litter as early as possible. By January 15th the days lengthen out considerably, and if the hen house windows get very frosted up from a severe cold spell chip off the frost and let in all the sunlight you can. All the poultry extras, such as beef scrap, granulated bone and green cut bone have climbed up dreadfully in price this winter, but on the farm, where any butchering is done, the blood and lights and other offal can be utilized for the poultry. Beef blood mixed with bran can be stored all winter in a cold place and used in a mash. Beef heads and surplus liver are also valuable as food, taking the place of high-priced egg producers.

Poultry Chat

Written for The Western Home Monthly by H. E. Vialoux

What a glorious New Year this will be, free from the hideous nightmare of war, which has haunted the world! Now we can indeed wish one and all "A Happy New Year," and take hold of life's problems with renewed faith and energy. What about the egg crop? How are the hens behaving this fine mild winter? Some flocks are giving an excellent account of themselves judging from reliable reports, whilst other "biddies" not so well cared for are on strike just when the demand for eggs for "flu" patients has been tremendous. Someone had the nerve to ask 25 cents each for new laid eggs in November in Winnipeg, and I only hope his would-be profiteer found few customers or rather victims in town!

Eggs are high, of course, this season all over the world, as predicted some months ago, and wise was the housekeeper who packed a couple of cases last summer for use in winter. Case eggs retailed at 65 cents in December, and newlaid eggs sell from 85 cents to \$1.00 per dozen. Grocers look for another advance in storage eggs, as stocks are light, and even higher prices prevail in the East.

New Yorkers are paying a fancy price for case eggs. In England the backyard poultry plant has proved a great success, keeping a few hens in really fashionable near London. Many women have become expert poultry keepers justly proud of their handsome birds of high degree that lay eggs worth from fourpence to fivepence each, so

immense. This experiment at the College has worked well so far, and the hens never laid so well before. Newlaid eggs from the College fetch from 85 cents to \$1.00 per dozen this winter. The birds were in splendid health from August 1st until December 10th. Only one pullet was lost, and that one met with an accident. Prof. Herner has compiled a new bulletin on "Feeding hens for eggs in winter," which is being published and may be had by January, 1919, from the Publications Branch, Provincial Government, Winnipeg.

If too bitterly cold often I poke some hay into the ventilator to check the draught a little. A crack in the window or wall of the hen house is often responsible for a serious cold for the poor bird that roosts in the draught.

Camphorated oil is useful for colds always. A little brushed into the nostril and about the head of a sick bird will cure a simple cold. Sometimes coal oil and camphorated oil mixed together can be used successfully. A soft feather should be used in applying anything of this sort, and if the throat is also sore the same mixture may be used. If the sick bird has white spots in the throat take a pinch of flowers of sulphur on the handle of a spoon and blow it into the hen's throat, as roup may come from such a cold. Disinfect the hands and be careful in handling all sick birds. Permanganate of potash, a pinch dissolved in the drinking water,



Feeding the family flock.

we can console ourselves we are not worse off than others as regards the price of new laid eggs.

The Agricultural College report a splendid season's work, and this winter Prof. Herner is making some very interesting experiments with his laying pens of hens.

1,200 pullets of various breeds are being wintered at the College at St. Vital, Man. The laying pens of hens are kept in comfortable houses, without any artificial heat, and in December fifty per cent of the fowls were laying.

Prof. Herner is demonstrating the value of electric light as an aid to egg production during the short winter days and long weary nights. At an early hour in the morning the light is switched on in the laying pens, and the hens hop down from their perches and work away for their morning meal; in fact, take a "constitutional" before breakfast, instead of waiting for the tardy December sun to creep in through a frosty window and "wake them up." There is no question about the matter. Hens will lay more eggs if kept busy scratching all the day time. Make their day long even in winter by means of the handy electric light, and more eggs will be produced by the flock. One of the best egg farmers near Winnipeg has used this system of making the hens rustle for a living for several seasons, and his crop of winter eggs is

should be given sometimes in winter, especially if the birds have colds.

Should a bird be unfortunate enough to freeze its feet at all, at once rub the frosted toes with snow. If very bad, put the feet into ice water until all frost thaws out, then rub the frost bites with camphorated oil or plain vaseline, and keep the fowl in a warm place for a few days. Frosted combs should be gently rubbed with either oil or vaseline at once, and the comb may be thus saved. Unless the hen house is bitterly cold hens of the utility breeds do not freeze their combs at all, but a cold might often nip the cockerel's high comb in January or February.

The boys' and girls' club (members) of Manitoba have sold thousands of birds this past fall, thus making a neat sum for themselves, and giving material and in the conservation of food. The children exhibited over three thousand five hundred birds at the fall fairs of the clubs in the province, and as only two or three birds are shown from each flock the number of fowls raised by the juveniles must have been immense, quite fifteen thousand I am sure. Fancy the boys' and girls' club of Belmont actually shipping a carload of live hogs raised by them into Winnipeg in December, and realizing more than \$3,000 for the eighteen thousand pounds in the car! This is the first carload of hogs raised by boys and girls ever shipped over a railway in Canada, if not in America. Three cheers for Belmont!

About the Farm

Bringing the Tree to the Western Farm

By Allan Campbell

There is something more than just planting in tree planting; it is akin to making history. Each day that passes on the bare prairie homestead is a day's growth lost of the shelter and beauty afforded by trees. The roughest looking layout of shack and log stable is given a great degree of dignity and attractiveness by the addition of some well selected trees. It is the trees that make the old place look like home, and their shade and shelter keep the rugged settler from becoming too rugged, as well as giving the children a greater sense of the sheltering influence of home than any bare prairie shack is capable of doing. Trees prove an antidote to the incessant glare of the sun, they tone down the strain of high winds, and are a beauty spot to the eye of the owner, and they favorably impress the passing traveller to a degree that many an expensive but treeless dwelling fails to do.

Like most other undertakings, the initial steps seem to present the greatest difficulties, but once the first sod is turned, figuratively speaking, the ice is broken, and the home beautiful is on the road to becoming an accomplished fact.

There are many kinds of trees from which to make a choice. For a quick growing windbreak the Laurel-leaved Willow or the Golden Willow are suitable. The Caragana (Siberian Pea Tree) makes a tight hedge and is perfectly hardy. It produces a pretty yellow flower, is nice looking and easy to grow. It can also be trimmed very level on top and sides. The Mountain Ash, or Rowan, has handsome rose-like leaves, but its great attractiveness is in the berries which turn a rich red in the fall. This tree is best planted as an individual ornament where it will not be crowded by others. The Colorado Blue Spruce is an evergreen of outstanding beauty, and will prove a great relief to the appearance of the home

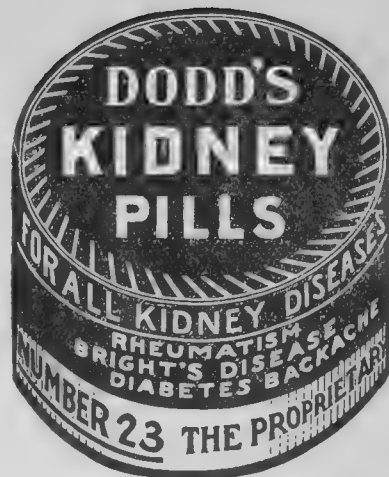
when the snow comes. The lilac and honeysuckle are both fine flowering shrubs and provide floral decorations which may be picked and kept in vases in the home. A tree of grandeur is the birch, as its white bark stands out in bold relief against the green surroundings.

Trees should be planted in the spring as soon as the land is thawed out sufficiently to be in a workable condition. A large hole is advisable for the planting of even a small tree, as it gives the young roots plenty of freshly dug soil in which to extend, while, on the other hand should the hole be too small, the roots will soon come in contact with the hard earth and be cramped for room. A very good method to observe in planting is as follows: As the hole is dug, throw the fine top soil on one side and the coarse lower soil on the other side of the hole. Before placing the tree in, throw a few spadefuls of soil in the hole to make a soft bed on which the

young roots may lie and the balance of the fine heap may be used for the filling in, carefully packing as you go, finishing up with the coarser heap as a top finish. Be sure to press the fine soil around the roots so as to exclude all air spaces and let the period that ensues between unpacking the seedling and planting be only a matter of seconds as it only takes a very short time of exposure to sun and wind to prove fatal to the young rootlets. Water thoroughly and do not let any weeds encroach on the soil that is contained within the area that was dug at the time of planting.

Salt for Pigs

There is perhaps nothing that is more necessary to the maintenance of health in animals than sodium chloride, or common salt. In the blood of all animals sodium is found in comparatively large quantities, and, therefore, for the proper maintenance of good health it is necessary that a certain amount of sodium chloride



should be assimilated in the daily food. It is found that an over-abundance of potassium eliminates the salt in the blood to pass as urine; therefore when feeding foods rich in potassium, such as peas, beans, potatoes, etc., care must be taken to supply a sufficiency of salt. It is, however, almost as dangerous to be too liberal as to be too sparing, as an excess of salt, by inducing a desire for water with which to wash it out through the sweat glands and the kidneys will frequently produce trouble by throwing too much work on the kidneys. This is especially noticeable in the case of pigs which have but very few sweat glands, and those congregated around the snout.

In our experience, we found the best method of supplying salt to pigs to be by placing a small quantity of salt and ashes mixed in their pens, or in a small box in the lot. The pigs run in when they can, and will help themselves to a sufficiency. In the case of fattening pigs, however, it is sometimes advisable to mix a small quantity with their food.

Poultry—Treatment for Simple Colds

As cold weather comes on, cases of dirty nostrils, snuffling, and more pro



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WINNIPEG

nounced cold symptoms, become increasingly common. A simple cold or catarrhal condition with some snuffling and accumulation of dirt or scales about the nostrils, is not necessarily a serious matter, and if the exciting cause is removed the trouble probably will right itself without treatment. Such colds are quite common among fowls, both old and young, and I question the practical necessity for being constantly on the watch for these symptoms, and keeping after them with some form of treatment particularly in the way of administering internal remedies.

Frankly, my own practice is to ignore them as far as special treatment is concerned, though if many fowls become affected I lose no time in trying to find and remove the cause or causes. Common sources of colds at this season are drafts on the perches or on the floor, huddling

in corners, crowding in small, poorly ventilated but drafty coops, etc. Whatever it may be, when the cause is removed the fowls usually will recover without medical treatment.

I am not advocating careless or slack methods, but from a practical standpoint the poultryman who gets anxious and worried over every case of light cold or catarrh that develops among his fowls will have little peace of mind the year around. The thing to do is to make sure that the fowls are not exposed to conditions which are known to cause colds, especially when they are on the perches, and to be on the watch for unfavorable symptoms—but not necessarily always on the jump, treating every light cold that develops.

About the easiest and simplest way to keep in touch with the health of the fowls in this respect is to go into

the house at night, after they are on the perches. If you do not hear any snuffling, wheezing or "whistling" you can rest easy. If any of these symptoms are noted the affected individual should be found and examined. Whether it should receive special treatment or not will depend upon circumstances.

No Trifling with Active Colds

In contrast with simple inactive colds or ordinary catarrhal conditions, active colds such as come on suddenly and are distinguished by excessive discharges from nostrils, watery eyes, acute bronchial inflammation, indicated by a peculiar whistle made in breathing, must not be neglected. They may not always be serious in themselves, but they pave the way for roup—one of the poultry keeper's most dreaded enemies.

The best form of treatment for active

colds will depend somewhat on the number of fowls affected and the seriousness of the trouble. If there are only a few, individual treatment may be practical, since one or two thorough treatments often are sufficient to stop the trouble. In the case of nasal discharges, watery eyes, etc., first sponge or swab the affected parts, using warm water to remove all scabs, pus, etc. Then flush out the nostrils with a rubber syringe and treat the eyes (held open for the operation) using a two per cent solution of boric acid. Repeat the treatment in twelve to twenty-four hours.

If two treatments do not effect a cure or at least material improvement, take the fowl out of the pen (if this has not already been done) and put it in a separate compartment or house. Then continue treatment if you care to do so, though as a matter of fact you cannot afford indefinite individual treatment unless the fowl is of special value, or you are indifferent to the amount of time spent.

Flock Treatment for Colds

Where several fowls in the flock have acute colds and all presumably are infected or exposed to the same danger, flock treatment is practical and should be successful if given in time, provided the condition causing the outbreak also is corrected. One simple method is to cover the drinking water with a film of kerosene—a teaspoonful will be sufficient for the average water vessel. In drinking, the fowls will have to dip their beaks through the oil, getting some of it on their faces and nostrils, also on the mucous membrane of mouth and throat. If they swallow a little so much the better. Often no other treatment than this is required.

Another plan that may be used with good results is to fill the house with a disinfecting spray, using one of those advertised in these columns, or some good coal tar disinfectant. Do this at night after the fowls have gone on the perches and saturate the air thoroughly so that the fowls will breathe the spray into their lungs, thus treating the membranes of nostrils, throat and bronchial tubes. This spray will also take care of infected eyes as well. One or two treatments often will effect a complete cure. If the house is large and it is possible to do so, the fowls may be enclosed on the perches by temporary curtains of muslin or burlap, which will make the treatment still more successful. There are various advertised roup remedies usually designed to be administered in the drinking water, and many of these are effective in treating colds.

Removing Sick Fowls from the Flock

The safest and wisest plan is always to remove sick fowls from the general flock and keep them isolated so that if the disease affecting them is a contagious one, there will be less danger of its spreading. There are, however, two practical difficulties in the way of carrying out this policy generally. One is that most persons do not have a suitable place to put the ailing birds. The makeshift quarters usually provided are inconvenient and isolated from the rest of the buildings, and neglect generally finishes any sick fowls that survive the disease. Another difficulty is that where this advice is literally taken it often results in the flocks being kept unsettled and disturbed much of the time, to the great disadvantage of all the fowls, sick and well alike.

While I stand loyally by the theory of isolation for sick fowls, when it comes to actual practice I believe in using a little discrimination. For minor ailments that do not appear to be of an infectious nature it certainly is undesirable to annoy the fowls or yourself by isolating them and later returning them to the general flock where they invariably will be treated as strangers and be compelled to fight their way to a mutual understanding again.

Where many fowls in the flock are affected at about the same time, it is safe to assume that infection is more or less general, in which case the practical thing to do is to treat all as sick, and give such general treatment as may be desirable right in their permanent quarters. In this, as in many other details, the caretaker can save a lot of work and worry by using a little good judgment along with his "rules"—even the most authoritative of them.

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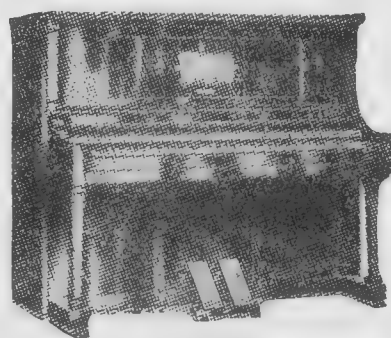
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Inbreeding

A writer in the English Live Stock Journal, writing on inbreeding, gives an instance which shows that there are laws limiting the extent to which inbreeding can be carried on. A highly intelligent farmer had a herd of good, useful cows of one of the leading breeds. They had been picked up anywhere for their good properties, without much care for the strains of blood they represented; but they had pedigrees, mostly short and of miscellaneous composition. The farmer purchased an untried yearling bull, exceedingly well bred, combining two or three virtually unrelated strains, yet to a certain extent wrought together by cautious inbreeding, and unrelated to his own stock. The first lot of heifers dropped proved such a choice lot that the owner decided to retain the bull as his sole stock bull. A second generation of heifers proved better than the first. Having succeeded twice, he thought he would try again. In the third generation he met with some disappointment. The experiment was not altogether satisfactory. Whilst the general character was maintained, there was a manifest loss of size and constitution, and some good heifers had to be fed off for the butcher. A fourth generation, so far as the experiments went (for, if the writer's memory was correct, only one or two calves ever appeared), tended to indicate that a natural law against such close inbreeding under domestication, at least in the breed of cattle under experiment, limited the use of the law of like begetting like, and the farmer confessed that he had "run to the end of his tether." The puny, utterly degenerate character of the sixth cross convinced him that the attenuated power had broken down. The old sire, for all that, was in full vigor, and his stock from unrelated cows, or from cows of the first generation, were as good and as strong as those of former years.

How to Tan and Mount a Coyote Hide

It is a very simple matter to tan a coyote hide and prepare it into a rug for the floor. To tan: Soak the hide well in soft water for three or four days to make it perfectly soft, then scrape off all the flesh and fat, when thoroughly cleaned put into a solution of equal parts of alum and common salt dissolved in hot water, three and one-half pounds alum, an equal weight of salt and six pints hot water. Leave in this brine for two days, then hang up and scrape or shave to soften. After scraping, put back into the brine for two days longer, then hang up till quite dry and scrape again. After this apply a coat of oil, roll up in damp sawdust and lay away till dry. Then apply a good coat of soft soap and roll again in sawdust. Work well again when dry to soften. The above recipe answers for any kind of hide. If the hide is intended for a rug for the floor it is not necessary to take all these precautions in order to soften it.

If it is desired to make the tanned coyote hide, cut a piece of wood flattened on one side and shaped on the other side to represent the head. The eyes can be procured from a local taxidermist for about 25 cents. Bend a pliable wire the shape of the ear and insert into the ear from the inside of the hide so as to have them appear life-like. Draw the head of the hide over the wooden form and mark the eyes on the wood. Remove the hide, scoop out hollows for the eyes and glue them into place in the wood or put them in with plaster of paris. Then stretch the head of the hide firmly over the wooden form and tack down securely. Blacken the mouth and around the eyes and varnish. Spread the skin out on the felt which is to be used for lining and baste all around. Mark all around with a crayon about three inches out from the hide, and cut around with a pinking iron. Sew the edge of the fur firmly to the felt and tack felt to the head-piece and the task is completed.

The Selection and Care of Harness

Quality of material and workmanship chiefly determines the value of a harness. The best harness leather is made from smooth-grained steer and heifer hides that are free from cuts and scars. After the hair has been removed the hides are carefully tanned by subjecting them to a series of oak-bark baths of increasing

strength. High-grade leather requires about a year for tanning; cheap leather is "chemically" tanned in a few weeks. It is easier to judge the quality of leather when it is in the "side" than after it has been made up into harness. The strength of a strap depends to a considerable degree upon the part of the hide from which it is taken and upon the way in which it is cut. Neck and belly pieces do not have the strength of pieces cut from the back and the side; and straps cut across the grain are weak. Because those things are hard to determine after leather is made into harness, the honesty of the manufacturer counts for much.

Skilled hand labor is an essential in the manufacture of the best-appearing and the highest-priced harness, but from the point of view of utility the harness sewed on the improved lockstitch machines is satisfactory. At any rate, choose the plain stitching—the sort that is free from scrolls or other fancy designs. In making heavy work-horse harness a combination of hand and machine work is highly satisfactory. Handwork is used except for the traces, which are sewed with a machine that pulls all the stitches uniformly tight.

The style of harness that you choose will depend of course upon the use to which you intend to put it. All harness should be neat and appropriate in design. On the farm, most men prefer harness that is free or almost free from fancy brass mountings and gay-colored celluloid rings. During the busy season there is little time to spend in polishing brass, and it does not look well unless you keep it clean. Furthermore, the time that would have to be spent in cleaning brass can usually be better spent in grooming. In general, the same considerations hold true for buggy harness; rubber mountings of the best quality are preferable to the more gaudy metal mountings.

Be sure that your harness is heavy enough for the use to which you intend to put it; but if you would avoid needless expense and weight, do not have it too heavy in the bridle, bit and backband, which do not bear the heavy strain of the load.

Fitting the Harness

Ill-fitting harness lessens both the quantity and the quality of the work that a horse can do. It may even be the means of converting an honest free worker into

an untrustworthy one or even into a balker. Proper attention to fitting harness is particularly important in the case of farm horses; the working season in the spring is so short that it is imperative to prevent all losses of time due to harness that does not fit. Even a novice can make his horse comfortable in harness if he will give careful attention to details.

A horse's disposition and the shape of his head are the two things that should govern the fitting of the bridle. Adjust the cheek pieces so that the bit will not be so low in the horse's mouth that it will bother him or permit him to get his tongue over it easily. On the other hand, it should not be so high as to raise the corners of his mouth and pinch his cheeks. The brown band must not pinch the thin skin at the base of the ears. Keep the blinkers in place and see that they do not fit too close in front.

The possibility of training and working some horses without blinds is not questioned, but many experienced farmers believe that the majority of horses work more comfortably and are less likely to "loaf on the job" when the harness includes blinds. The moderate use of side checkreins or plain bearing reins has

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Send at once for a copy of our Catalog, if you have not one already. Borrow your neighbor's book until your copy arrives. Don't lose a moment of time, as the sooner you begin sending orders the better your chance to win a bigger prize. Starting with the 15th of December, coupons to the full amount of your purchase will be sent with every order. Read the coupons for full instructions.

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No coupons will be issued by us after May 31st, and, in order to participate in the contest, your orders must be in our hands on or before that date.

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\$5,000.00 in Victory Bonds have been deposited in the Dominion Bank, Winnipeg, and these will be distributed to the lucky winners as soon as the judges have made their awards.

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CANADA

in its favor the fact that it prevents the horse from getting his head down to eat grass and the bridle from being caught on the ends of the pole.

For heavy work, well-made leather collars give the longest service. No part of the harness deserves more careful fitting. A collar should so fit that when the horse holds his head in the position in which he keeps it when at work the collar, when pressed firmly back with the hands, will have an even contact against all parts of the shoulders and leave space enough at the windpipe for the flat of your hand. By carefully selecting one of the many different styles of collars, it is possible to fit almost any horse.

A short trial will show what adjustment of the hame tugs is necessary to bring the pressure at the proper points. A common

mistake is to let them remain too low. In adjusting the hame straps, buckle them as tight as possible at the bottom. Failure to do that has spoiled many new collars. If you wrap a new collar overnight with wet gunny sacks before you use it, you will find that it will shape to the horse's neck very quickly. A considerable saving in collars will result from putting them on and taking them off over the head rather than by unbuckling them at the top, as many farmers do. Sweat pads are a necessary evil in some seasons of the year when horses suffer a considerable loss of weight.

Breastplates are useful for light work. Adjust the shoulder strap so that the breastplate is low enough not to interfere with the windpipe, and high enough not to hinder movement. An extra heavy

breastplate lined with sheepskin is useful as a substitute for the regular work collar when the neck or shoulders of the horse become galled.

The right adjustment of the other parts of the harness is simple enough: the saddle should fit the back and the backstrap should not be too short; the crupper should be of good size, smooth and well stuffed; and the breeching should be neither too low nor too tight.

In putting a horse to a vehicle, remember to adjust the lines before you fasten the traces. Observing the right order in "hitching up" has prevented many accidents.

Care of the Harness

No one can expect to take care of harness properly without a suitable place in which to hang it. In damp stables

leather moulds quickly. The presence of mould indicates that moisture is taking the place of the oil upon which depends the life of the harness. Ammonia from manure also causes leather to deteriorate; but in regularly cleaned, airy stables it is safe enough to hang the harness on a hook behind each horse, or by means of a rope and pulley to haul it up and out of the way on the post at the rear of the stall partition. If there are several horses in your stable, you should, of course, have a central room in which to store supplies and extra sets of harness, with a bench and materials for minor repairs in it. Valuable harness should be kept in tight cases in a room where there is some artificial heat.

At least twice during the year you should entirely take apart, clean and oil all work harness. The less water you use the better, but, of course, some harness is so dirty that mere sponging alone will not remove the dirt; you will have to soak it for fifteen minutes, then scrub it with soap and brush. Use warm, soft water; if the water is hard, add a handful or two of sal soda to the tubful.

After you have rinsed the harness, wipe it with a rag or chamois and hang it on a wooden horse to dry. Keep it in a warm place, and as soon as it is dry apply Neat's-foot oil with a rag or a sponge. Several applications are desirable, and it will pay to rub the oil well into the leather with the hands. Neat's-foot oil is the best for the purpose; you can make it black by adding one tablespoonful of lampblack to a pint of oil. Under no circumstances is it advisable to use a drying oil, such as linseed oil. Low-grade vaseline is useful for smearing over harness that is to be stored for a considerable length of time. Harness that you are constantly using needs frequent sponging and treatment with some good dressing.

When you desire a brilliant black finish to the harness, use one of the standard harness compositions. They are similar to the best shoe pastes, and there is in fact no objection to using shoe polish except the extra expense. Apply the paste evenly with a dauber, then polish the harness with an ordinary blacking brush, and finally with a flannel rag.

For cleaning the metal mountings, the paste and the liquid metal polishes on the market are equally effective, but the paste is usually more economical because it does not evaporate so quickly as the liquid. Clean the steel bits by washing them in soapy water, then smearing them over with a cake of soap and polishing them with silver sand. The soap helps to make the sand stick. The fingers are of most service in rubbing the sand on the bits; a pine stick can be used in parts too small for the fingers. When you have finished the sanding rinse the bit, dry it with a cloth, and burnish it with a small steel burnisher. Forged-steel bits are the strongest, and also the best looking if they are kept clean. Careful drying and wiping with an oily rag after they have been used will prevent them from rusting.

There is a satisfaction in using harness that you have kept in first-class condition, and there is also the knowledge that in caring for it properly you save both time and money.

Health in the Stable

By W. Gregg, V.S.

Ventilation

Few farmers are aware of the importance of properly ventilating their stables.

During the course of my practice I have had occasion to visit many stables, and have seen the results of negligence in this respect.

In order to illustrate the importance of proper ventilation in stables, it will be necessary to consider briefly the action of respiration, taking for our subject the horse.

The use of respiration is to bring into contact with the blood a fresh supply of oxygen, and to liberate therefrom the carbonic acid gas accumulated in the blood returning from the various tissues. It may be said to be an interchange of gases between the blood and the medium in which the animal lives.

The horse, when placed in an enclosure properly ventilated, will inhale eighty cubic feet of air in one hour, and during the same time will eliminate from the blood in exhalation four cubic feet of carbonic acid gas and other waste sub-



There is the Mending to Do

WHEREVER there are children there is plenty of mending to do, and what mother does not dread the mending of clothes and stockings?

It may seem easy work, but there is no more severe strain on the eyes, and eye-strain is nerve-strain.

Unfortunately, it is usually necessary for the busy mother to leave the mending until some quiet hour when the children have been got off to bed. This necessitates working by artificial light, with unusual straining of the eyes.

It is this straining of the eyes which makes one feel so tired after mending, sewing, shopping or doing fancy work.

When you think of how constantly the eyes are employed, and of the continual changing of the focus to suit the distance of the object viewed, you may not be surprised to know that the optic nerve consumes an enormous amount of nervous energy.

For this reason straining of the eyes brings on fatigue, and often leads to nervous breakdown.

There is no magical way by which exhausted nerves can be restored.

It takes time and patience in order that the depleted nerve cells may be nourished back to health and vigor, but you may be sure of satisfactory results if you use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food regularly.

We know that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is composed of the vital substances which go to the upbuilding of the nervous system. We have the utmost confidence in its curative properties, because we have seen it tested in so many thousands of cases. But how are we going to prove this to you unless you try it? You are the one to be benefited, so it remains for you to make the test.

Try it when you feel tired out and discouraged. Try it for sleeplessness and irritability. Try it for nervous headache and indigestion. It is not a mere relief, and for this reason you must persevere in its use until the lost vigor is restored to the nerves. The fact that the results are both thorough and lasting will encourage you to continue the use of this food cure until you feel strong and well.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 for \$2.75, all dealers, or Edmansons, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto. The portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., are on every box of the genuine.

stances. The latter, it will be noticed, is just five per cent of the amount of air inhaled. What takes place when the same air is inspired a second time? We find that it contains little or no nutritious substances for the blood, but will eliminate therefrom in exhalation five per cent more of the gas. It now contains ten per cent in all. In a third inspiration of the same air we find that it not only contains no nutritious substances, but it will receive no more of the gases or effete material, being charged to its utmost capacity with the latter, and is therefore possessed of functional inactivity, and if the animal be not allowed pure air from which the blood may obtain oxygen we have asphyxia.

A good illustration of the effect of the exclusion of oxygen from the blood is seen when an animal is placed under the influence of chloroform, as the latter drug acts by preventing the oxidation of the blood and produces death by asphyxia.

I give these two illustrations to show that, while respiration may be performed

nourishment to the latter and to carry away therefrom all waste matter.

I would strongly recommend that all breeding animals be allowed to run as much as possible in the open air during pregnancy, and I am sure that if this rule were closely observed the offspring of such animals would be much stronger when parturition takes place.

Raise Rabbits and Help Solve the Meat Problem

By S. Hester Fenton

The boys and girls of Western Canada can materially help the meat situation by raising rabbits. The boy in the first snapshot has 56 rabbits. Every other day he feeds them with meal once. The rest of their food consists of lawn grass, dandelion plants and the weedings and thinnings from his garden. I wish you could see him busily mowing the school lawn and



to all appearance in a normal manner, we may have death produced owing to the blood not having received the proper amount of pure oxygen.

Space will not permit my enumerating the various diseases caused by improper ventilation. Suffice it to state that from my own experience, I feel safe in saying that seventy per cent of the diseases met with in my practice have been produced by negligence in this respect; not only by producing the disease itself, but by converting a healthy system into a condition favorable to the same.

The reader should bear in mind that respiration is performed solely for the purpose of purifying the blood, and that the vitality of every tissue of the body is dependent on the latter; hence the importance of a healthy condition of the blood.

It is very important that breeding

carrying home the grass to his rabbits I know twenty boys who keep these little creatures, and in Grand Forks, British Columbia, the dandelion is rapidly diminishing as a consequence. One little fellow I met with a long sharp knife at work by the wayside taking roots and all, for as he carefully explained the rabbit finds the root delicious.

Young rabbits sell for 50c a pair. They multiply rapidly, and as the rabbits multiply the boys subtract. One boy sold 40 pairs this spring. The skins are worth from 50c to \$1.00 a piece.

As meat rabbit flesh is almost equal to chicken. It may be cooked in a variety of ways. Stuffed with sage and onion and roasted is a favorite mode with many. Rabbit stew and rabbit pie are both delicious. I have tried all three, so know. Anyone who can cook chicken can cook rabbit. For some reason there has been a



animals have abundance of pure air during the period of gestation, as the foetus receives oxygen from the blood of the mother.

The latter is received in what is known as the "villi," which attach the placenta to the uterus (womb) of the mother, and the change which takes place in the blood in the villi is similar to that which occurs in the lungs of the mother.

The blood of the pregnant animal does not circulate through the foetus, as is generally supposed but serves to convey

prejudice in Canada against this little animal as an article of food, but it has always found favor in England, and Ostend rabbits were always popular in the London markets.

A good variety to start with is the Flemish hare. It is a large animal. The illustration will show a suitable hutch. A sloping ladder or gangway from the upper to the lower hatches provides bunny with exercise. When he knows his home he may be allowed out occasionally for additional exercise in the garden.

Retaining the Attractiveness of Youth



There is no good reason why every woman should not continue to increase in attractiveness as she grows older, until long after she has attained middle life. The most fascinating women in history were well along in years at the time of their greatest triumphs. Josephine was 34 years old when she captivated and married Napoleon; Cleopatra was upwards of 40 when Anthony sacrificed the whole world rather than be separated from her at the battle of Actium; and Madame de Maintenon was almost 50 at the time of her marriage to Louis XIV. In everyone's list of acquaintances are women no longer young, but well preserved, and possessing a charm and graciousness of manner that make them extremely popular.

And yet, how often does it happen that women who were belles in their younger days, sought after and admired by their acquaintances of both sexes, lose, to a large extent, as they advance to early middle life, the attractiveness that used to be theirs. The eye loses its lustre, the bloom on the cheek gives way to an expression of care, and she becomes fretful, easily discouraged and irritable. She is keenly conscious of this condition and is inclined to become moody and fearful of losing the regard of her husband and friends.

Why is it that some women continue to improve in appearance and womanly qualities, while others rapidly lose their beauty and their agreeableness? The explanation lies wholly in the perfect or imperfect operation of the female functions. If perfect circulation be maintained in the womanly organs, all waste matter is regularly eliminated, and the nerves and tissues are properly nourished by the blood circulating freely and without obstruction. There is a very close sympathy between the nerves in these organs and those which give expression in the face and eyes, and with proper circulation in the womanly organs the nerves of the face and eyes are strengthened and invigorated, giving that happy, contented and magnetic feeling and expression that goes with true womanliness.

If, however, the circulation in these organs is imperfect or obstructed, the blood becomes stagnant and congested, the nerves and tissues are not properly nourished and they are oppressed by the presence of waste matter which should have been eliminated, but which is still held on account of the impeded circulation. This condition is bound to cause fretfulness, irritation, lack of confidence, etc., as well as more or less physical suffering, and unless it is corrected it will certainly lead to some of the graver forms of what are usually called female disorders.

To overcome this trouble and restore the right conditions, it is evident that the circulation in the organs must be improved. This is exactly what ORANGE LILY is designed to do. It is applied direct to the suffering parts and is absorbed into the circulation. The first effect is that the waste matter which has been accumulating is discharged, giving a feeling of immediate relief, and the nerves and tissues are toned and strengthened, so that in a comparatively short time Nature restores normal circulation, with all which that implies.

Kingston, Ont., May 10, 1904.

Dear Mrs. Ladd,—I have been intending to write to you for several days because I want to tell you how much better I have felt since I commenced using ORANGE LILY about four months ago. Before I started I felt half the time as if I didn't have a friend in the world, and I was always worrying over something. I would be so despondent I could cry by the hour, and I could give no cause. I have used three boxes of ORANGE LILY, and feel like a new woman. I never bother about the trifles that used to worry me and wonder how I could be so foolish. I am cheerful and keep in good spirits and know I am looking better. I enclose \$1.75 and ask you to send me one box of ORANGE LILY and one bottle of Blush of Roses. I have not used ORANGE LILY for the past few weeks, and I do not feel that I need it now, but I do not want to be without it in case any of the old symptoms should return. I will always remember you with gratitude, for I know that this great change is due to ORANGE LILY.

MRS. B. C. C.

There are hundreds of women in every part of the country who are suffering more or less like this lady. They are not sick in the ordinary sense of the term, and yet they are far from being well. They can easily be cured if they attend to the trouble now but it will surely get worse if left to itself. As ORANGE LILY acts entirely and only on the nerves and tissues where the trouble exists, it effects a rapid and positive cure, and the result is noticeable from the start.

Free Trial Offer

I will send without charge, to every reader of this notice who suffers in any way from any of the troubles peculiar to women, if she will send me her address, enough of the ORANGE LILY treatment to last her ten days. In many cases this trial treatment is all that is necessary to effect a complete cure and in every instance it will give very noticeable relief. If you are a sufferer you owe it to yourself, to your family and to your friends, to take advantage of this offer and get cured in the privacy of your home, without doctor's bills or expense of any kind.

Should any lady desire medical advice or information on any special feature of her case, I will be happy to refer her letter to the eminent specialist in women's diseases, Dr. D. M. Cooley, President of the Cooley Medical Institute, Detroit, Mich., and he will answer her direct. Dr. Cooley is the discoverer of ORANGE LILY, and has had over 30 years' experience in the treatment of these diseases. No charge will be made for this medical advice. Address, enclosing 3 stamps, Mrs. Lydia W. Ladd, Windsor, Ont.



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Young People

Valentines! Valentines!

Teddy got a comic one—
"Twasn't very nice;
Susy's was a lace-trimmed square—
My! it cost a price!

Jessie got a string of hearts—
Tom sent that, I know;
Lily got a spangled card
With a verse or so.

Baby got about fifteen,
She is such a pet;
You should hear her "goo" and "coo"—
She's playing with them yet!

Mama got a scented box,
Smelled like heliotrope;
Pussy got some catnip leaves
In an envelope!

My! What fun! And how we cried,
"Oh, look at mine!" "And mine!"
I wonder what is nicer than
To get a valentine?

—Susie M. Best.

The Bear's Third Tale

"It is your turn to choose the nursery rhyme for our story, little man," said Bear to Jackie the next afternoon as they sat round the nursery fire. "Have you thought of one?"

"Oh, yes," exclaimed Jackie eagerly, "I have had mine ready since the day before yesterday, it is,

"Little Jack Horner sat in a corner
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb and pulled out a plum
And said, 'What a good boy am I.'"

"Very well," said Bear, "there is a nice story about that. Once upon a time, it must begin like that, mustn't it," he remarked with a smile at Jackie, "once upon a time there was a boy called Jack Horner. He was one of a family of eight boys and girls, and at the time of this story he was nine years old. Like all other boys and girls he had his faults; he was a little inclined to be greedy and was sometimes disobedient, but what troubled his mother most was, he never would own that he was in the wrong. According to him he was always a good boy, and whatever went wrong it was not his fault. One day not very long before Christmas, Mrs. Horner had been making some plum pies, and on the evening on which my story really begins, these pies were standing in a very tempting row on the pantry shelf. Now for some reason or other Jack could not get to sleep that night, and as he lay awake his thoughts kept turning again and again to the pies on the pantry shelf. "I think," he said to himself at last, "I will go and look at them." So he slipped out of bed very softly so as not to wake his little brother who shared his room, and crept noiselessly downstairs. All the lights were out and everyone had gone to bed, but Jack knew his way about the house so well, that the darkness did not trouble him, and when he softly opened the pantry door there was the moon looking at him through the window and casting a pale silvery light on the tempting row of pies on the shelf.

Now as I expect you have guessed Jack had not taken the trouble to go all the way downstairs on a cold night just to look at the pies, oh no! he had meant all along to have a taste, and he now seized one, and looking round guiltily, he sat down on a box in the corner behind the door and began making a hole in the pastry with his thumb and finger. Then in he dived, and brought out a nice fat plum. He was so busy with his pie that he never noticed that someone was standing in the moonlight watching him intently. This someone was a little old man dressed all in white with a white cap on his little head, and he stood for some minutes looking at Jack as he devoured the pie. Then he chanted in a shrill penetrating little voice:

"Little Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie,
He put in his thumb and pulled out a plum,
And said 'What a good boy am I.'"

Long before he had finished the first line Jack had dropped what was left of the pie on the floor, and sat gazing at his visitor with wide open eyes and still wider opened mouth. He was dreadfully fright-

ened. What should he do? The little man was between him and the door or he would have made a rush for the stairs and his bed. As it was he simply sat and stared, afraid to move.

"So you are the boy who is never in the wrong, are you?" chuckled the little old man. "I suppose that that is your own pie, and that your mother told you that you could come down in the middle of the night and eat it."

If Jack had not been afraid to move he would have hung his head for shame, as it was he only stared harder than ever.

"Now I think," said the little man, "that I will take you with me to see some boys who really are good, but we will not let them see us. Here put this on," he continued, and he pulled out of his pocket two little black caps, and handing one to Jack put the other on over his own little white one. "No one can see you while you wear that cap," he said. "Come on," and Jack most unwillingly had to obey. He seemed to have lost all power over his own legs and arms, and was obliged to follow his little guide.

"You don't know my name," said the little man, "but you can call me Mr. C., and sometime I will tell you what the C stands for."

Mr. C. jumped up on the window sill and Jack followed. Then all of a sudden he found himself flying through the air with Mr. C. by his side. He was desperately frightened, but could not find enough breath to call out as they were going so fast. On and on, on and on, would they never stop? At last bump, bump, they had come down to earth in the middle of the crowded street of a large city. On both sides of the street were brightly lighted shops. They had stopped in front of a pastry cook's, and the window was full of all kinds of nice looking cakes. A ragged boy of about Jack's age stood looking with longing eyes at the tempting display. Presently a richly dressed lady came out of the shop, and seeing the wistful eyes of the little boy she turned back again, and buying a large bun handed it to the child in a bag. "Thank you, ma'am," he said. He took the bun out of the bag and seemed about to start on it at once. Then he hesitated, put it back in the bag and turning away started running quickly down the street. Off set Mr. C. in pursuit, and Jack was obliged to follow. The boy turned down into some narrow streets and ran on until he came to a small shack in one of the poorer parts of the city. He opened the door and went in, followed by Mr. C. and Jack. On a bed in the corner of a small room lay a little girl, such a poor, thin, pale little child. Here eyes brightened as she saw the boy enter. "Oh, Joey," she cried, "I am so glad you have come home. Mother has been out washing all day, and I've been so lonely."

"Never mind, Cissy," said the boy kindly, "I've got something for you, now guess," and he held up the bag for her to see. Such fun they had over the guessing, and then how Joey enjoyed watching the little girl eating the bun, but he would not taste a morsel himself.

"Now," said Mr. C. as they turned and left the house. "What do you think of that boy? He is certainly not selfish and greedy like some boys we know, is he?" Jack made no answer, and on they flew again. It seemed a very long time before they came to earth again, and this time the scene was a very different one. They found themselves in the country and standing near the bank of a river. Several boys were playing round and just after the arrival of Jack and his guide another boy came sauntering up. Jack noticed at once that he seemed rather a different style of boy from those he had first seen. Their clothes were rough and their boots thick and heavy, in fact they looked what they were just country boys, while the newcomer on the contrary wore very neat and fine clothes, and altogether seemed very spic and span, as though he had just been turned out of a tailor's shop. Jack thought he looked as if he would like to join the others in their play, but as he drew nearer to them they all began to laugh and jeer at him. "Oh my, ain't he fine," remarked one, while another slipped behind him and knocked off his cap, and a third walked up to him and with a mocking voice and a glance at his silver watch chain, said: "Please, sir, could you tell a poor feller the time?"

At this the others set up a roar of

Laid Up For 2 Months

WITH PAINS IN BACK.

Pain in the back is one of the first signs showing that the kidneys are not in the condition they should be, and it should be gotten rid of immediately, if neglected, serious kidney troubles are likely to follow.

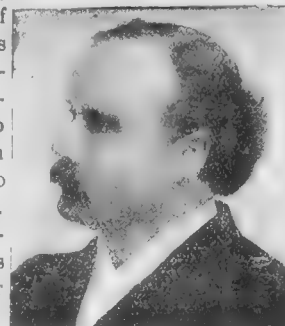
There is a way to "shake off" for ever the constant pain of backache, the annoyance of urinary troubles and all dangers of kidney ills. Go to your druggist or dealer; get a box of Doan's Kidney Pills; take a few doses, and see how quickly your backache will disappear.

Mr. Hugh Morton, Daysland, Alta., writes:—"I am glad to feel it my duty to let you know what great relief I found by using your Doan's Kidney Pills. I was laid up for two months with pains in my back and I found relief after having taken half a box of 'Doan's.' I cannot recommend them too highly to anyone having weak kidneys, as they have been a great help to me."

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laughter and their victim flushed painfully, but he evidently meant to keep his temper. He answered them pleasantly and seemed to wish to be friendly, but they on the other hand seemed determined to do nothing but tease. At last one of them said, "Let's get a willow and dust his new coat for him," he ran to the river as he spoke, and began wrestling with one of the willows that grew on the steep bank. Suddenly the branch that he was tugging at gave way unexpectedly. The boy had been leaning over the bank, and unable to regain his balance he fell with a loud splash into the deep water below. His companions rushed to the bank and stood gaping round watching him struggling in the water, and listening to his screams for help. Suddenly they were pushed aside, and their new acquaintance, stripping off his fine coat as he went, plunged into the icy waters. It was an anxious moment, but the rescuer, though he was not much of a swimmer, kept his head, and in a few moments he succeeded in helping the terrified boy to a place where the bank was not so steep, and they both scrambled out very wet and cold, but otherwise apparently none the worse for their adventure.

"A brave boy that," commented Mr. C., "and one who can keep his temper, too, I wonder if he is thinking what a good boy he is." At this moment the group of boys passed by them, and they heard the words, "Oh, shut up, you fellows,



His Majesty the Owl.

it's nothing to make a fuss over." "He is not conceited either," added Mr. C., and hurried Jack from the scene.

Jack wanted badly to go home, but he never seemed to get breath enough to speak. They were off again now, flying over the fields and woods until they came to a small cottage several miles from any town. A boy was standing just inside the doorway, and two other boys were on the doorstep talking to him eagerly. "You may just as well come, Alfred," Jack heard one of them say. "We shall be back long before your father wants you, we saw him driving off to the mill with the miller, if you don't come to-day it may snow to-night and then the ice will be spoilt."

"I tell you I can't come," said Alfred, decidedly. "Father told me to wait till he came home as he might want to send me with a message."

"But he would never know," said one of the boys, "if you did not stay too long."

"That doesn't make any difference," answered Alfred, "he told me to stay, and I won't be a sneak."

"Well, anyhow, you're a muf," answered his friend. "Go and sit by the fire and nurse your dolly till daddy comes home," and his two friends walked off swinging their skates, leaving Alfred standing in the doorway.

"A fine boy that," said Mr. C., "he has learnt to obey, and he has moral courage, which after all is the highest sort."

How angry Jack felt with the little man! he longed to tell him to "Shut up," but he did not dare to. Instead he muttered grumblingly, "You seem to think an awful

lot of these chaps of yours though you're so down on me."

"Well, I certainly don't think much of you," remarked Mr. C. and before Jack had time to answer off they flew again.

The next time they stopped they were back again at the pantry window. "I've brought you home again," said Mr. C., "and now I will say good-bye for the present, but I am not going to leave you alone altogether. Before I go I will tell you what the C stands for unless you can guess."

"I'm sure I don't know," said Jack, sulkily, "unless it's Cross."

"That isn't such a bad guess," said the little man. "A boy like you is enough to make folks cross, but all the same you haven't guessed right. My name is Conscience, and if you think it over you will see that you cannot expect to be happy with me when you have not been doing right. Now off you go to bed, and don't eat any more pies."

"Is that all," said Jackie as Bear finished his tale. "Can't you tell us some more naughty things he did?" Bear smiled, "We can't stay here all night," he replied, "or we shall have Mr. C. after us, too. Come, Forbear, we must be off. Good-bye, my dears, good-bye," and the two Bears trotted away.

In Letters of Gold

From Palestine a beautiful Greek copy of the Gospel of St. Matthew was recently sent to the National Library in Paris. It is written in letters of gold on purple parchment, and consists of forty-three large quarto pages, which contain about one-third of the Gospel. It is supposed to be the oldest document in existence which is written in gold letters. This is a notable fact, for the reason that the two other most celebrated purple parchments, the Genesis, in Vienna, and the copy of the

Gospels, at Rossano, in Italy—are written in silver letters.

The officials of the National Library are inclined to believe that the document was written during the closing years of the reign of Justinian.

The lower border of five pages of this document is decorated with miniatures, of which four are especially noteworthy. They represent the following scenes from the New Testament: Herodias and the beheading of John, the miracle of the loaves and fishes, the blind men of Jericho, and the withered fig tree.

Miller's Worm Powders act mildly and without injury to the child, and there can be no doubt of their deadly effect upon worms. They have been in successful use for a long time and are recognized as a leading preparation for the purpose. They have proved their power in numberless cases and have given relief to thousands of children, who, but for the good offices of this superior compound, would have continued weak and enfeebled.



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Woman and The Home

My Laddie

Rain on the meadows is falling,
Bathing the grass and the flowers
Rain, and its soft patter echoes
In my heart, as the clock ticks the hours.

Only the patter of raindrops,
And the clock, breaks the silence of pain;
As I sit in my window and listen,
To the soft dropping down of the rain.

Rain and a wind from the Eastward,
A wind that is blowing from you;
Ah! it is bringing a message,
A sigh from your heart brave and true.

As I longingly gaze from the window
Through the mist a form seems to rise;
A phantom form of my loved one,
Seen through mist, and the tears in my eyes.

And I see your dear face, in the gloaming,
Pale and set, through the mist of my tears;
But I see in your eyes the love glowing.
Tender and true through the years.

I reach out my hand to caress you,
But you vanish away in the gloom;
And only the patter of raindrops,
And the clock's tick is heard in the room.

Ah, laddie! I'm waiting and longing
For your voice, and the touch of your hand;
But not till your duty is ended,
And peace is again in our land.

Is It Fair

Written for The Western Home Monthly
By Mrs. Nestor Noel

Years ago, in England, there lived a woman who was rather well-to-do. Her children had the loveliest toys:—Indian cabinets, real Derby china sets, French jointed dolls and a doll's house. One day the woman became poor, not really so, only she got into temporary financial difficulties. Then she sold her children's toys, without even consulting them! Was it fair? When she became better off, she gave them each a toy. The youngest, taking her new doll, eyed her mother mistrustfully, and oh! the pathetic tone in the childish voice as she asked: "Is it really mine?" Could such a child ever understand the real meaning of "Mine" and "Thine?"

A year ago, a similar instance came to my knowledge, and this time it happened in Canada. A little boy of seven had saved up all his dimes and nickels, until they reached the fabulous sum of one dollar! He may have been given a few cents; but mostly they represented such work as he could do—picking up potatoes, tending to the garden and pulling up weeds. In a few days he would go to town. The hard work was forgotten. At night he lay awake for hours, spending his dollar, over and over again. And anyone who understands children will realize the possibilities of one whole dollar!

He did not go to town. His mother went instead. On her return he told her, with anguish in his voice, that he had lost his precious dollar. It was not in his old, worn out purse!

"O, that's all right," she answered him. "I took it and spent it."

Then there was a terrible scene. The little boy threw himself on the floor and kicked and screamed! Later on, when I asked the mother why she took the money, she said that she needed it. And she told me the story—laughing! My whole heart went out in sympathy to the poor little boy. Did he lose trust in his mother for ever after? I am afraid I should have done so had I been in his place!

Another instance of childish saving comes to my mind. This time it was a little girl who, by presents and otherwise, had as much as three dollars in her purse. Her parents, through delay in threshing, were in temporary difficulties. They explained this to their child, and borrowed the money from her with her full consent. Later on when they took their grain to the market, they not only returned the three dollars to their child, but they gave her twenty-five cents extra for having lent it! This was surely fair. There are many cases of this kind occurring all over Canada, and many times I think the

parents are like those in my first two incidents. All three of these are true stories. I have not invented them. It is not always money or toys that are given and taken away. On a farm, it may be a pig or a calf. But the parents so often seem to think they have an absolute right to their children's possessions. It recalls the olden days when children were sold with all that they had. We would be horrified at such an occurrence now. But selling or taking your children's things is but a stone's throw removed from selling your children. And we know that, in girlhood, some parents may be literally said to sell their children when they force them into a loveless marriage for mercenary reasons and before they fully understand the meaning of the word matrimony.

Little children have a right to their own things. Why give them expensive toys to take them away later on? They'd have been far happier with a cheap toy which was their very own. Children love that expression: "My very own." They'd rather play with a rag doll of their own than have a French doll lent them. The pride of possession is marked early in children. We ought to cultivate this because it teaches them, not only to save, but also to take a greater care of things. It teaches them, likewise, to work harder. A little girl learns to sew quickly when she is allowed to make clothes for her own dolls. And, as for boys, we don't require to be told how they will work on their own little bit of garden! They'd rather spend hours there than minutes in the family potato patch!

It is not merely in the matter of giving and taking that parents are often unfair to their children. Sometimes they promise something, just to make a child quiet, and, in these cases, they have no intention of keeping their word. But I emphasize that a promise once made to a child should be held doubly sacred. We are building up the child's character and we want him to have a true understanding of—Honor! Is it honorable to give a promise you do not mean to keep? We also want our children to trust us in all things. How can they do this when we break our word to them? A child is quick to learn when its parents can be relied on. Sometimes you'll hear a boy remark: "Oh, mother only said so. We needn't count on it too much!" Isn't this an awful thing? They needn't count on their mother's word too much! Then, on whose can they count? And where shall our children get their true standards of right and wrong if not from their mothers?

In all our dealings with children we should never lose sight of the fact that we are building up their characters. We should even teach them to "play fair." The words "Justice and Fairness" seem to be often misapplied between children and parents. This is mostly the fault of the latter for not teaching the lesson properly from the beginning. Older children often think they can squander their parents' money, because, when they were very young, they saw that their parents paid no attention to their toys and other possessions. So now they think it is their turn.

If we want our children to care for us in old age, we should be fair with them, in all things, when they are young. This question of fairness and justice is, moreover, one of love. How can we be unfair to those we love. So we see that love teaches all lessons. Those women in the first two incidents I mentioned could hardly be said to really love their children in the highest sense of the word. Most women do love their children, but some have a selfish kind of love. Even animals love their young; so it isn't much for a mother to say she loves her child if she can't deal fairly with her, is it? Deeds speak louder than words.

"Tis well said again,
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well:
And yet words are no deeds."

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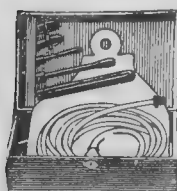
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Money or Doughnuts

By Caroline Ticknor

Dear Mother. I have spent all my money. Please send me something to come home with.

Your loving, Ted.

P.S. I shall have to have two dollars.

Ted's mother read the postal card slowly, and her face was sober, but his father laughed. "He's not often extravagant," he said.

"I know it, but I want to feel that my son's word can be trusted. He saved his own money to pay for this trip to the country. He put down every item, and then he said, 'Mother, when I've paid all expenses, I shall have something left. I think you'll find that I'm a good business man.' And now he has been careless."

Ted returned, brown and happy. On the first evening of his home-coming, he entertained his parents with an account of his adventures.

"And now tell us about the circus," his father said.

"Well, you see, it was like this. Sam Ford had a two-dollar bill given him by his grandmother; the day of the circus I had my money mostly in quarters and ten-cent pieces, and it was sorted out into different pockets. We went off feeling rich, and able to see everything.

"When we got to the gate, there was a great crowd pushing in, and as I had just the right change, I told Sam to keep his money till we got inside. We came first to the animals, and there, all in a row, were six great elephants. All of them but the first one in the corner were being fed, but he looked very hungry; so I said I would get him something. I got five doughnuts for ten cents. Sam tried to change his bill, but the crowd shoved him along, and so I paid, and told him we would settle later. Instead of putting the two-dollar bill into his pocket he held it in his hand.

"When we brought back the doughnuts to the elephant, Sam and I each took one out for him. He stuck out his great long trunk and ate my doughnut first; then he reached for Sam's doughnut, and what happened?

"That old elephant took hold of the two-dollar bill in Sam's left hand, and in a moment it was down his throat, and there was no more hope of changing it.

"I thought that Sam was going to cry. But I said that I had quarters enough for both. When we got out, I had one cent left to buy the post-card.

"But I shall save the money out of my allowance and pay it back, mother, to show that I am a business man!"

"We'll see, my boy!" exclaimed his father, while his mother smiled contentedly.

Leander and Melissa

By Grace Stone Field

Leander Alexander and Melissa Jane, his wife, in yonder little country town pursued a quiet life;

Where every one knew every one within a circle small,

They spent the springtime of their youth, the sere and withered fall.

Leander Alexander always said it was a shame

That people of so mean a sort within his knowledge came.

For Jones was stingy, Brown was haughty, Robinson a sneak,

And of the ladies J., B., R., 'twere better not to speak.

The villagers were all a stupid, shiftless, lazy crew,

Each man was evilly disposed, each woman was a shrew;

The children were on mischief bent, and sure to grow up bad,

"Which was to be expected with the parents that they had."

Now, strange to say, Melissa Jane, upon the other hand,

Found good in every person round about her in the land;

For every one was bright and kind and lovable and sweet—

"To have such neighbors and such friends was just a lifelong treat."

Perhaps you won't believe me, and I know it sounds a hoax,

But Melissa and Leander knew the very self-same folks!

Story-Telling and Children's Play

By Constance Cooke

Story-telling has, of late, been taken from the shelf, upon which various modern influences have conspired to lay it, and from the pleasant pastime of the mother has been reduced to an art, one may almost say, a science.

In the schools it is used for its value in fixing in the childish memory events and characters of importance, in enlarging the vocabulary, in conducing to an easier flow of language, and in affording rest and relaxation to tired little minds.

In the home it has all these advantages and another of still greater importance—that of molding character.

Time was, when the familiar cry of "please read something!" "Let's have a story!" meant nothing more to some of us than the bored perusal or recital of the first story at hand.

All this may be changed and our compliance with the childish demand be given a purpose and value which can not but lend it interest even to ourselves, if we will only seize the opportunity of knowing how, offered us in certain of the books discussed to-day. Of course, the story-telling genius is not given to us all—the raconteur like the poet is born, not made; and yet, with the help of one or two books we may perhaps make ourselves over like last year's frock, into something almost as good as new.

First, we are told how to put a long story into shape for telling; how to get at the plot and embellish it with enough detail to give it color without swamping the interest. We reap the reward of all this labor in the influence for good we are able to effect through the power of the story to arouse the instinctive and emotional side of a child's nature, and to stimulate its mental activity.

The education of our children we wisely entrust to the school, but no institution, which, of necessity, considers the needs of children in bulk, so to speak, can to any great extent foster and guide their individuality; that is the business of the home. The mother who seeks to make a selfish child generous, a timid child brave, a cruel child kind, will do well to enlist in her aid the right kind of stories. And the right kind will be those emphasizing the beauties of the opposite virtue, rather than the horrors of the child's pet vice.

"For the Story-Teller," by Carolyn Sherwin Bailey, might be styled a text book on the subject as a whole and is equally valuable to teacher or mother. It contains many short stories incorporated in the general text, a number of which are examples of the influence to be obtained from a given type of stories upon a given state of mind.

To the demand to "tell us another," she advises keeping to the same general theme, as sympathy, courage, etc., to avoid losing the influence of one story in the conflicting interest of others. This idea most authors on the subject strongly emphasize.

To read this book, and own "For the Children's Hour" by the same author in collaboration with Clara M. Lewis, a collection of nearly one hundred and forty stories gathered from all sources and classified according to type, would constitute a pretty thorough equipment for the business of telling stories to children.

"Story-Telling in the School and Home," by Evelyn Newcomb Partridge and G. E. Partridge, Ph. D., gives us, comprised in one volume, all the essentials contained in the other two. Part II contains tales that represent well the various types of stories, which the author offers as the nucleus of a repertory for the beginner. The chapters, "In Moral Education" and "The Individual" are of value to the mother as showing how special faults may be corrected in particular children, and containing suggestions concerning the stories most desirable for the different stages of childhood and adolescence.

Which

One business man criticised another for wearing a flower in his buttonhole, as not being business like.

The other replied: "My business in the world is to glorify God, and I can do it by appreciating the beauty He has put into a flower. I buy a flower and wear it. You buy a weed and smoke it. Which is the more businesslike?"

No child should be allowed to suffer an hour from worms when prompt relief can be got in a simple but strong remedy—Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.



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For a boy of 10, 1800 calories daily
The average woman, 2500 calories daily
The average man, 3000 calories daily

That energy must come from food. In some foods it costs but little, in others ten times more.

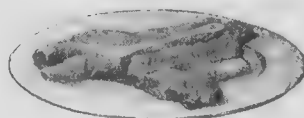
Here, for instance, is what ten cents buys in certain foods at prices of to-day:

What 10c Buys in Calories

In Quaker Oats	1800
In Round Steak	240
In Veal Cutlets	160
In Halibut	190
In Salt Cod	130
In Canned Peas	185



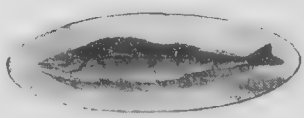
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This Costs 57c
Per 1000 Calories



This Costs 54c
Per 1000 Calories



This Costs 60c
Per 1000 Calories

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Work for Busy Fingers

Edgings for Handkerchiefs

Abbreviations: ch, chain; tr, treble; d c, double crochet.

Materials: Arden's lustrous crochet cotton No. 36, and a steel crochet-hook size 6, also some muslin for the handkerchiefs.

No. 1

A $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch away from the edge of a square of material draw out 12 threads on all sides, only drawing out the threads as far as the corner where they meet, and not to end of stuff; roll edge on wrong side, as for whipping, as far as the drawn threads; then, holding the work with the right side uppermost, insert hook (having looped the cotton on to it) into the drawn part, draw cotton through, cotton over hook, and draw through both loops on hook, * 3 ch, miss 6 threads, and work



Three Dainty Edgings for Trimming Handkerchiefs.

1 d c over rolled edge; repeat from * until corner is reached; here work 6 d c, with 3 ch between, to hold the roll firmly; continue the straight part until next corner, and so on all round

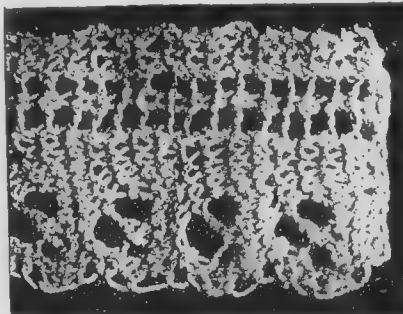
2nd Row.—Slip-stitch to 1st loop of 3 ch, * 1 d c into next loop, 1 tr into next loop, ** 5 ch, 1 d c into top of tr just worked, 1 tr into loop; repeat from ** twice, 1 d c into next, 1 d c into next; repeat from * all round, working at corners 6 tr, with picots as described into centre loop of chain

No. 2

Prepare the centre in same manner as for No. 1, but only draw out 4 threads, and work a row of d c all round, missing only 4 threads for the hem, working 5 d c into corners.

2nd Row.—1 d c on d c, * 5 ch, miss 1 d c, 1 d c into next, and repeat from * all round

3rd Row.—Slip-stitch to centre of 1st loop, * 6 ch, 1 d c into 5th ch from hook, 5



Ladder Pattern Lace.

ch, 1 d c into same stitch, 5 ch, 1 d c into same stitch, 1 ch, 1 d c into next loop, 5 ch, 1 d c into next loop; repeat from * all round. At corners the three picots should come over the two corner loops.

No. 3

Prepare the centre as for No. 1, but only draw out 9 threads. Work 1 d c into edge over roll, then 1 ch, miss 6 threads, 1 d c, and continue thus all round, working at corners 5 d c, with 1 ch between.

2nd Row.—1 d c into 1st 1 ch space, * 5 ch, miss 1 space, 1 d c into next, miss 1 space, 1 tr into next, ** 5 ch, 1 tr into top of tr just worked, 1 tr into same space; repeat from ** twice, miss 1 space, 1 d c into next, 5 ch, miss 1 space, 1 d c into next, 5 ch, 1 d c into same space; repeat from * all round, working at corners a fan with 5 picots instead of 3 into centre space.

Cluny Lace in Crochet

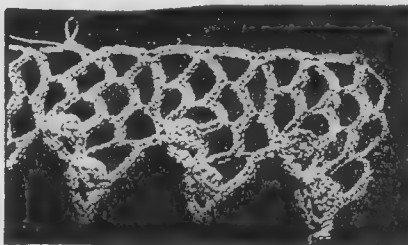
Cluny lace can be effectively copied in crochet, and it is very dainty in narrow widths for trimming underlinen, and forms a pleasing variation from ordinary crochet.

Abbreviations: ch, chain; d c, double crochet; l t, long treble (cotton twice over hook).

Materials: Peri-Lusta crochet cotton No. 70 and a steel crochet hook size 6.

Commence with 14 ch.

A Group: * Cotton twice over hook,



The New Cluny Crochet.

insert hook into stitch required, cotton over, and draw through, cotton over, draw through two loops, cotton over, draw through two more loops, repeat from * twice, cotton over hook, draw through all loops on hook.

1st Row.—Miss 9 ch, 1 d c, into next ch, 6 ch, 1 d c, into last ch, turn. 2nd Row.—7 d c, over first loop, 4 d c, into end loop, 7 ch, turn. 3rd Row.—1 d c, into centre d c of 7, 6 ch, 1 group, 1 ch, 1 group, 3 ch, 1 group, all into last d c, turn. 4th Row.—3 d c, into 3 ch loop, 1 d c, into 1 ch between groups, 7 d c, over next loop, 7 d c, into last loop, 8 ch, turn. 5th Row.—1 d c, into centre d c of 7, 6 ch, 1 d c, into centre d c of next 7, 6 ch, 1 d c, on last d c at end of previous row, turn. 6th Row.—7 d c, over first loop, 7 d c, over next, 4 d c, into end loop, 7 ch, turn. 7th Row.—1 d c, into centre d c of 7, 6 ch, 1 d c, into centre d c of next 7, 6 ch, 1 group, 1 ch, 1 group, 3 ch, 1 group, all into last d c at end of 4th row, turn. 8th Row.—1 d c, 5 ch, 2 d c, into 3 ch loop, 1 d c, into 1 ch between groups, 7 d c, over first 6 ch loop, 7 d c, over each of the next two loops, 8 ch, turn. 9th Row.—1 d c into centre d c of 7, 6 ch, 1 d c into centre d c of next 7, turn.

Repeat from the commencement of second row.

For Heading.—Work 5 d c over each ch loop, and 1 d c, between the two bars that join.

Ladder Pattern Lace

Cast on 12 stitches.

1st Row.—Slip 1, knit 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 3, * make 2, knit 2.

2nd Row.—Make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1, purl 1, knit 10.

3rd Row.—To * in 1st row, make 2, knit 2 together, make 2, knit 2.

4th Row.—Make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1, purl 1, knit 2, purl 1, knit 10.

5th Row.—To * in 1st row, knit 6 more.

6th Row.—Make 1, knit 2 together, knit 2 together, knit 13.

7th Row.—To * in 1st row, knit 6 more.

8th Row.—Make 1, then knit 2 together 5 times, knit 6.

The Discouraged Poet

"Everything seems to be going wrong!" sighed the poet. "I asked the maid at my lodgings this morning what had become of the paper that I'd left lying on my desk.

"Oh, sir," said she, "I thought it was waste paper, and I threw it in the waste-paper basket."

"No," said I, "it wasn't waste paper. I hadn't written anything on it yet."

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Fashions and Patterns

If you watch closely you will see that there is an undeniable tendency in the new styles to break away from the straight line effects and return to the fitted styles.

One sees jackets with well curved under-arm seams, and shaped side pieces. But there are also coats in all lengths that hang loose and straight from neck to hem, as well as knee length fitted jackets with cutaway rippled skirt additions which fit close to the figure and open over a waistcoat with a high choker collar. The most popular coat length is $\frac{3}{4}$ or $\frac{1}{2}$. Pockets on coats as a trimming have disappeared entirely. Any that are serviceable are permissible. Armholes are deep and wide, and sleeves are big; cuffs are deep and straight, wide collars are gathered to a loose fitting neckband, so that the collar may be rolled high or worn open.

A very new skirt has two straight

Metal ribbons and brilliantly colored ribbons are used.

The high collar seems to be an accomplished fact.

Choker effects button smartly around the throat closing at the side or centre front.

In sleeves, $\frac{7}{8}$ and $\frac{3}{4}$ length prevail. Afternoon gowns show short sleeves. The long sleeve is not misplaced.

Shoulder lines are long.

Few embroideries are used.

In colors, brown leads in all shades from light to dark. Also in all tete de negre, and shimmering shades of light golden brown.

Tan in gray tones and in shades tinged with rose is worn; likewise is gray in steel and slate. All black and combinations of black and white are good.

Astrakan is used for trimming in street dresses and suits.



widths of material seamed at the sides, with fulness from knee to belt shaped into five gores.

In tailored skirts, slender hips generally are the rule with panel and yoke effects.

In dress skirts one sees front draperies as well as flat effects in back and front. The fulness is most pronounced at the sides.

Cape wraps are used for sport and dressy wear. Shawl wraps of heavy reversible wool-velour are trimmed with heavy wool fringe.

Coats of colored velour are worn with dresses of black faille or taffeta.

The dresses are finished with stitching in the coat colors, or banded with bias strips of the coat material.

Coat dresses are popular. Some have straight lines, belted at the normal waistline; others are made with a semi-fitted bodice and a wide flaring basque.

In trimmings one sees cording, tucks in all widths, bias folds and shaped flounces.

Wool and jersey braids are much used.

A smart trimming may be made of bands of equal width in silk and velvet, or braid and voile, or again of fur and fabric. These bands are run vertically from the neck to hem.

Zibeline cloth has been revived.

Evening head dresses are made of jet bands with a fringe of jet over the eyes and two jet bands over the ears.

Tailored dresses are trimmed with rosettes made of plaited silk braid and belts of twisted braid.

Plaid velour and wool jersey is combined in effective street frocks.

Dressy separate skirts are made of plaited tulle, banded with ribbon velour and worn over a satin drop skirt.

Large fur buttons fasten up the fronts of suit jackets.

A turned up corded cuff on a middy blouse suit in tan velour, is caught up here and there with beaver buttons.

Tailored belts are worn on one side of the dress only. The belt reaching from the centre front over the left side to the centre back.

Many straight scarfs of fur will have pockets at both ends. They may serve as a muff substitute.

Cross stitch and feather stitch is used on dresses for small children.

A Smart School Dress. 2694—This will prove a comfortable, and "easy-to-make" design. Good for serge, corduroy gabardine, voile, crepe, plaid and mixtures.

WIN

This Real—Gasoline Auto

for Boys and Girls

\$150.00 other Prizes

SOLVE THIS PUZZLE



FIRST PRIZE

Real 6 horse power auto with high class air cooled 4 cylinder gasoline motor, just big enough for one boy or girl. Built like big autos. Has artillery wheels, solid rubber tires, steering gear and wheels, 2 brakes, tool box, tools, cone clutch. Any boy or girl can run it easily. A real prize for boys and girls.

THE PRIZES

PRIZE	VALUE
1st—Five Horse Power Auto	\$150.00
2nd—Dandy Folding Camera	25.00
3rd—Magnificent Gold Watch and Chain, or Girl's Wrist Watch	15.00
4th—Lovely 36-Inch Doll, hand-gowned, and beautiful English Doll Carriage	10.00
5th—Electric Projectoscope. Better than a magic lantern. Will show any picture or post-card photo on screen	7.50
6th—Full-size Football	5.00
7th to 10th—Self-Filler Fountain Pens, each \$2.50	10.00
Also 10 Extra Prizes for Boys and Girls, each \$1.25	12.50
Total Value of Prizes	\$235.00

This foretold when the War would end. What does it say?

CAN you work this out? Do you want to know how it was decided long before peace came when the war would be over? The answer is contained within the 48 squares above. What is this answer? Solve it and valuable prizes await you.

HOW TO SOLVE IT

The above squares hold the answer. It is in one sentence of nine words, containing forty letters. Each letter is represented by a number, and that number is the position of the letters in the alphabet. For instance, A is represented by the figure 1, as it is first in the alphabet, and so on. Now, to help you get started, we will tell you that the first letter in the puzzle is "W," because W is the 23rd letter in the alphabet. Get to work and figure out the words in the sentence, and try to find the answer to the great question, "When will the war be over?" It is not easy, but it is worth while trying for.

Copy your answer upon a plain white sheet of paper as neatly as you can, because neatness, spelling, hand writing, and punctuation count if more than one answer is correct. Put your name and address in the top right hand corner of the paper. If you have to write a letter, or show anything else, put it upon a separate sheet of paper. We will write as soon as your answer is received, and tell you if your solution is correct, and also send you a complete illustrated list of the grand prizes that you can win.

What Others Have Done, You Can Do

Here are the names of only a few of the boys and girls to whom we have recently awarded big prizes—
Shetland Pony and Cart, Helen Smith, Edmonton.
Shetland Pony, Beatrice Hughes, Hazonmore, Sask.
\$100.00 Cash, Lyle Benson, Hamilton, Ont.
\$50.00 Cash, Helen Benesch, Junkins, Alta.
\$25.00 Cash, Florence Nesbitt, Arnprior, Ont.
We will send you names of many others too. Only boys and girls under 17 years of age may send answers, and each boy or girl will be required to perform a small service for us for which an additional valuable reward or special cash prize will be given. The contest will close on March 31st at 5.30 p.m.



You will be the Envy of all your Friends with this Car

THE AUTO-MAN, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Dept. 33 TORONTO, ONT.

PEERLESS PERFECTION

No matter how fast it comes, the most unruly animal can't break through a Peerless Perfection Farm Fence—it springs back into shape.

Made of heavy Open Hearth steel galvanized wire with all the impurities taken out and all the strength and toughness left in. Every wire is crimped making the fence into one continuous spring. Top and bottom wires are extra heavy. Will not sag. Requires less posts than ordinary fence. Absolutely guaranteed.

Don't buy a rod of fencing until you get our illustrated Catalog. Describes our big line of farm, poultry and ornamental fencing. Also Peerless farm gates.

Throughout Canada Peerless Perfection fencing has built a reputation that we are proud of.

The Banwell-Hoxie Wire Fence Company, Ltd.,
Winnipeg, Man. Hamilton, Ont.

A Tubful In Ten Minutes!

That's all it takes for this wonderful washer to thoroughly clean a big tubful of clothes. No rubbing, scrubbing, backaches or headaches for you—the washer takes all the work—all the responsibility! You can go straight on with the ironing the same day, yet feel fresher and brighter than you ever felt on the old-fashioned washdays.

Maxwell

"Home" Washer

—is light-running and noiseless. Enclosed gears make it safe. "Spring" lid lifts easily. Made of cypress, handsomely finished. Runs by hand-power or water-motor. See it at your dealer's and write us for booklet "If John Had To Do the Washing."

MAXWELLS LIMITED, Dept. V St. Marys, Ont. 35





All woollens are safe with Lux

If you have always dreaded to wash the children's sweaters and woollens for fear they'd shrink and thicken—you'll be delighted to know about Lux.

You can wash them as often as necessary—just dip them up and down in the thick, creamy, cleansing Lux lather—no rubbing or twisting—no shrinking or matting of the wool fibers

They'll always come out of the Lux wash as soft, fleecy and brightly colored as when new.

All silks and dainty fabrics can be safely washed with the pure Lux flakes—they harm nothing that pure water itself may touch.



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LUX



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A Complete Conservatory Course By Mail Wonderful home study music lessons under great American and European teachers. Endorsed by Paderewski. Master teachers guide and coach you. Lessons a marvel of simplicity and completeness.

Any Instrument or Voice Write telling us course you are interested in—Piano, Harmony, Voice, Public School Music, Violin, Cornet, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, or Reed Organ—and we will send our FREE CATALOG covering all instrumental and vocal courses. Send NOW.

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION CONSERVATORY
4908 Siegel-Myers Bldg. Chicago, Ill.

Blue serge could be trimmed with tan satin or silk, braid also would form an attractive finish. The sleeve may be in elbow or wrist length. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

An Interesting Gown. 2680—This simple style could be attractively developed in black charmeuse and tan crepe, or in black satin and beige silk duvetyn. It is also good for combinations of velvet and satin, serge and silk, georgette crepe and satin. The neck line may be round or finished with a collar. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 7 yards of one material 40 inches wide. The dress measures about 2 yards at the lower edge. To make sleeves and overblouse of contrasting material, as illustrated, will require $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of material 27 inches wide for the 38-inch size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any

mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Practical Set for the "Little Ones." 2700—Child's Set of Short Clothes. This model comprises a simple dress with round yoke, and long or short sleeves, a style of drawers, comfortable and practical, and a slip with added skirt portion at the back and with or without ruffle. Cambric, lawn and muslin are good for the slip. For the dress, batiste, lawn, cambric, percale, flannelette, challie or cashmere could be used. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 6 months, 1 year, 2 years, 3 years and 4 years. It will require for the dress $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material. For the drawers, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard. For the slip, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard for a 2-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Practical Apron. 2697—This is a "slip-on" model with side closing. The sleeve may be gathered to the sleeveband or finished loose, as back view illustrates. The style is good for percale, gingham, chambray, seersucker, drill, lawn or



address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Youthful and Chic Costume. 2677—This will be very attractive in velveteen, duvetyn, serge, satin, plaid or check suiting. The raised waistline is very becoming to slender figures. The skirt is gathered to the waist under a deep tuck. The right front of the waist overlaps the left at the closing. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Width of skirt at lower edge is $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard. Size 16 will require $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 54-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A New Frock for Mother's Girl. 2706—You may make this of plaid or check suiting, with facings of serge or satin, or of wash fabrics with pique, drill or linen for trimming. The waist is cut in surplice fashion and is lengthened by a full pelum. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The pattern for this attractive design is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 14 will require $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration

muslin. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; extra large 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium will require $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Child's Rompers with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths. 2678—Checked gingham, with drill or repp in a plain color for collar and belt could be used for this model. Striped seersucker, galatea, flannelette, poplin, khaki and drill is serviceable also. The bloomers portion is made with a drop back. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 will require $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Practical, Comfortable Design. 2287—Child's Night Drawers. Suitable for domet or cotton flannel, flannelette, cambric, nainsook, or muslin. The garment will be found very desirable, as it affords protection and covering and is most com-

WAS WEAK ALL RUN DOWN FROM HEART and NERVES.

Mrs. Percy G. McLaughlin, Lawrence Station, N.B., writes:—"I am writing to tell you that I have used Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and find since I commenced to use them that I feel altogether a different woman. I was weak and run down from my heart and nerves, and was recommended to try your pills by Mr. James H. Scott who has taken them, and says if it were not for them he could not live. When I finish the box I am now taking I will be completely cured. I wish to thank you for putting up such a wonderful medicine, and I will gladly recommend it to one and all."

To all those who suffer in any way from their heart or nerves, Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will come as a great boon. They strengthen and stimulate the weak heart to pump pure, rich, red blood to all parts of the body, strengthen the shattered nerves, and bring a feeling of contentment over the whole body.

Price 50c. a box at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.



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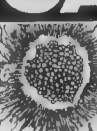
RHEUMATISM A HOME CURE GIVEN BY ONE WHO HAD IT

In the spring of 1893 I was attacked by Muscular and Inflammatory Rheumatism. I suffered as only those who have it know, for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, and doctor after doctor, but such relief as I received was only temporary. Finally, I found a remedy that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted and even bedridden Rheumatism, and it effected a cure in every case.

I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply mail your name and address and I will send it free to try. After you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of curing your rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write to-day.

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Mr. Jackson is responsible. Above statement true.



CANCER

and Tumors successfully treated (removed) without knife or pain. All work guaranteed. Come, or write for free Sanatorium book. Dr. WILLIAMS SANATORIUM 3023 University Av., Minneapolis, Minn.

fortable. If desired, the foot portions may be omitted. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3 yards of 36-inch material for a 6-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Good Home Service Uniform. 2675—This is a very practical set, comprising an apron dress that is neat and simple, and will be found comfortable to work in, and easy to develop. It has roomy pockets and a sleeve that may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The cap is a good protector for the head, against dust and grime. Gingham, khaki, seersucker, drill and lawn are good materials for this style. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires $6\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material. Width at lower edge is about $2\frac{1}{3}$ yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Youthful Dress. 2683—This could be made up attractively in castor color velour, with sage green for collar and cuffs. Its distinctive feature is the plastron, which could be embellished with a touch of worsted or chenille embroidery. Serge, duvetyn, velvet, satin, checked or plaid suiting, combined with some plain fabric, are also good for this style. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 will require $5\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge is about $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Natty Suit for Mother's Boy. 2685—Serge, cheviot, tweed, velvet, corduroy, galatea, khaki and drill are good for this style. The trousers are finished with side closing. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 3, 4, 5 and 7 years. Size 4 will require 3 yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Seasonable Style. 2704—This Coat may be made of plush and other pile fabrics, or of broadcloth, velvet, serge, cheviot and corduroy. The lines are simple. The cap may be of the same material as the coat, or of fur, fur fabrics, velvet, plush, or other cap material. This pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 will require $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 44-inch material for the coat, and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 27-inch material for the cap. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Smart Costume. Waist—2688. Skirt—2687. This comprises Waist Pattern 2688 and Skirt Pattern 2687. The waist is finished with the now so fashionable back closing. It is a youthful style and especially becoming to slender figures. As here shown, mixed suiting in brown tones was used, with nutria fur for trimming. Satin and serge could be combined, or velvet and satin or silk, with braid and buttons for trimming. The waist pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. To make the costume of 36-inch material for a 38-inch size will require $6\frac{1}{8}$ yards. Width of skirt at lower edge is about $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards. Th's illustration calls for two separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents for each pattern in silver or stamps.

A Smart Style for the Growing Girl. 2691—This is a good model for serge, satin, velveteen, jersey cloth, plaid or check suiting, taffeta, and crepe. The waist is arranged on a lining. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 14 will require $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Stylish Dress for the Growing Girl. 2366—This attractive model would develop well in blue serge, with a trimming of soutache braid. The waist closes at the side, under a jaunty collar. The skirt is arranged in plaits. The pattern provides a short, wide sleeve, and one finished in wrist length, both with a smart cuff. It is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 requires $4\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple, Practical Model. 2359—The busy house worker will readily appreciate the good features of this design. The front closing makes adjustment easy. The sleeve may be in either of the two

lengths portrayed. The dress is a one-piece model, with the fulness confined under the belt. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 6 yards of 36-inch material. The skirt measures about $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pleasing, Pretty Under Garment. 2684—This is a good model for nainsook, cambric, lawn, dimity, satin, silk, or crepe. It is a one-piece garment, comprising camisole and drawers, and may be finished with straight lower edge, or in "knicker" style. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42; extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium requires $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Charming Dress for Mother's Girl. 2692—This attractive model is easy to develop. It has new and attractive features and will lend itself nicely to any of the materials now in vogue. One could use serge in blue or brown with braid trimming, or velvet combined with silk. Corduroy, mixtures, plaid or check suiting would also be suitable. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 will require $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 27-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Hopeless Inquiry

A stranger was questioning Helen, trying to get her to say her father's first name.

"What does your mother call your papa?"

"She calls him my daddy."

"Yes, but when she wants to speak to him, what does she say?"

"She says, '659 please,'" was Helen's reply.

"I don't mean when she calls him at the office. When she tells him to get up in the morning, what does she call him?"

"She says to be ready in about four minutes."

And the Dish, Too

Dominico, a famous harlequin of Paris in the seventeenth century, going to see Louis XIV at supper, fixed his eyes on a dish of partridges. The king, who was exceedingly fond of his acting, saw the look, and said, "Give that dish to Dominico."

"And the partridges, too, sire?" asked the harlequin.

The king smiled at the artfulness of the question, and replied, "And the partridges, too."

The dish that held the partridges was of gold.

Cooking Under Difficulties

By way of illustrating the roughness of some railway road-beds in this country, the Boston Transcript tells the following story:

A traveller, eating his breakfast in the dining-car, had ordered, among other things, two soft-fried eggs. The rest of the order came immediately, but he waited in vain for the eggs.

Finally, when the traveler's patience was almost exhausted, the waiter appeared, smiling and apologetic, but without the eggs.

"Sorry 'bout dem fried eggs, boss. De cook says de road's so rough dat ebry time he tries to fry de eggs, dey scrambles."

Great Expectations

They were city folks, says a contributor to Everybody's Magazine, and they had just become comfortably established on the newly bought farm.

With the help of suggestions from interested neighbors, they were fitting out the place, and it was the wife who approached one of the kindly farmers with the question:

"How many eggs a day ought a really good hen to lay?"

No More Asthma.—Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy sounds the death knell of this trying trouble. It stops the awful choking and painful breathing. It guards against night attacks and gives renewed ability to sleep and rest the whole night long. Much is claimed for this remedy, but nothing but what can be demonstrated by a trial. If you suffer from asthma try it and convince yourself of its great value.



Gray Hair Restored



In From
4 to 8 Days

A Great Discovery

GRAY haired women need not be handicapped by their whitening locks, either in business or socially. The natural color can be restored in from 4 to 8 days with a clear, colorless liquid applied by combing through the hair

This great discovery is of vital importance now, when so many home women must become bread winners. Now, today, before you start on your new work, bring back the natural color of your hair with

Mary T. Goldman's
Hair Color Restorer

Not a crude dye, naturally repulsive to fastidious women, but a pure, clean preparation which doesn't interfere with shampooing or curling. Its use is as permissible as that of the powder which every woman knows she needs.

But—no one need know you use it—even your best friends. When the first gray threads appear it is time to get your first bottle.

Then no one will suspect that your hair even started to turn gray.

Go To Your Dealer

Ask him for Mary T. Goldman's—be sure you see the name on the bottle. Don't accept a substitute. If he can't supply you write direct to us and we will supply you by return mail. Price \$1.25 a bottle, sent duty free.

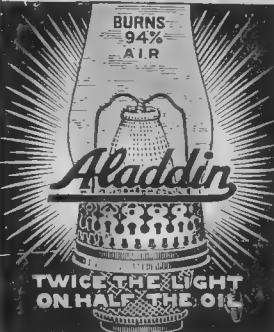
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Prove for yourself without risk that this remarkable white light has no equal. If not entirely satisfied, return it at our expense. \$1000 REWARD will be given to anyone who shows us an oil lamp equal in every way to this new Aladdin.

GET YOURS FREE! We want one user in each locality to whom we can refer customers.

In that way you may get your own without cost. Write quick for 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER and learn how to get one FREE.

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LARGEST COAL OIL MANTLE LAMP HOUSE IN THE WORLD

MAKE MONEY SPARE TIME OR FULL TIME!

No previous experience necessary. Our trial delivery plan makes it easy. NO MONEY NECESSARY. We start you. Sample sent for 10 days' trial and GIVEN FREE when you become a distributor.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Can be permanently removed by the proper use of the Electric Needle. A skilled operator will not fail in giving satisfactory results. I have made this work a specialty, and after over twenty years' steady practice in the city of Winnipeg, I am in a position to assure my patrons that they will make no mistake in giving my safe and sure method a trial.

Send for booklet "Health and Beauty" for further particulars.

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FRIENDS THOUGHT HE WOULD DIE

**"FRUIT-A-TIVES" Conquered
Dyspepsia and Restored His Health.**



MR. ROBERT NEWTON.

Little Bras d'Or, C. B.

"I was a terrible sufferer from *Dyspepsia and Constipation* for years. I had pain after eating, belching gas, constant headaches, and did not sleep well at night. I lost so much weight—going from 185 pounds to 146 pounds—that I became alarmed and saw several doctors who, however, did me no good. Finally, a friend told me to try 'Fruit-a-tives'.

In a week, there was improvement. The constipation was corrected; and soon I was free of pain, headaches and that miserable feeling that accompanies *Dyspepsia*. I continued to take this splendid fruit medicine and now I am well, strong and vigorous". ROBERT NEWTON.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

WOMAN'S NERVES MADE STRONG

By Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound.

Winona, Minn.—"I suffered for more than a year from nervousness, and was so bad I could not rest at night—would lie awake and get so nervous I would have to get up and walk around and in the morning would be all tired out. I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and thought I would try it. My nervousness soon left me. I sleep well and feel fine in the morning and able to do my work. I gladly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to make weak nerves strong."—Mrs. ALBERT SULTZE, 603 Olmstead St., Winona, Minn.



How often do we hear the expression among women, "I am so nervous, I cannot sleep," or "it seems as though I should fly." Such women should profit by Mrs. Sultze's experience and give this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial.

For forty years it has been overcoming such serious conditions as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, dizziness, and nervous prostration of women, and is now considered the standard remedy for such ailments.

Correspondence

Will readers kindly note that it is strictly against our rules to give the name and address of any writer to the Correspondence page. Stamped letters, however, sent to the Editor, will be forwarded to the desired party.

Will Answer Letters

Dear Editor:—Here goes for my luck for the Correspondence page. Will you let me in? I hope so. I found some of the back numbers of The Western Home Monthly, and spied the Correspondence page, and decided to write.

I will describe myself, if it is necessary. I have light green eyes, dark brown hair, weigh 125 pounds, and am five feet six inches high. If anyone cares to know, I am less than twenty years of age. If some pretty chick cares to write I will be glad to answer.

As for dancing and card playing, I think it is all right, if it is not carried on too far. I do not believe in smoking and chewing, but am not a crank. I hope that the Editor finds a place, besides the waste paper basket, for this. My address is with the Editor. I will sign myself, Kandy Kid.

A Letter from Mabel

Dear Editor:—I am a very enthusiastic reader of your paper, particularly the Correspondence column. Am living at present in Winnipeg, but would love to go West if the right call came along. Perhaps some nice young homesteader will care to write to me. I am twenty-three years of age, fair hair, blue eyes and of an affectionate disposition. Will be very glad indeed to answer all letters. My address is with the Editor.

Mabel.

Disagrees with "Phyllis"

Dear Editor:—Would you kindly admit another reader in your Correspondence Circle? I am a new subscriber, and like the magazine from cover to cover. Just as soon as I finish reading it, I send it to my soldier brother overseas, who is now in a hospital in England recovering from wounds. While in France he received The Western Home Monthlys I sent him, and they were so appreciated they went the round of the regiment before he had a chance to see them himself, and a call for more short story magazines came back to me. He says we have no idea the pleasure the boys get out of a book in their spare time. What tempted me to write was a letter in the September number signed "Phyllis." She says she would "blush for shame" were she to dance in any other than a private house party, and disagrees on dances for patriotic and Red Cross purposes. I don't dance, but do favor such for any good purpose. I am sorry for "Phyllis." I am thinking the proceeds of an "at home" or dance, in aid of anything towards the comforts of our boys that are so dear to us would be mighty small, if we all held the same opinion as "Phyllis." Put your pride in your pocket, "Phyllis," and sail forth. I could go on and tell of the wonderful doings that have taken place all towards that ever good cause, the Red Cross, and dancing helped to swell the funds, but I don't want to take up too much time, so will close. Would like a few correspondents between the age of 25 and 30. My address is with the Editor.

Marie.

Has Great Time Skating

Dear Editor:—I am a very interested reader of your magazine, and have now taken courage to write, although I am bashful. I am clerking in a grocery store, and am the whole "cheese." I am also an editor's daughter, but do not like the job of setting type very much. I received my entrance at school, but that is as far as I have gone or will go, because I do not like school.

We are now having great times on the river. A large crowd was down the last night, and the ice certainly did crack. We were playing "crack the whip," and a bunch of big boys swung us, and we certainly did fly. Once I was on the end and the person next to me let go and I just went flying over the ice, and gave it a nice sweep. I love out-door sports, and am always amongst the on-goings out-doors. I was very much pleased with

the letter of "Gunshot Bill," and would like to correspond with him. I am now weary of writing and will sign myself, Weary Willie.

A Race for Life

Dear Editor:—Not until lately have I become an interested reader of your paper, and I am now on the "job" to join the Correspondence page. I am "chief cook and bottle washer" at a bakery here, and it takes the baker all his time buying dishes. I go out visiting every afternoon, and often go for a glide on the river, but once I made a mistake and took a cold bath. It certainly was a race for life that time. Feet and hands flying to get out of the water, and I succeeded, but how I cannot tell.

We had a very exciting day when the armistice was signed. An effigy of the Kaiser was made and we soaked him with coal oil and sent him blazing.

I like horseback riding, but as I am a resident of the town I do not get the chance very often.

I do not agree with such topics as "Does Love Grow Less After Marriage?" being discussed in The Western Home Monthly. By reading this letter you will not know whether I am a boy or a girl, so I will enlighten you. I am a girl of seventeen years of age. I agree with "Gunshot Bill" that all men are not slackers, not when they have an old mother and father to provide for or when they are the only help on the farm. I was out haying this summer, but did not have the chance to wear overalls like most girls, for the simple reason I couldn't find any. I would like to correspond with anyone who cares to write. It is bed time and I am tired.

Tired Tim.

A Word from U. S.

Dear Editor:—I read your valuable paper every month, and I certainly enjoy the Correspondence page. There are so many interesting letters. I was very interested in "Observer's" letter. He has been observing by appearances. I was raised in Alberta and certainly like it there, and I long for the day when I can get back. I am attending business college here now, and hope to be through in the spring, then "Canada for mine." I like riding, skating, sleighing, tennis and all kinds of sports. I also enjoy the good Old Country dances. We have quite a few of them at home. I would be very pleased if "Tommy Bings" would write. Wishing The Western Home Monthly every success,

Canadian Lover.

The Change from "Over There"

Dear Editor:—Having just recently returned from "over there," I chanced to read some of your magazines, and immediately became very interested in the Correspondence portion.

Being so greatly bored with this quiet western life, after four years activity "over there," I promptly determined to "advance on the 'Western' front" by forwarding a little epistle of my own.

I became so greatly accustomed to the great sociability of army life that I cannot refrain from taking any steps possible, however unconventional, to endeavor to form some lady friends. I expect many of the returned soldiers will do likewise! Perhaps this step on my part is because a part of my service was in the R-otten F-lirting C-rowd!

As I am very musically inclined, even being a composer, I should very much like some of your musical young lady readers to correspond with me to help me overcome the boredom and depression this lonely farm life gives me. Trusting to be the recipient of many letters from the lady readers of your excellent publication, I remain,

A Lonely Lieut.

Late 10th London Regt. and R.F.C.

Bought Victory Bonds

Dear Editor:—I have been an interested but silent reader of The Western Home Monthly for a long time, and think it a fine paper. I like to see the different views of the correspondents. Isn't it great that the war is over? Oh! how glad we all are. I have no brothers, so none are in this war, but I have lots of cousins in it, and two have made the supreme

TOOK SEVERE COLD

SETTLED ON CHEST.

Bad Cough for Weeks.

The cold starts with a little running of the nose, the head becomes stuffed up, but little attention is paid to it, thinking perhaps it will go away in a day or two.

You neglect it, and then it gets down into the throat and from there to the lungs, and it is a case of cough, cough, morning, noon and night.

However slight a cold you have you should never neglect it. In all possibility, if you do not treat it in time, it will develop into bronchitis, pneumonia, or some other serious throat or lung trouble.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is a universal remedy for those who suffer from any bronchial trouble. It stimulates the weakened bronchial organs, soothes and heals the irritated parts, loosens the phlegm and mucous, and aids nature to clear away the morbid accumulations.

Mrs. Wm. Kaye, Talmage, Sask., writes:—"Last winter I took a severe cold which settled on my chest. I had a bad cough for weeks. I got some medicine from our doctor but it did me no good. At last a friend advised me to try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, which I did, and after using one bottle I found that my cold was better. I have recommended it to my neighbors, and they say they would not be without it."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is for sale by all dealers. Price 25c. and 50c. a bottle.

Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

A Cure for Pimples

"You don't need mercury, potash or any other strong mineral to cure pimples caused by poor blood. Take Extract of Roots—druggist calls it "Mother Seigel's Carative Syrup—and your skin will clear up as fresh as a baby's. It will sweeten your stomach and regulate your bowels." Get the genuine. 50c. and \$1.00 Bottles. At drug stores.

5

Children Need Help

Spanking doesn't cure bed-wetting—the trouble is due to weakness of the internal organs. My successful home treatment will be found helpful. Send no money, but write me to-day. My treatment is equally successful for adults, troubled with urinary difficulties.

MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box 86, Windsor, Ont.

The Secret Of A PERFECT BUST And Form Sent Free



Madame Thora's French Corset System of Bust Development is a simple home treatment and is guaranteed to enlarge the bust six inches; also fills hollow places in neck and chest. It has been used by leading actresses and society ladies for twenty years. Book giving full particulars sent free. Letters sacredly confidential. Write to-day.

Madame Thora Toilet Co., Dept. M, Toronto, Ont.



FREE Lavalliere or Ring set with Rose Bud Ring. Here set with rex stone, green gold leaves. Your choice for 12 cents. Both for 22 cents. Warranted for three years. Rex Jewelry Co., Dept. 3, Battle Creek, Mich.

Interesting Books

FOR

Winter Evenings

BOOKS are good friends to have when the extreme cold and short days both combine to make us spend so much time indoors.

We offer any book mentioned below postpaid in return for one year's subscription to The Western Home Monthly. Each book is printed on good paper and contains between two hundred and three hundred pages. Glance through the list of titles and we feel sure that you will discover several that you would like to own.

By Marie Corelli

- No.
3—Wormwood
4—Vendetta

By Charles Garvice

- No.
5—Claire
6—Elaine
7—Her Heart's Desire
8—Her Ransom
9—The Marquis
10—A Wasted Love
11—The Usurper
12—A Passionate Love
13—My Lady's Pride
14—Woven on Fate's Loom
15—Her Humble Lover
16—Farmer Holt's Daughter
17—Her Faithful Heart
18—Stella's Fortune
19—Sculptor's Wooing
20—Adrian Leroy
21—Royal Signet
22—A Coronet of Shame
23—Love So True
24—Perfect Trust

By Alexandre Dumas

- No.
27—Camille
28—Count of Monte Cristo
30—Corsican Brothers
33—Chevalier de Maison Rouge
35—Fratricide
40—Monte Cristo and His Wife
44—Mansaniello
51—Son of Monte Cristo
52—Suicides

By Sir Henry Rider Haggard

- No.
59—She

By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

- No.
60—A Case of Identity
61—The Sign of the Four
62—A Study in Scarlet
63—Beyond the City
64—The Red-Headed League
65—A Scandal in Bohemia
66—Sherlock Holmes Detective Stories

By Mary Jane Holmes

- No.
67—Tempest and Sunshine
68—English Orphans
69—Old Hagar's Secret
70—Meadowbrook
71—Homestead on the Hillside
72—Dora Deane
73—Cousin Maude
74—Rosamonde
75—Mildred

By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth

- No.
76—Tried For Her Life
77—How He Won Her
78—Hidden Hand
79—Ishmael
80—Self Raised
81—Gypsy's Prophecy
82—Haunted Homestead
83—The Lost Heiress

By Bertha M. Clay

- No.
84—A Queen Among Women
85—For Another's Sin
86—The Jealous Husband
88—Thrown on the World
89—Between Two Loves
90—A Mad Love
91—Catherine's Flirtations
92—Like No Other Love
94—The Shadow of a Sin
96—The Shattered Idol
97—Love for a Day
98—The Squire's Darling
99—Her Second Love
101—A Woman's Temptation
102—At War With Herself
103—Jesse
104—The False Vow
105—A Broken Wedding-Ring
106—A Bride of Love
107—His Wife's Judgment
111—Wife in Name Only
112—Lady Diana's Pride
114—Dora Thorn
115—A Golden Dawn
116—Sir Arthur's Heiress
117—A Romance of a Young Girl
118—Lord Lynne's Choice
119—A Fiery Ordeal
120—The Shadow of the Past

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USE THIS COUPON

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Winnipeg

Enclosed find \$..... for which send me The Western Home Monthly for..... year, also Book No.....

sacrifice. I live on a farm in B. C., and I do not know much of city life, but would think you had an easier time in town than in the country. I have been working on the farm outside all this year. I wear overalls and think them fine for outside work. I picked fruit and helped make hay, milked cows and all sorts of jobs. I am very fond of reading and music, and do knitting and crocheting in my spare time. I feel very sorry for "Lonely," and like his letter very much. I wonder how many readers have bought Victory Bonds. I bought mine and think they are a splendid investment. Hoping to see this letter in print,

Milly Miggs.

Wounded Enjoy Dances and Concerts

Dear Editor:—After reading the letters in the Correspondence page, and finding "Sky Scrapper's" letter and his opinion of dancing in war time, I think I will just say a few words regarding same. If we were all like "Sky Scrapper," what a dull world we would be living in to-day. I wonder has he come into contact with the boys home from the front. Though they are wounded, they are quite bright and their expressions are "Keep smiling" and "Cheerio." How would they feel if they thought they were making those whom they love best miserable just because they are doing their bit. Why, here in England the boys are invited out in large numbers from the hospitals to dances and concerts. Do you think they would go if they did not approve of it? One can enjoy themselves and still feel for the boys. It does not do to wear one's heart on their sleeves. It seems good to read how some of the girls are helping by working on the farm, but I like city life best myself. I enjoyed reading "Tommy Bings'" letter, and would very much like to hear from her, also Gwendolyn and Strides

Judy.

Wants to Discuss Music

Dear Editor:—May I have a little space in your most interesting paper? I have been a steady reader since my father first took your paper some time in the year 1908, and I always look forward to it. I am twenty-three years old, with dark hair and hazel eyes and of a sunny disposition. I am very fond of music. I play the ukulele, but I don't care very much for dancing, though I am very fond of riding, shooting and fishing. I came to the city, however, and now I do not do any of them. I enjoy very much reading the letters in The Western Home Monthly. There are some very interesting and amusing topics discussed in your columns. I quite agree with "Gunshot Bill" that all the boys who stay at home should not be called slackers. It is not fair to those who have tried to go and could not. How many of you readers are looking forward to the dear ones coming home? Quite a number I am sure, and there are thousands who will look in vain.

Why not start a discussion regarding music and singers? It would be interesting to find out who liked some certain singer the most. I like Ada Jones, also Billy Murray. If anyone cares to write I will answer all letters. My address is with the Editor.

A Soldier's Widow.

Farmer's Daughter

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to your interesting paper. I like it fine, especially the Correspondence page, to which I always turn first. My mother has taken The Western Home Monthly for five or six years, and I don't believe we could do without it. I am a farmer's daughter and like farm life very much. I am a great lover of all out-door sport, also like music and singing. I have just read "Kentish Hop's" letter in the November issue, and I heartily agree with all she says. "Happy," you certainly must be a real sport. Although I don't dance, your letter appeals to me. Wishing The Western Home Monthly success, I'll sign myself,

A Jolly Girl.

An Always Ready Pill.—To those of regular habit medicine is of little concern, but the great majority of men are not of regular habit. The worry and cares of business prevent it, and out of the irregularity of life comes dyspepsia, indigestion, liver and kidney troubles as a protest. The run-down system demands a corrective and there is none better than Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They are simple in their composition and can be taken by the most delicately constituted.

Again We Say

Throw Away Your Truss

RUPTURE COMPLETELY CURED — SOUND AND WELL

From the trenches of Europe comes a letter written by Private John Carter, whose home address is No. 2 Shaw View, Flinton, telling of his complete cure of rupture from wearing the Brooks Appliance.

April 18th, 1915.

C. E. Brooks,

Dear Sir:

I received your letter by first post this morning. I beg to thank you for your Appliance, which was instrumental in the way it cured me of my rupture. I have now been in Kitchen-er's army seven months, and I have gone through all the training, and I have never felt anything, and not had the slightest trouble. I remember when I passed the doctor, he remarked: "There is nothing wrong with you, young man, you are in the best condition," and he sounded me all over; and I again thank you for the same, and I give my consent to use my

letter as a testimonial to anyone, as I have been cured. Hoping you and your firm much success,

Yours truly,

Private John Carter

And under almost the same date, the mother of a soldier writes:

2, Orchard Road,
Richmond,
Surrey.

April 11th, 1915.

Mr. C. E. Brooks,

Dear Sir:

A line to thank you for what your Appliance has done for my son. After wearing it from December to the following September, I can say he is quite cured, and is now serving his country in France at his own trade, a shoemaker. You can make what use you like of these, my thanks.

I am, yours,



Mrs. E. H. Little

(Mrs. E. Whittle.)

The wonderful Brooks Rupture Appliance is made at Marshall, Mich., U.S.A., and will be

Sent on Trial

to any rupture sufferer anywhere in the world to prove its merits, as a Retainer and Cure for Rupture.

The soft automatic cushion is the secret of this scientific invention. No harness, no springs, no hard pads, no "medicine," no misleading promises.

It is to be hoped that readers of this paper will take advantage of this opportunity to cure themselves of this most painful and distressing affliction. Just fill out and mail the coupon.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON

BROOKS APPLIANCE CO.
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Please send me by mail in plain wrapper your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

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WE BUY OLD FALSE TEETH

Don't matter if broken. We pay up to \$35 per set, also actual value for OLD GOLD, SILVER, PLATINUM AND DENTAL GOLD. We send cash by return mail and hold goods for 15 days for sender's approval of our price. Mail to

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Dept. 120 2007 So. 8th Street, Philadelphia, Pa., U.S.A.

What the World is Saying

On the Job Day and Night

All the world knows now what the British fleet was doing all the time.—Buffalo News.

In War-ravaged France

Well, anyway, farmers in Northern France won't have to buy any barbed wire for quite a spell.—Saskatoon Star.

Quite So

In 1871 Germany had no navy or merchant-marine worthy of the name. Ditto 1918.—Regina Post.

Would Trade Off the Krupp Works

Germany would likely exchange all the Essen outfit for one good canned pork and beans factory.—Ottawa Journal-Press.

To Make Jugo-Slavia Dry

We suppose things will not get to running good in the Balkans before the pros will be forming a big movement to take the Jug out of Jugo-Slavia.—New York Sun.

The World Will Not Forget It

It would be well to remember that Germany gave in because she was conquered, not because she was converted.—London Daily Mail.

It Is

The fact that Germany, from beggar to banker, hates England is one of the finest compliments ever paid a nation.—San Francisco Bulletin.

A Question, Indeed

Can it be that Germany is not going to charge King Albert anything for having taken care of Belgium for him during the most critical years of its history?—Lethbridge Herald.

Wheat

The quantity, quality and price of wheat will have much to do with carrying Canada safely through the period of reconstruction.—Regina Leader.

A Use for It

That surrendered German navy will come in handy for policing the seas when the league of nations is finally established.—Philadelphia Enquirer.

The Would-be World-ruler

Looking back over his thirty years of Kaisering, what do you suppose Wilhelm thinks of it as a piece of work, on the whole and by and large?—Edmonton Journal.

Time for a Dawning, Anyway

It is probably dawning upon the German mind that morality does, after all, apply to national as well as to individual conduct.—Victoria Colonist.

Canadians Took a Lot of Them

Some Canadian cities and towns have in their parks cannon taken in the Crimean war. There should be captured German guns for every town in the country.—Ottawa Citizen.

Not His First Misfortune

There is some consolation in the thought that if the Kaiser really did take a flier in Alberta real estate he got caught like other people when the crash came.—Edmonton Bulletin.

A Tribute

The war holds no record of patriotism more heart-stirring than Canada's. It is a thousandfold happy privilege to have as neighbor and friend a country of Canada's honor and Canada's heart.—Minneapolis Journal.

If Germany Had Only Known

Germany probably would never have attempted this Tag game if she knew Britain would develop such a heavy touch at the finish.—New York Globe.

Yellow Hunland

Germany howls like a whipped cur, cringes before its conquerors, weeps crocodile tears, begs, whines; all the yellow all the aniline dye works in all of Germany ever turned out couldn't make her yellower.—New York World.

"The Human Touch"

Will Crooks says that what is wanted to solve the labor problem is "the human touch." He is no doubt right, but the odd thing is that the human touch is one of the rarest things in humanity.—London Express.

Bill's Bills

Germany had bills made out for \$46,000,000,000 against France, Britain, United States, Italy and other of the Allies.—Vancouver Province.

Hun Hunger and Need

The Crown Prince on leaving his command assured the German army that it had been beaten not by arms, but by hunger and need. Possibly by the hunger for loot and the need of an intelligent commander.—Toronto Telegram.

Heroism Against the Influenza

The army that fought and routed Spanish influenza and saved scores of lives gets no decorations, but men and women alike, they have earned an honored place in the history of the country.—Calgary Herald.

If Germany Had Won

If Germany had won this war the world's moral standards would have been changed, crime would have been looked upon as a necessity, truth and honesty would have been synonyms for weakness or hypocrisy.—Toronto World.

For a Dry Dominion

It is not too soon to begin the campaign for a dry Canada by Dominion legislation. Only in that way can the importation of liquor and its passage from Province to Province be prevented.—Brockville Recorder-Times.

The War's Toll of Lives

The best figures available place the dead in the European war at 7,850,000, and that is an under rather than an over-estimate. It is equal to the wiping out of the whole population of Canada, men, women and children.—Hamilton Herald.

Just Indignation

There is a real danger in allowing the indignation that was roused against the crimes of Germany to cool off or be forgotten. It was the object of Prussian militarists to educate the world into a state of callousness regarding crime.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Unspeakable Turk

The heir to the Turkish Sultanate insists that both he and the Sultan were opposed to the Armenian atrocities. In that respect he held the same view as the victims; only the latter were not in a position to prevent the murders, while he and his relative did not try to.—Duluth Herald.

The Magic Carpet of To-day

British airmen flew from Egypt to India in thirty-six hours' actual flying time, calling at Damascus and Bagdad for refreshments. This is romantic, but the world is shrinking so fast that there may be no romance for another generation.—Toronto Globe.

Not the German Way

Mercy for the woman is one of the qualities of the Anglo-Saxon race. The female spies captured in England had their sentences commuted after conviction. The men paid the full penalty. It will be a rabid equal righter who objects to such a humane distinction.—Montreal Gazette.

An Exploded Myth

The last four years have been hard on supermen. The carefully cultivated myth of German superiority, which gained adherents easily when nobody was particularly interested in examining and exposing it, has been blown sky high through the efforts of men who were compelled by necessity to exert all their power. It can never be restored.—London Times.

The Security

"What security has the United States for the billions of dollars loaned to Great Britain?" asks an anonymous muttonhead of St. Louis. The security of as sublime a courage, as invincible a spirit, as unwavering a faith, and as knightly an example of self-sacrifice as the annals of the human race disclose. Next!—Houston (Texas) Post.

Britain's Money Outlay

The following are the details of the votes of credit of Great Britain since the war began:—

1914-15.....	£ 362,000,000
1915-16.....	1,420,000,000
1916-17.....	2,010,000,000
1917-18.....	2,450,000,000
1918-19 (to date).....	1,800,000,000
	£8,042,000,000

This total, translated into dollars, is \$40,210,000,000. The vote of \$3,500,000,000 by Parliament August 2, 1918, brought the total for the current year to £9,000,000,000.—London Economist.

What Germany Has Gained

Frederick the Great once wrote to one of his ministers "If there is anything to be gained by it we will be honest; if deception is necessary, let us be cheats." That has been the policy of Germany even to this day. And she has gained by it—the odium of the whole civilized world.—London Truth.

The British Moral Temper and Purpose

It is a fact of tremendous significance that no man expresses the moral temper and purpose of the British Empire more loftily and truthfully than Lieutenant-General Smuts, the Boer who fought against it. He is a living witness to the wisdom of the statesmanship which made a peace of reconciliation with its former foes.—New York Times.

The Influenza Victims

An insurance actuary reports that the average age of persons who died from the influenza epidemic in the United States was thirty years or under, while normally the average age at death of such persons is from fifty-five to sixty years. Hence in every case of death from the disease there has been on the average a loss of at least twenty-five years of youthful and middle-aged life.—New York Medical Record.

A Water Supply for the Holy City

Two thousand years ago Pontius Pilate started to build a reservoir in the mountains back of Jerusalem in order to furnish an adequate water supply for the Holy City. Finding the expense too great, he gave up the task. It is now reported that the British have completed the work begun so long ago. The completion of public works in this country have in the past dragged on an indefinite period, but they have never approached this record.—Kingston Whig.

The One-Cent Piece

The report that the Government is considering the issue of a new one-cent piece of smaller size than the present disk of metal is one that we all hope is true. The present one-cent piece is a relic of pre-Confederation times. In these days of conservation it is sheer waste of valuable metal to turn out copper coins of the size and weight of the Canadian cent. In the United States the one-cent piece is a handy and convenient coin. So is the nickel. Our five-cent piece is too thin and too small. A nickel issued the size of the American coin and a smaller cent would help a lot, and we would save a considerable amount of silver and copper.—Canadian Finance.

Hearts of Steel

It was fitting that the German high seas fleet should have surrendered to the British Admiral. In that spectacle a thousand years of history found fulfillment. "The Royal Navy of England," wrote Blackstone, "hath ever been its greatest defense and ornament; it is its ancient and natural strength—the floating bulwark of our island." The ships of British oak, and hearts of oak our men, of Nelson's time, are to-day ships and hearts of steel. And America to-day salutes the British Commonwealth, worthy inheritor of a great tradition, champion of freedom, dauntless of heart!—Kansas City Star.

Back to Civilian Garb

"Once he was a captain. Now he's just an ordinary business man," says a discontented wife in the London Daily Mail. That paper questions whether women will be satisfied, after the war, to view in civilian clothes what was so beauteous in khaki. Having once been an officer's wife and seen those along the way bow down before his leather leggings, it is a good deal to ask of mortal woman that she resume her status of book-keeper's consort. The worst of it is, that the husband is often glad enough to become his former uninteresting self. Though he charged as knightlike as any, he will confess that he never knew there was so much happiness in a peaceful ledger. He embraces oblivion. He has had all the war he wants.—Peterboro Examiner.

Canada In the War

Wherever gallantry and devoted sacrifice to an ideal find appreciation the war record of Canada will always command admiration. Its population is 7,206,643, less than that of Belgium or Roumania, and is a little more than that of Portugal. Its total losses of 211,358 men tell the story of what it did to bring victory. This, in round numbers, is almost one-half of all the men the Dominion sent to the war. It had 34,877 men killed in action and 15,459 die of wounds, a total of 50,336. Our own dead from all causes including those lost at sea, number 24,922, as reported up to this time Canada's wounded are 152,779. Our total losses are 71,679, as compared with Canada's 211,358. Reconstruction in Canada has as serious phases as in any country affected by the war. It is almost denude of its men. Virtually one out of every eighteen of its male population of all ages has been killed or wounded. At the same ratio our losses would reach 3,165,000 instead of 71,679.—St. Louis (Missouri) Post-Dispatch.

Canada's Great Opportunity In Live Stock



The Dominion Department of Agriculture believes the time is opportune for the extension of our Canadian Live Stock Industry. The importance of this industry to Canada cannot be too strongly emphasized. Our continued prosperity agriculturally will depend to a greater degree than ever on our exports of beef, pork, cheese, butter and eggs.

The European herds of live stock have been seriously depleted. France is short nearly 8,000,000 head; Italy has had to slaughter breeding stock. The Germans not only swept Belgium bare but were forced to slaughter their own herds which have been decreased by probably 22,000,000 head of cattle and hogs. Ireland, which used to kill 18,000 bacon hogs a week, can now supply about 4,000 only. Denmark, which formerly shipped 50,000 hogs a week has had to decrease her herds by 1,873,000 below normal. In countries reporting, there is a shortage of 32,000,000 hogs in Europe. Of cattle, sheep and hogs there is an estimated combined shortage of not less than 115,005,000 animals. This is more than nine times the total of all the cattle, hogs and sheep at present in Canada.

Europe will rebuild her herds but it will require years. Cereal production can be increased more quickly than animal production, consequently the price of feed should decline more rapidly than the price of meats.

The European market is wide open for Canadian meat products and there is a warm spot in the British and Allied hearts for anything Canadian of good

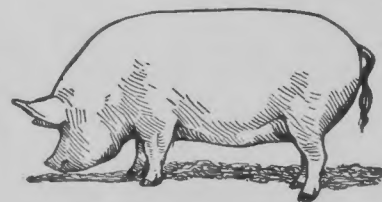
quality. The foundation herds in many European countries have been slaughtered but Canada has her herds intact and must not lose time in cultivating her export trade with Great Britain and Europe. Denmark, the most formidable competitor to Canada in the British bacon trade, is at present practically off the market; if the hog raisers of Canada "cinch" the British market now they will be able to hold it if we maintain the high quality of our product.

In 1916-17 Britain imported 1,261,082,032 pounds of hog products and 1,077,154,000 pounds of beef annually and of this only 130,304,900 pounds of hog products and 29,680,000 pounds of beef were sent from Canada. Britain's domestic supply of hogs is only 75% normal and owing to shortage of feed her farmers were obliged to kill off a large proportion of her hogs before Christmas.

Canada never had such a chance in the European market. We must aim high to supply the present demand and we must maintain quality in order to secure preference over all our competitors. Quantity is necessary but quality is absolutely essential.

Europe will require shipments of meat products far beyond the normal. If Canada is to take advantage of this opportunity all foundation stock must be conserved. But every man must figure out for himself how many animals he can feed and finish.

To secure and hold the British market alone means large returns. History and recent experience reveal the fact that permanent prosperity prevails in those countries where live stock is the basis of agriculture. Therefore, conserve the herds, improve the quality, finish thoroughly.



Arrangements for Marketing

At present, and for some months to come, all bacon and beef products for export are being taken over by the Allied Purchasing Commission at remunerative prices.

It is well-known that Canadian producers receive from one to two cents per pound more now for hog products than American producers.

It is anticipated that by the time the work of the Allied Purchasing Commission is concluded Canada will have an accredited agent in Great Britain to look after the marketing of Canadian agricultural products with particular reference to meat and dairy produce.

Live Stock Branch

Dominion of Canada Department of Agriculture
OTTAWA, CANADA

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